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MARGUERITE OF AUSTRIA,

Duchess of Savoy.

London, Hurst and Blackett.

MEMOIRS

OF

ROYAL LADIES.

BY

EMILY SARAH HOLT.

20108 a.c

Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and for ever;
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy;
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labours;
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey!

LONGFELLOW.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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TO

MY TWO BEST EARTHLY FRIENDS

A. H. AND J. M. H.

THIS FIRST RESULT OF MY FAVOURITE STUDIES

Is Affectionately Dedicated.

PREFACE.

As I do not believe that anybody ever takes the trouble to read that work of supererogation commonly called a preface, it is of very little use to write a long one. The reader, however, who, forsaking the beaten track, does glance at these pages, will learn that of the ten royal ladies whose lives are contained in these volumes (with one exception[1]), no memoirs, so far as I am aware, have ever before been written in the English language, and only

[1] Ela Countess of Salisbury, a memoir of whom may be found in the "Annals and Antiquities of Lacock Abbey;" but (not to speak of the scarcity of the book) the memoir is by no means so full as that now offered to the public, and is so mixed up with topographical and genealogical details that only historians or topographers are likely to read it.

three[1] of them are the subjects of biographies in any tongue. This work, therefore, may at least claim the merit of *novelty*. Of its claim to any other species of merit the reader is left to judge.

I thus bid my readers "heartily farewell," hoping that none of them may consider that there is any

"cause to say
His money is but lost, or thrown away."

---

[1] Jeanne de Valois, whose life has been written in Hilarion de Coste's "Eloges et Vies des Princesses et Dames Illustres," and (viewed exclusively in a religious light) in the "Vie Merveilleuse de Jeane de Valois:"— Juana, Queen of Spain, also in Hilarion de Coste: — and Marguerite of Austria, who also figures in the work of Hilarion de Coste, and is the subject of the *Notice sur Marguerite* appended to the "Correspondance de Maximilien I.,"—that one which of all the biographic sketches here named, best deserves the title of a memoir.

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ERRATA IN VOL. I.

Page 286, note, line 3, *for* "former," *read* "latter."

Page 316, last line, *for* "twelve months," *read* "four years."

Stranger than Fiction.

ELA,

COUNTESS OF SALISBURY.

Like the fresh sweetbriar and early may—
Like the fresh, cool, pure air of opening day—
Like the gay lark, sprung from the glittering dew—
An angel, yet a very woman too!

ELA,

COUNTESS OF SALISBURY.

Character of Ela.—Her Ancestry.—Birth.—Death of her Father.—Conveyed to Normandy.—Romantic Search for her.—Returns to England.—Her Beauty.—Fair Rosamond.—Probable Marriage between her and Henry II.—Her Sons.—Retires to Godstowe.—Her Death.—Exhumation and Reinterment of her Corpse.—Destruction of her Tomb in the Reign of Henry VIII.—Marriage of Longuépée and Ela.—Their Children.—Ela's Seal.—The King's Gifts to Longuépée.—His adherence to the Crown in the Civil Tumults.—Sent to Flanders and Bretagne.—Captured by the French.—His Ransom.—Returns to England.—Further Gifts from the King.—Longuépée joins the Dauphin.—Death of King John.—Longuépée returns to his Allegiance.—Marriage of the eldest Son of Longuépée and Ela.—Gifts from Henry III.—Longuépée's Pilgrimage to Palestine.—His return.—Foundation of Salisbury Cathedral.—Royal Gifts.—Longuépée sent into Gascony by the King.—Report of his Death.—Sir Raymond de Burgh gains the King's permission to espouse Ela.—He visits her.—Her Surprise and Indignation.—Raymond offers violence to Ela.—Return of Longuépée.—His Devotion to the Virgin.—He complains to the King of Raymond and Hubert de Burgh.—Hubert apologises.—Invites Longuépée to a Feast.—Longuépée returns to Sarum.—Falls Ill.—Receives the Sacrament.—His Death and Funeral.—Epitaph.—Ela erects a Church.—Executes the Sheriff's Office for Wiltshire.—Founds the Abbeys of Lacock and Henton.—Takes the Veil.—Elected Abbess of Lacock.

—Visited by her eldest Son.—His Pilgrimage to Palestine.—Ela's singular Dream.—Death of her Son.—Decay of her Health and Faculties.—Resigns the Abbacy.—Death and Burial of Ela.—Her Epitaph.

PERHAPS no novel that was ever written has equalled in romantic incident, in absorbing interest, in pathetic beauty, the story of the long and eventful life of Ela the Beautiful, Countess of Salisbury. She is not, in the strict sense of the word, a *royal* lady; she was no member of a Royal Family; yet her husband was a King's son, and among her ancestors she numbered the Dukes of Normandy and the Kings of France.[1] Ela of Salisbury is one of those fair creatures who, in the midst of gloom around them, gleam forth as sparks of light in the dim expanse of the past. She was gentle in the midst of brutality; pure in the midst of impurity; warm-hearted and loving in a cold and heartless age: she was an angel surrounded by demons! In a scene where the figures are all such as those of the unfeeling King John, the cunning Isabelle of Angoulême[2], the stolid Henry III., the avaricious Eleanor of Provence[3], the wicked Raymond and Hubert de Burgh,

[1] Ela of Ponthieu, her grandmother, was the daughter of Helen [or Alise], daughter of Eudes, son of Henri, son of Robert, son of Robert I. King of France.

[2] Queen of John.

[3] Queen of Henry III.; she was the daughter of Raymond, Count of Provence, and Beatrice of Savoy.

—Longuépée and Ela walk hand in hand alone. They alone stand out brightly, "in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation!"

Ela[1], the only child of William, Earl of Salisbury[2], and Alianoré (or Eleanor) de Vitrei, was born at Amesbury, in Wiltshire, in the year 1189. When Ela was seven years old, her father, "through the weakness of age, departed to CHRIST." From this expression being employed concerning Earl William, his little daughter seems to have been "the child of his old age." The Earl was interred at Bradenstoke

[1] Ela is a contraction of Isabel. The subject of our memoir, in one sentence in the Close Rolls, is styled, "Isabell' Coñ. Sarr'." That is, however, the only instance in which she is called anything but Ela.

[2] Among those members of the Norman nobility who came over with William the Conqueror, was Walter de Rosmar, surnamed *Le Ewrus*, or *The Ewerer*. His second son, Edward, was born in England, and became the heir of his English possessions. Edward's son, Walter, married Sybilla de Caworth, or Chaworth, by whom he had one son, Patrick, Earl of Salisbury. The wives of Patrick were Maude (family unknown), and Ela, daughter of the Count of Ponthieu. William was the son of Patrick and Ela; and the only child of William is the subject of our memoir. No less than three ladies have been stated to be the sisters of Ela; Mabel, wife of Nigel Mowbray; Juliana, Lady of Tellières; and Joan, Lady de Malesmains. Of these, Mabel certainly was not a Rosmar at all; Juliana and Joan are ascertained to have been daughters of Alianore de Vitrei, but there is no proof that they were daughters of William, Earl of Salisbury; we may fairly consider them, therefore, to have been half-sisters of Ela by her mother's third marriage with Gilbert de Malmaines.

(his wife being afterwards buried with him) under a marble tomb. Ela was thus left alone, with great wealth, vast estates, and the title of Countess of Salisbury in her own right.

The Norman relatives of the little Countess[1], with that disinterested affection which is generally exhibited by the relations of heiresses, but is so wofully lacking towards their poorer connections, stepped in to the assistance of Ela in managing her possessions and herself. They conveyed her to Normandy, where they retained her in strict custody.[2] Her English connections[3] hereupon took the alarm, and earnestly sought for the hiding-place of the desolate child. A soldier, of the name of William Talbot, was induced to undertake the somewhat perilous search for the lost heiress. He went skilfully to work. He attired himself in the habit of a pilgrim, and for two years went wandering up and down throughout Normandy, seeking the missing Lady of Salisbury. She was well hid, but at the end of that period he discovered the place of her detention. As soon as he had found the castle where she was imprisoned, he cast off his pilgrim habit, and assumed the guise of one of those itinerant minstrels who were at that

[1] Probably her mother's family. [2] Lacock Book.
[3] These were her father's brothers, Philip, Patrick, and Walter.

time alike welcome in castle and in cottage. "For this man," pursues the Lacock MS., "was jocose, and well skilled in the gestes of the ancients; wherefore he was gladly received by the family. And when a convenient time was come, he returned to England, bringing with him this venerable[1] Lady Ela, heiress of the Earls of Salisbury; and he presented her to King Richard, who joyfully received her, and to his brother, William Longuépée, gave her in marriage."

The date of Ela's return to England was probably the last year of King Richard's reign, *i. e.* 1199. At this period Ela would be ten years of age. Her contemporaries considered her a great beauty; she was tall, with an oval face, a long slender neck, and thick luxuriant hair—of what colour no chronicler has recorded.

Ere we proceed to detail the history of Ela, let us bestow a few lines upon her lord. His name was William de Clifford; the surname of Longuépée (or, as the monkish writers spell it, "Longespe") was given him on account of the *long sword* which it was his custom to wear.

Over the life of William Longuépée's mother,—of

[1] This word, which sounds so odd an epithet for a child of ten years old, is applied to Ela on account of her subsequent position as Abbess of Lacock.

her who is so well-known to history as "Fair Rosamond,"—there hangs a deep veil of mystery, which many an historian has striven to lift, but, hitherto, in vain. She was the elder daughter of Walter de Clifford and Margaret de Toney.[1] Several places contend for the honour of her birth, to which Clifford Castle appears to have the best claim. The exact date of it is unknown, though it was probably not later than 1134. Her real name is said to have been Joan[2], from which it would seem that her Saxon epithet, "The Rose of Peace," was given her only as a soubriquet. Within the present century, there has been found more than one historian to make public the suspicion that the old story of Rosamond was calumny, and not truth. Indeed, the ballad-tale of the poisoning by Queen Eleanor is not found in any contemporary chronicler, and has long been rejected as fiction; but the comparatively new statement that Rosamond had a better right to the name of Queen of England than Eleanor, has not won confidence in general. I must, nevertheless, own myself among its disciples. And, surely,

[1] Burke's "Extinct Peerages."

[2] "Jane Clifford was her name, as books aver,
Fair Rosamond was but her *nom de guerre*."

It is a pity that Dryden did not specify the "books."

confirmation of it may be found in the agonised words wrung from Rosamond's faithless lord, long after the close of her unhappy life, when, at the time when all his princely sons were in rebellion against him, the younger son of Rosamond hastened to his side at the head of a band of armed men. "Geoffrey!" cried the old broken-hearted King, "Geoffrey, thou art my son, and all the rest are bastards!"

The marriage, or contract, or whatever it may be called, between Henry and Rosamond, probably took place in 1149, when he came to England to be knighted by his grand-uncle, David, King of Scotland. Their elder son, William, was born in 1153, a few months after the acknowledged marriage of Henry with Eleanor; the younger, Geoffrey, in 1159. The two boys differed much, both in person and character. Longuépée inherited the fair hair and blue eyes of his mother, and his name has descended to us linked to the epithet of "gentle." Geoffrey, who in person resembled King Henry, was warm-hearted, generous, passionate, rash, and fiery. He was rather formed for a valiant knight than for a Christian minister, yet he assumed the ecclesiastical tonsure, and died Archbishop of York.[1]

[1] He died Dec. 18th, 1212, aged 53.

It was, probably, soon after the birth of her younger son, that the desolate and broken-hearted Flower of Clifford withdrew herself from the world by which her name had been so thoroughly calumniated, that for six hundred and fifty years its tradition concerning her reputation passed unquestioned. She retired to the convent of Godstowe, where she took the veil, and there she expired in 1177, aged about forty-three years.

Fourteen years after the death of Rosamond, the stern and rigid Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, visited Godstowe. He found in the middle of the chapel-choir a tomb, covered with a silken pall, and "set about with lights of waxe." On his asking whose grave it was, the nuns informed him that he was gazing on the last resting-place of "Lady Rosamond." Hugh was extremely wroth upon receiving this reply. Probably his respect for Rosamond was not increased by his having just been engaged in a violent quarrel with her younger son, his superior. "Then quoth the Bishop, 'Take out of this place the harlot, and bury her without the church!'" The nuns silently obeyed, but as soon as Hugh of Lincoln had departed, they again replaced in their old sepulchre the last remains of Rosamond.

Upon the dissolution of the monasteries, in the

reign of Henry VIII., the tombstone of Rosamond was broken to pieces. "Upon it were interchangeable weavings, drawn out and decked with roses red and green, and the picture of a cup." This cup was instantly conjectured to be a resemblance of the one from which she drank the fabulous poison given her by Eleanor; it was probably, as has been suggested, the figure of a chalice. On the stone were engraven these words: — "*Tumba Rosamundæ.*" "Her bones were closid in lede, and withyn that, bones were closyd yn lether. When it was opened, a very swete smell came owt of it." [1]

Such is, in all probability, the true story of Joan de Clifford, the "Fair Rosamond" of history.

"Rain makes music in the tree
O'er the green that folds her grave, —
Let them rave!" [2]

Two and twenty years after the death of Rosamond, her elder son was married to the little Countess of Salisbury, and assumed, in her right, the title of Earl of Salisbury. The bridegroom was in his forty-seventh year — the bride only in her eleventh! The disproportion was enormous; yet seldom, in those days of forced marriages — when

[1] Leland. [2] Tennyson's Poems.

frequently but one party was consulted, and more generally neither — can there have been a union so thoroughly congenial to the feelings of those principally concerned; as this marriage of Longuépée and Ela. For twenty-seven years they loved one another well and truly. Their children were numerous; and as the dates of their births are unknown, I may as well enumerate them consecutively. The names and the order of Ela's children are somewhat variously stated by different authorities. The Lacock Book, which was compiled under the supervision of those who had the best opportunities for correct knowledge on the subject, gives the list as follows: —

"William Longespe the Second, Stephen, Richard, Nicholas, Isabella Vescy, Petronella (who died a virgin, and was buried at Bradenstoke, on the right hand of her grandmother, under a marble tomb), Ela, and Ida."

Other authorities omit Petronella, and name instead of her, Lora, who took the veil in her mother's convent of Lacock, and a second Ela, wife of William de Odingsells. These, however, appear to be Ela's grand-daughters. Of her children named above, Richard was a canon of Salisbury; Stephen married Emmeline, Countess of Ulster; Nicholas

became Bishop of Salisbury, and died in 1297; Isabel married Lord de Vesci; Ela was married, first to the Earl of Warwick, and secondly to Thomas Basset; Ida, or Idonia, was Countess of Bedford.

The seal of the Countess of Salisbury presents, like most of that period, a portrait of her the emblem of whose authority it was. The shape is a long oval, pointed at the ends. At the top is a crescent, and above it a small cross. The point of the shield at the bottom is occupied by what seem to be intended for oak leaves, under the pedestal which supports the tall and elegant figure of the Countess. Her full face is turned to the spectator; it is oval, with regular features, and on either side of it her long hair flows luxuriantly. Ela wears a small cap on her head, not unlike a coronet in shape; her dress is made high to the neck, and is gathered or plaited at the waist. From her shoulders falls a long scarf, which seems to be fastened there by brooches, and a narrow ribbon, attached to the scarf by the brooches, comes forward to the front, falling loosely on the breast. Ela's right hand rests on this ribbon; the left is extended, holding a hawk. The sleeves are tight, and reach to the wrists. On each side of

the Countess is a lion rampant, appearing as if clinging to the line which separates the legend from the interior of the seal, and gazing intently on the face of Ela. The legend on this side is,—

"SIGILLVM : ELE : COMITISSE : SARESBERIE:"

The obverse represents the Countess's arms, azure, six lioncels rampant sable, 3, 2, 1, surrounded by the motto,—

"✠ SECRETV : ELE : COMITISSE : SARESBERIE:"

During the earlier years of the reign of King John, scarcely an entry meets our eyes upon the Close Rolls in which Longuépée's name is not mentioned. He seems to have been almost constantly with the King; for we find his signature, as witness to grants and orders, from all sorts of places. Even the avaricious and niggardly John occasionally made him presents. Thus, on the 12th of June, 1205, he sent him two tuns of wine[1]; and on the 8th of September, the same authority informs us that "the King commands the Barons of the Exchequer to send four casks of wine to the Earl of Salisbury our brother."[2]

[1] Rot. Lit. Claus. 6 John. [2] Ibid.

From a letter dated Sarum, May 27, 1208, it seems that Longuépée and Ela were at that time entrusted with the care of the captive Princess Eleanor, the King's niece, daughter of his brother Geoffrey, by Constance Duchess of Bretagne, and sometimes called "the Pearl of Bretagne." The exact age of Eleanor is unknown; but as she was the elder sister of Prince Arthur, who was born on Easter Day, 1186, it is probable that she was born about 1184–5, and would not, therefore, be much older than the young Countess of Salisbury. From Sarum the deprived heiress of England and Bretagne addressed a letter to her "loving subjects" in the latter country, calling on them to defend her right to their ducal coronet.[1] She makes no allusion to her equally indubitable right to the crown of England.

On the 24th of September, 1212, John bestows upon the Earl 1000 marks out of his treasury.[2]

When the disputes arose between the obstinate John and his turbulent nobility, the Earl of Salisbury "stuck stoutly to the King."[3] In 1213, he was sent by his royal brother to the assistance

[1] Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies.
[2] Rot. Lit. Claus. 13 John.
[3] Dugdale.

of the Count of Flanders, whose dominions had been invaded by the King of France; and, on the 27th of May, in that year, the King sent a hundred marks to Peter de Maulay, his well-known favourite, with orders that, if the English ships had quitted the Flemish ports, and the Earl of Salisbury were still with the Count of Flanders, he should give him the money for his expenses; but if the ships had returned, he was to bring back the money, without naming the subject to the Earl.[1]

A great sorrow fell upon Ela in the year 1214. The King sent Longuépée to Dam, in Bretagne, at the head of an army, to surprise the French ships lying in that port. The Earl landed safely with his forces; but while he was at mass early on the following morning, which was Sunday, the Feast of St. Margaret, a small party of the enemy fell upon him, and took him prisoner.[2] John seems to have been sorry for this, and he interested himself, though rather languidly, to obtain his release; he offered to exchange for him the son of the Count of Dreux (a Prince of the French blood royal), who had been captured by the English[3]; but this was

[1] Rot. Lit. Claus. 14 John. [2] Dugdale.

[3] Introduction to printed Rot. Lit. Claus. of reigns of John and Henry III., edited by T. Duffus Hardy, Esq.

declined by the King of France. The liberation of the Earl was effected towards the close of the year; and he must have returned home by the 27th of December, as we find the King paid him, on that day, 65*l.* and 100 marks.[1]

The King continued to send gifts to his brother. The Close Rolls for the year 1215, record four casks of wine, sent to him on the 24th of January; on the 1st of February, the Earl appears to have been absent from home, for the King sends to the *Countess* "two oaks for her fire;" on the 1st of August he grants three manors to Longuépée, and sends to him, on the 16th of the same month, "four fair oaks from our Forest of Clarendon."[2]

The next event of importance in the history of the Earl and Countess of Salisbury, is one which I am very sorry to put upon record; for it pains me to find the foul stain of disloyalty, though of short duration, upon the otherwise unspotted reputation of this *preux chevalier*. When the Dauphin Louis came over to England, to claim the crown granted him by the Pope, many English nobles, disgusted with the conduct of the King, flocked to his standard. In the list of those who joined the Dauphin, I grieve to find the honoured name of

[1] Rot. Lit. Claus. 14 John.

[2] Ibid. 16 & 17 John.

Longuépée.[1] It was not long, however, ere he returned to his allegiance. The death of his royal brother (Oct. 19, 1216), broke the tie between him and Louis, and he instantly paid his due homage to Henry III.[2] During this year of rebellion, the Close Rolls become significantly silent concerning him, the familiar abbreviation of whose name—"W. Com̃ Sarr̃"—had previously met us on almost every page. The only record in them, concerning him or his family, is a notice to the effect that on "the day next to the Sunday after Easter," April, 1216, William, the eldest son of the Earl and Countess, was married, with the consent of the King, to Ida, heiress of Camville.[3]

Henry III.—that dull and easy-tempered King—readily pardoned the defection of his uncle; and, on his paying him homage, he took him into high favour, and granted him several new manors.[4] On the 14th of August, he gave him the city of Exeter, "saving the royalty due to the King, and the dower of the Queen-mother."[5]

We now find Longuépée assisting his royal and improvident nephew in his incessant pecuniary diffi-

[1] Dugdale. [2] Rot. Lit. Claus. 1 Henry III.
[3] Ibid. 18 John. [4] Dugdale; Rot. Lit. Claus. 1 Henry III.
[5] Rot. Lit. Claus. 1 Henry III. The Queen-mother was Isabelle of Angoulême.

culties. On the 5th of May, 1218, the King sends him 200 marks, in part payment of the 1000*l.* which he owed him; on the 13th of October, he makes a further payment of 50 marks; and of 160 marks more on the 11th of December.[1]

In the year 1219, Longuépée set out from Salisbury, on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, in company with the Earl of Chester.[2] Ela remained with her children in Sarum Castle. Before his departure, Longuépée committed his business affairs into the hands of a distant cousin, a Knight Templar — Sir Raymond de Burgh.

During the absence of the Earl, King Henry continued languidly to repay his debts, transmitting small sums every now and then to Raymond and Ela. On the 1st of February he sent them 100*l.*; on the 14th of April, 24 marks; and on the 29th of October, 15*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.*[3] On the 12th of February, in the following year, Henry sent 50 marks more, which seems to have liquidated his debt, — or else it never was discharged; at any rate, it is the last payment on record.[4] The King drew on his nobles for the supplies — of all kinds — required for his

[1] Rot. Lit. Claus. 2 & 3 Henry III. [2] Dugdale.
[3] Rot. Lit. Claus. 3 Henry III.
[4] Ibid. 4 Henry III. Longuépée died in debt to the King.

coronation. Longuépée's contribution, was thirty beasts for the coronation feast.[1]

The Earl of Salisbury returned from the Holy Land, in the winter of 1220-21.

"In the year of grace, 1220 [this must be a mistake for 1221, as Longuépée was in the Holy Land in the spring of the preceding year], on the Feast of St. Vitalis, the Martyr, namely, the fourth of the calends of May [April 18], the foundation of the new church of Sarum [the present Cathedral] was laid. The Bishop had expected that the King would have come to the ceremony, with the Legate and the Archbishop of Canterbury, and many of the nobility of England; and he had, therefore, incurred a great expense, in order to prepare a solemn banquet for all comers. But the Bishop was disappointed, in consequence of a negotiation then pending with the Welsh, at Shrewsbury. He could not, however, defer the business longer, because it had been publicly announced throughout the diocese.

"On the day appointed, the Bishop came with great devotion, few Earls or Barons of the country attending, but a great multitude of the common people crowding hither from all parts. When divine service had been performed [at the old Cathedral]

[1] Rot. Lit. Claus. 4 Henry III.

and the grace of the Holy Spirit invoked, the Bishop, having put off his shoes, went in procession with the clergy of the church to the place of the new foundation, singing the litany. After the litany, a sermon was made to the people. The Bishop then laid the first stone for our Lord Pope Honorius, who had granted the license for transplanting the church; the second for Stephen, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, who was then with the King in the marches of Wales; and the third for himself. Then the fourth was laid by William, Earl of Salisbury; and the fifth by the Countess Ela, a woman truly praiseworthy, because she was filled with the fear of the LORD. After her, the few noblemen present added each a stone: then Adam the Dean, William the Precentor, Henry the Chancellor, Abraham the Treasurer, and the Archdeacons and Canons of the church of Sarum who were present did the same, amidst the acclamations of the multitude, who even wept for joy, and contributed thereto according to their ability."[1]

The list of royal gifts is now resumed on the Close Rolls. On the 28th of June, the King sent to the Earl and Countess two stags and twenty does

[1] William de Wanda.

from the New Forest. On the 28th of July, he grants the Earl twenty-two chevrons from Blakemore Forest, to rebuild his house at Caneford.[1] On the 18th of August we find the following grant.

"The King to the Sheriff of Southampton, greeting. Know, that we have granted to our beloved uncle, William, Earl of Salisbury, and Ela, the Countess, his wife, the custody of the lands and hereditaments of Thomas de Malesmains and Joanna his wife[2]; and therefore we command you that, without any delay, you shall give full seizin of all the lands above described of Thomas and Joanna, within your jurisdiction."[3]

On the 27th of August, an order is found, that "our beloved uncle, William, Earl of Salisbury, shall be permitted to hunt two stags in our Forest of Dean, where he is abiding. Witness, Henry, Gloucester, 27th day of August."[4]

Towards the close of the following year Longuépée himself got into debt, for his improvident Sovereign has to lend him 60*l.*, and, in the ensuing February, 100 marks. In March, 1223, the King gives him

[1] Rot. Lit. Claus. 5 Henry III.

[2] This Joanna was doubtless Ela's half-sister, younger daughter of Alianore de Vitrei and Gilbert de Malmaines.

[3] Rot. Lit. Claus. 5 Henry III.

[4] Ibid.

twenty "fusta de cableicio"[1] to repair his house at Lacock; in May, he lends him another hundred pounds; and in June, he presents him with four does and a stag.[2] In July, 1224, he is allowed to hunt six does in Essex Forest; on the 14th of the same month, the King sends him forty bushels of bog wood and fifty-five bushels of dry wood for his fire; and on the 24th, he transmits to the Earl ten casks of wine which he *owed* him.[3]

In the year last named, Henry III. despatched into Gascony his uncle and brother, the Earls of Salisbury and Cornwall.[4] They had probably set off by the 30th of June, for it is to Ela that the king despatches, on that day, a present of three does from the Forest of Clarendon.[5]

Longuépée had again placed his affairs in the hands of Sir Raymond de Burgh. He had not been long gone, before a rumour reached England that he had been drowned on the passage. While bestowing little pity upon Longuépée, the nobles at once began to speculate on the reversion of the hand and possessions of Ela. Raymond, who had desired

[1] I confess myself unable to translate this phrase.

[2] Rot. Lit. Claus. 6 & 7 Henry III. [3] Ibid. 7 Henry III.

[4] Richard, Earl of Cornwall, and King of the Romans, second son of King John and Isabelle of Angoulême.

[5] Rot. Lit. Claus. 7 Henry III.

extremely to secure them for himself, at once communicated on the subject with his uncle, Hubert de Burgh. The Grand Justiciary calmly represented to the King that the Earl of Salisbury was dead, the Countess at liberty,—and he requested that she might be given in marriage to Sir Raymond. The easy and indolent Henry, without giving himself the trouble to inquire into the actual fate of "his well beloved uncle," granted the petition of his favourite.[1]

The Countess of Salisbury, whom none of the contracting parties had consulted, remained at Sarum, secluded from the world,—when, one morning, Sir Raymond presented himself before her, attired in "a glorious warlike habit."[2] Instead, however, of entering into any debate upon business matters, which she probably expected, he abruptly informed her that the King had consented to his marriage with herself. The astonished Ela was so completely taken by surprise, that she sat silent and undemonstrative for a moment, while Raymond poured forth protestations of undying affection and eternal fidelity. In the midst of his "fair speeches" the Countess rose, and checked him by a gesture of displeasure.

"Sir," said Ela, indignantly, "I have but newly

[1] Dugdale. [2] Ibid.

received letters from my lord, and messengers, who do assure me of his life and safety. And truly, if he had been dead, yet would I never have entertained you for a husband, in regard that your birth doth not suit therewith. Wherefore, I pray you to look elsewhere for a wife; for hither I give you to know, you come in vain!"[1]

And with these words, the offended Lady of Salisbury quitted the room. Raymond took no further steps at that time; but he never forgave her. Ela strictly charged her domestics never again to admit him to her presence.

On the morning of the 10th of January, 1226, the vassals and attendants of the Countess of Salisbury sat in the banqueting-hall of the castle, round a large oak fire. They were engaged in singing ballads, and narrating anecdotes, when the sound of a horn without, announced that some person desired admission. The domestics crowded to the door to see the stranger; and on the wicket being opened, they beheld the venerable figure of a Palmer standing before it. He was instantly and cordially welcomed into the Castle; for the presence of one who had

> "Seen where Cryst was quicke and dede,
> On the Mounte of Caluarie,"

[1] Dugdale.

was considered to bring honour and blessing on the house. The Palmer seated himself on the settle nearest the fire, without removing his cowl. He spoke little, and appeared to be weary and exhausted. He simply inquired if the mansion were not Sarum Castle, and if the Countess were at home. Both these questions being answered in the affirmative, the pilgrim gazed fixedly into the fire, and said no more.

At that moment, a thrilling shriek from the apartments of the Countess caused all the attendants to spring to their feet. It was followed in an instant by one of her attendant maidens, who rushed into the hall screaming for help, and muttering a malediction on Sir Raymond. The Palmer sprang from his seat, very unlike an exhausted man; and hurriedly flinging off his pilgrim habit, disclosed beneath it a suit of knightly armour. Drawing his sword as he fled, he disappeared in a moment up the steps which led to the Countess's chamber; while her astounded servants, instead of following to aid her, stood gazing after him in utter stupefaction.

Meanwhile, in her bower, stood the Countess Ela, bravely holding at bay the cowardly antagonist, who had presumed to make a personal assault upon her honour; the damsel, whom her scream had brought

into the chamber, had dashed away again in search of better help than her own; but Ela's desperate strength was almost failing, when the clang of an armed step was heard outside, and in another instant a fully equipped knight stood with drawn sword by the side of the Countess.

Sir Raymond de Burgh slunk from the apartment much faster than he had entered it.[1] Ela looked up for a moment into the face of her deliverer; and then, with a shriek very different from the former one, fainted away into the arms of Longuépée.

The Earl had, indeed, been in a terrific tempest; but the report of his death was unfounded. His ship was tossing about in the most extreme peril, when (it is *said*) a beautiful lady bearing a taper was seen standing at its stern.[2] None were able to explain or account for the apparition, with the exception of the Earl of Salisbury, and he did so in a very easy manner. "It is the blessed Virgin!" said he, "she will save us!"[3] The Virgin was a parti-

[1] Raymond married, in this or the following year, Christiana, daughter of Robert Lord Fitz-Walter, and widow of William de Mandeville, Earl of Essex. Raymond de Burgh was drowned at Nantes, in 1230, from his horse slipping down a steep bank into the Loire.

[2] Dugdale.

[3] Ibid.

cular favourite with Longuépée, who, on receiving the honour of knighthood, dedicated a taper to be burnt continually before her altar.[1] We cannot for a moment attempt to excuse him in this: but it is some palliation of the sin, that he knew no better.

The Earl, as may be easily imagined, was exceedingly indignant at the treatment his wife had experienced from Raymond and Hubert de Burgh. He repaired to Court at once, and laid his complaint before the King; adding, that if His Majesty would not do him right, he would vindicate himself elsewhere.[2] Henry, always swayed by the man who had last spoken to him, summoned Hubert at once into his presence. The wily Earl of Kent, who well knew how to govern the versatile mind of his unstable master, appeared with the meekest possible demeanour. He confessed his fault, apologised to the King and Earl, made rich presents to Longuépée, and, by way of making the reconciliation between them decisive, invited him to dine with him that day. The Earl of Salisbury accepted his invitation; probably he considered Hubert's fault more a mistake than a crime, for it appears to have been Raymond who had specially roused his anger. Hubert made a

[1] Dugdale. [2] Ibid.

sumptuous feast for his guest, and after it, Longuépée set out for Sarum Castle. As soon as he arrived there, he complained of feeling extremely ill, and requested to see the Bishop of Salisbury, desiring him to bring the *viaticum* with him. It is evident that he anticipated a fatal termination to his illness from the first. The Bishop shortly presented himself at the Castle, bearing all necessaries for extreme unction. He entered the room where the Earl, with a rope tied round his neck, was lying on his bed. As soon as Longuépée perceived the Bishop, he sprang up, and prostrated himself upon the floor, weeping bitterly.

"My Lord, my Lord!" cried the Earl, "I am a traitor to Almighty God!"

He then begged that the sacrament might be immediately administered to him; and after this, he calmly dictated to the Bishop his last will. For some days he continued to linger in great suffering, constantly engaged in fervent prayer; until, on the 7th of March, 1226, he breathed his last, in the arms of his weeping Countess.[1]

Thus died William Longuépée de Clifford, Earl of Salisbury, a knight *almost* "sans peur et sans reproche," in the seventy-third year of his age, and

[1] Dugdale.

the tenth year of the reign of his nephew, King Henry III.

A long and solemn funeral procession bore the gentle Earl of Salisbury to his grave. His body "was brought to New Sarum, with many tears and deep sighs, on the day of his death, and at the very same hour at which, exactly eight weeks before, he had been first welcomed in triumph to this beauteous new Cathedral. On the morrow, being Sunday, he was honourably buried in the new chapel of the blessed Virgin; and there were then present, the Bishops of Sarum[1], of Winchester[2], and a Bishop of Ireland, Earl William Marshall[3], and Earl William de Mandeville[4]; also the Barons, Robert de Veteripont, Hugh de Gurnay, and Ralph de Toani[5], with a great multitude of knights."[6]

During the progress of Longuépée's corpse to the sacred edifice, "it was observed," says the chronicler, "that the tapers, which were borne with the cross, according to custom, notwithstanding the rain and blustering winds, were not extinguished; to the end that it might plainly appear, that, having been so

[1] Richard Poore.
[2] Peter de Rujubus.
[3] Earl of Pembroke.
[4] Earl of Essex.
[5] Was this a cousin of Longuépée by Margaret de Toney, his grandmother?
[6] William de Wanda.

sincere a penitent for his sins, he belonged to the sons of light!"[1]

"By torchlight from the Castle hill,
They bear him to the lighted fane —
They bear him 'mid laments and sighs,
They bear him amid wind and rain.

"Toll the bell — a solemn toll,
Slow and solemn let it be,
While we pray for William's soul —
Miserere, Domine!"[2]

On the north side of the Chapel of the Virgin was raised the monument of Longuépée. It was a raised slab of grey marble, the sides decorated with carved wooden arches, resting upon slender pillars, "the panels richly painted, diapered, and gilt, having depicted around it, in alternate shields, the three lions passant of England, and the six rampant lioncels of Salisbury."[3] On the summit of the slab, lies the noble and majestic statue of Longuépée, attired in a blue surcoat, embroidered with his arms, over a coat of gilt mail. His shield is on his left arm, and his "long sword" girt to his side; the right arm rests peacefully beside him. Round

[1] Matt. Paris. The worthy monk's divinity is as much in fault as his logic.

[2] Rev. W. L. Bowles.

[3] Annals and Antiquities of Laycock Abbey.

the edge of the tomb are carved *fleurs de lis.* The helmet attached to the coat of mail covers the face, excepting only the eyes and nose; the nose is Grecian, the eyebrows regular and arched, the eyes "gentle and intelligent."[1] This monument is still visible, but it has been removed from the Lady Chapel to the nave. At the time of its translation, which was in 1790, the skeleton of the Earl was found entire. The following inscription was placed along the edge of the tomb: —

> "Flos comitatum, Gulielmus obis, stirps Regia; Longus
> Ensio vaginam cæpit habere brevum!"[2]

Longuépée's will will be found in the Appendix. It is rather singular that he makes no mention of Ela.

The widowed Countess Ela mourned her departed lord long and bitterly. The year after his death, we find her erecting a church at Henton, for a number of monks of the Carthusian order, to whom Longuépée had given the manor of

[1] Annals and Antiquities of Lacock Abbey.

[2] This quaint epitaph has been as quaintly translated by Speed:

> "Royal-born William,
> Flower of Earls, lies here;
> A sheath so short
> Doth Longsword serve to bear."

Hethorp some years before; but Ela, "being a devout woman, discerned that Hethorp was not a fit seat for them, in respect to the strictness of their rule[1]; wherefore she translated them to Henton."[2]

In the same year, 1227, and again in 1228 and 1231, Ela executed the sheriff's office for Wiltshire (by deputy, I presume); and at the last-named time she gave 200 marks to the King, to allow her to have the shrievalty of the county during her life.[3]

In 1232 the Countess turned her manor-house of Lacock into an abbey. "Having frequently proposed to herself to found monasteries for the pleasure of GOD, and for the salvation of her own soul, and her husband's, she understood by revelation, that in the field of shells, called in English Snalysmede, she should found this monastery, in honour of St. Mary and St. Bernard. And she completed it sumptuously, at her own cost. Then she founded the Priory of Henton; in one day [May 16th, 1232]

[1] The Carthusian was the strictest of all the monastic orders. A monk of any other order might become a Carthusian, because he would thereby attain a higher degree of mortification; but no Carthusian monk was permitted to change into another order, as his discipline would be relaxed by so doing.

[2] Dugdale.

[3] Ibid.

she founded two monasteries; first, Lacock, wherein dwell the holy canonesses, constantly and piously worshipping GOD; and afterwards, Henton; in the true year of her age, the forty-fourth." [1]

In the year 1238, Ela, "aforetime Countess," took the religious habit in her house of Lacock. The rule of St. Augustine, which was there observed, provides that the inmates of a monastery or convent shall have all things in common; that they shall be constant in their attendance at Divine service, shall fast when their health permits, and shall devote anything given to them to the use of the entire convent. They were not to murmur if their garments were worse than before; the Superior was to distribute food and clothing as was required; and the clothes were to be washed either by the nuns themselves, or by fullers, at the discretion of the Superior. The beds were of straw, for which were provided two "blankets" of cloth or linen, mattresses, a cushion covered with a web, and a pillow covered like the cushion.[2] The following account of the costume of the Augustinian nuns, though compiled for a particular branch of that order, will no doubt comprise the chief peculiarities of their ordinary attire.

[1] Lacock Book. [2] Annals and Antiquities of Lacock Abbey.

"The clothes of the sisters may be two chemises of white flannel[1] [or linen?], one for daily use, the other for washing. One tunic of grey cloth, with a cowl, and sleeves extending not further than to the middle finger, the folds of which around the hand, when they perform their manual services, shall be bound to the arms with a buckle like other sleeves. One mantle also of grey cloth, like the tunic and hood; which shall not be plaited in front, nor finely made, but tight and plain, being wholly made for use and not at all for *vanity;* which also ought in summer to be single, but in winter lined, not with delicate skins, but with those of lambs or sheep. Of skins of this kind a *pellicium*[2] may also be made for the winter. The said mantle, moreover, shall not reach the earth by a palm's breadth, and shall be fastened by a wooden buckle at the breast. For the clothing of their feet, they shall have, in summer, shoes reaching to their ankles, and stockings to their knees; but in winter, boots to their knees, lined with cloth, and stockings equally high. The head-dress shall be a fillet, by which the forehead and chin shall be surrounded, and the face be partly opened; the ends of which shall be joined by one pin at the back of the head. Over this shall be

[1] *Burello.* [2] A fur cape.

placed a veil of black linen, which, lest it should be loose, shall be fastened by three pins, one on the forehead and two at the ears."[1]

It was on Christmas Day that the Lady of Salisbury assumed the grey habit and sable veil of an Augustinian nun. If the form of profession used in a later age may be trusted as the one by which Ela was admitted a nun at Lacock, she must have knelt before the Bishop at the door of the choir, and his demand must have been —

"Art thou free, and unfettered by any bond of the Church, or of wedlock, of vow, or of excommunication?"

"I am verily free," answered the Countess.

"Doth not shame, or perhaps grief of worldly adversity," asked the Bishop, "urge thee to a religious profession,—or perchance the multitude of thy debts compelleth thee?"

"Neither grief nor shame," replied Ela, "inciteth me to this, but a fervent love of GOD; and I have already paid all my debts according to my power."

"Seekest thou entrance into this religion,"[2] further asked the Bishop, "in the name of JESUS CHRIST, and in honour of His most holy mother the Virgin Mary?"

[1] Addit. MSS. Brit. Mus. 5208. [2] *i. e.* religious order.

"I seek it," said the Countess.

The Bishop then rose, and conducted her into the chapel, saying, "Lo! now she worthily entereth into this religion!"

A red banner was borne before her into the chapel, on one side of which was painted the image of CHRIST on the cross, and on the other, that of the Virgin Mary. The Countess knelt near the door, while the Bishop, after consecrating the ring, approached her, and said,—

"Thou oughtest to promise to GOD, and to me on His behalf, that thou wilt obey thy prelates, and live according to the rule of St. Augustine, unto thy life's end."

The Lady of Salisbury then made her conventual vow in the following words:—

"I, sister Ela, make my profession, and promise obedience to Almighty God, and the blessed Mary always a virgin, and to St. Augustine, and St. Bernard, and to thee the Bishop on their behalf, and to the Abbess[1], and to thy successors, to live without property, and in chastity, according to the rule of St. Augustine, even unto my death."

[1] As Ela herself was the first Abbess of Lacock, there was no Abbess at this time; Alicia de Garinges executed the office until the appointment of Ela, in conjunction with the Prioress Waymarca.

Then followed prayers and responses, after which the Bishop placed on the right hand of the novice the consecrated ring; this was followed by the mass of the Holy Trinity. The novice then offered at the altar, and her conventual garb being brought to the Bishop, he consecrated it, and summoned her to come forward to receive it. Ela advanced to the altar barefooted, and slipping off her outer garments, appeared in a close, long tunic, over which the Bishop then invested her with the habit of the order; saying, —

"God Almighty give thee true penitence in thy conscience, and perfect contrition in thy heart. In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

The Bishop afterwards proceeded to put on the novice the conventual shoes, hood, mantle, fillet, and veil, each of which was accompanied by a special prayer, and concluded by the benediction. "And so the handmaid of God having knelt down and received the Bishop's blessing, was taken within, and the gate was closed." [1]

On the Feast of the Assumption of the Virgin, August 15th, 1240, Ela was elected Abbess of Lacock. When the morning service was concluded, the brethren sang the mass of the Holy Ghost,

[1] Addit. MSS. Brit. Mus. 5208.

which was followed by the hymn *Veni Creator*, sung by the nuns. The Prioress (on this occasion it was probably Alicia de Garinges) sang in a low tone the versicle, "Send down Thy Spirit," followed by two collects. The bell was then rung, and the whole sisterhood repaired to the convent grate, outside which stood the general confessor and two other priests, as well as a notary. The Pope's Bull and other documents concerning elections were then read, after which the Prioress, turning to the nuns, asked,—

"What seem ye of Sister Ela? Meseemeth that she is an able person to this office."

The nuns answered, "Placet," and the ceremony of election was concluded.

On the day appointed for the consecration of the Abbess, the Bishop, in pontifical robes, with three clerks, "sad and honest men," one of whom was to be a notary, attended at the Convent; one of the clerks read the Epistle, the second the Gospel, and the third carried the mitre. The nuns were all assembled in the choir, with the exception of two or three who attended the Abbess elect; the ceremony began with the mass of the annunciation. A special form was adorned with tapestry and cushions for the Abbess elect. She offered through the Bishop,

and received the sacrament after mass. Her installation followed, after which the bells were all set ringing, the brethren sang the *Te Deum*, and the nuns passed up by two and two to the stall of the Abbess, whom they kissed, kneeling before her. After the prayers were concluded, the Bishop and Prioress led the Abbess to the chapter-house. Ela seated herself on the right hand of the Bishop, with the book of rules on her knee. The nuns in order knelt before her, laying the right hand on the book, and saying —

"In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. I, Sister ———, byhote [1] me to the Abbess of this Convent, for to keep obedience after the rule of St. Austin."

The Abbess, taking the nun's joined hands within her own, replied —

"And I admit thine obedience. In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.— Amen." [2]

The sisterhood then waited on the Bishop, to the outer door of the convent, where he gave his benediction; and the Countess of Salisbury was thus duly installed as Abbess of Lacock.

In July, 1249, Ela received a visit from her eldest

[1] Promise, pledge. [2] Annals and Antiquities of Lacock Abbey.

son, William, who, like his father, was setting out on pilgrimage to Palestine. He was a valiant knight, and he also bore the surname of Longuépée, probably in imitation of his father.[1] It must have been a solemn scene — the noble Abbess, no more the Lady of Salisbury, bestowing her last maternal benediction on her first-born son, whose face she never saw again. After having received his mother's blessing the young knight took leave of her, and departed on his long and perilous journey.

In the summer of the following year Ela had a singular dream, which made a strong impression on her mind. She thought she saw the entrance gate of Heaven, and her eldest son, (whom she recognised by his shield[2]) armed as in his life, received with joy by the angels. She asked in her dream, "Who is this?" and a voice from the angelic choir replied —

"Know you not your son William and his armour?"

[1] This practice was by no means uncommon, though by it very inappropriate names were sometimes assumed. Baldwin II., Count of Flanders, was remarkable for the luxuriance of his hair; yet he chose to style himself *the Bald*, in imitation of his maternal grandfather, Charles *le Chauve*, King of France. The name of Longuépée, however, seems to have been assumed as a surname, since we find it used by the ladies of the family.

[2] The arms of Longuépée were, azure, six lioncels (3, 2, 1,) rampant sable.

"Yes, truly," answered the Abbess.

"It is he," resumed the angel, "whom thou his mother now beholdest."

The vision then passed away, but Ela carefully recorded the time of its appearance. About six months afterwards she received the news of the death of her son in the Holy Land[1], on the day after her own remarkable dream. With a cheerful and joyous countenance, the Abbess fell on her knees, held up her hands towards Heaven, and exclaimed—

"I Thine handmaid yield Thee thanks, O my LORD JESUS CHRIST, that it hath pleased Thee to cause to be born from sinful flesh of mine such a champion of Thy faith, whom Thou hast vouchsafed to redeem with the crown of so glorious a martyrdom! I therefore trust that through his tutelage I may the sooner arrive at my mansion in the heavenly country!"

The health of Ela began to fail shortly after this, and on the 1st of January, 1257, she found herself so "debilitated with age," that she could no longer discharge the duties of her position as Abbess according to her wishes. She therefore resigned her

[1] He fell at the battle of Massoura, hewn to pieces by the Saracens, after making an immense slaughter amongst them.

"Meint hõme vailant i avoit dunqe oscis,
Et ly bon Willam Longespée, li chivaler hardiz."

abbacy, and returned to the station of a simple nun.[1] The "aforetime Countess" did not long survive her resignation. On the 24th of August, 1261, "yielding up her soul in peace, she rested in the LORD,"[2] in the seventy-third year of her age.[3]

She was interred, not with her lord in the Cathedral, but in the choir of her own Abbey of Lacock.

The following epitaph was placed over the grave of the Lady of Salisbury: —

"Infra sunt defossa Elæ venerabilis ossa,
Quæ dedit has sedes, sacras monialibus ædes,
Abbatissa quidem, quæ sancte vixit ibidem,
Et Comitissa Sarum, virtutum plena bonarum."[4]

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[1] Vincent.—Lacock Book. Beatrice of Kent was appointed her successor. [2] Lacock Book.

[3] Until the dissolution of Lacock Abbey, the following gifts were distributed to the poor yearly, in commemoration of the foundress:

"To the poor, on the Feast of St. Bartholomew the Apostle, for the soul of Lady Ela Longespée, the foundress, eight bushels of corn, worth 5*s.* 8*d.*, and sixteen cheeses, or dried fish, worth 8*s.*—13*s.* 8*d.*

"To three poor persons on the eve and day of St. Bartholomew, and on the eve and day of the profession of the said Lady Ela Longespée, to each of them daily, in bread, drink, and meat, worth 2*d.*—2*s.*"

[4] Underneath these sacred stones,
The venerable Ela's bones
Sleep, who to St. Mary gave
These holy walls around her grave.
Countess in old Sarum's halls,
Abbess in St. Mary's walls,
Full of sanctity was she,
Virtue, faith, and charity.

The choir wherein she was buried has long been destroyed, and her gravestone—a substitute for the original, though itself ancient—has been removed to the cloisters. The Abbey of Lacock remains, though its chapel has perished, as it was when Ela de Rosmar was its Abbess.

"This was thy home then, gentle one!
This thy green solitude—and here,
At evening from the gleaming pane,
Thine eye oft watched the dappled deer
While the soft sun was in the wane,
Browsing beside the brooklet clear:
The brook runs still, the sun sets now,
The deer yet browseth—where art thou?"

A Dark Page of History.

ALICIA

DE LACY, COUNTESS OF LINCOLN,
SALISBURY, LEICESTER, LANCASTER, AND DERBY,
DAME L'ESTRANGE AND DE FRENES.

The heart of the sons of men is full of evil, and madness is in their heart while they live, and after that they go to the dead.

ECCL. ix. 3.

ALICIA,

COUNTESS OF LANCASTER.

Alicia's Character. — Her Ancestry. — Birth. — Marriage. — Death of her Father. — His dying Charge. — Her Private Life. — Character of her Husband. — Levity of the Countess. — Alicia elopes with the Earl of Warrenne. — Illegal Marriage with Richard de St. Martin. — Capture of the Countess and St. Martin. — Her Trial. — St. Martin attempts to sell her Estates. — Reconciliation with her Husband. — Alicia's Attachment to L'Estrange. — Attempts to poison her Husband. — Divorced. — Rebellion of the Barons joined by Lancaster. — Battle of Boroughbridge. — Capture of the Earl of Lancaster. — His Trial and Execution. — Marriage of Alicia with L'Estrange. — Confiscation of her Lands. — Alicia travels to Scotland with her Husband. — L'Estrange Poisoned by his Wife. — Her Third Marriage. — Her Seal. — Death of Alicia.

A SAD and sinful history is now about to disclose itself before the eyes of the reader. And ere they who shall peruse the few records that remain to us of the life of this wretched Princess, turn to another memoir and forget her, let them whisper to themselves, "Who maketh thee to differ?" Alicia of Lancaster was the noblest lady and the

wealthiest heiress of her day; her education, there is every reason to suppose, was, according to the ideas of the age in which she lived, most liberal. Yet, with all these advantages, I doubt if there can be found, through the whole of the fourteenth century, another woman so literally steeped in vice and crime as this young and beautiful heiress, the last descendant of the gentle Longuépée and the pious Ela.

With the exception, of course, of the Princesses of the Royal Family, there was no maiden in England in whose veins ran blood so noble as in those of Alicia de Lacy, daughter of Henry Earl of Lincoln and his wife, the Lady Margaret de Clifford, Countess of Salisbury. Besides the earldom of Lincoln, she inherited from her father the barony of Halton and the Honour of Clitheroe. Her grandmother was the semi-royal Alicia di Saluzzo, cousin of the Queen of England[1]—her great grandmother, a daughter of the noble House of Clare; while through Longuépée she inherited the royal blood of the Plantagenets, and of the Saxon and Scottish monarchs.

[1] I believe Eleanor of Provence was the Queen indicated, but I cannot trace the relationship. The Countess of Lincoln certainly was not *first* cousin to that Queen.

Alicia was born in or about the year 1295.[1] She was probably the eldest of her father's children; her two brothers, John and Edmund, both died in childhood, previous to the year 1312. In 1310, when she had attained the age of fifteen, Alicia was given in marriage by her father, to the young Prince Thomas Plantagenet, Earl of Lancaster, eldest son of Edmund Earl of Leicester.[2]

The Earl of Lincoln did not long survive the marriage of his daughter. He died two years subsequently, in 1312, having first solemnly charged his royal son-in-law to keep up the feud which had long existed between the Earl and the King's favourite, Piers Gavestone. This unchristian bequest was faithfully executed by the young Prince, who, in the end, sacrificed his life to it.

Alicia now succeeded to all her father's vast property, and took upon herself the titles of Countess

[1] Annals and Antiquities of Lacock Abbey. — The date usually given for the birth of Alicia is 1281, but several circumstances show that this is too early.

[2] Edmund, Earl of Leicester, was the second son of Henry III., by Eleanor of Provence. He married, first, Aveline, daughter and heiress of William de Fortibus, Earl of Albemarle: she died S.P. the year after her marriage, 1270 (according to some, 1271). The Earl married, secondly, Blanche, daughter of Robert, Count of Artois, and Maude of Brabant; widow of Henri II. King of Navarre. She was the mother of Prince Thomas.

of Lincoln and Salisbury[1], in her own right; wearing also, in right of her lord, the coronets of Leicester, Lancaster, and Derby. It is as Countess of Lancaster that she is generally known.

A glimpse of the private life of the Earl and Countess may be obtained from the Household Book of the Earl for 1313, kept by his cofferer, Henry of Lancaster.[2] We find that the establishment of their Royal Highnesses required 2319 pounds of tallow candles, and 1870 pounds of wax candles, *per annum*. The young Earl appears to have indulged a literary taste, for one item in his accounts is 129 dozen of parchment, with ink. The Earl, his chaplains, and "the pantry," required 43*l*. 17*s*. 0*d*. worth of linen cloth. "Two cloths of scarlet" are provided for the Earl against Christmas; there is no mention of fresh apparel for the Countess. A saddle for the Earl, "with the Prince's arms," cost forty shillings. He spent, during the year, only five pounds "in his chamber;" but he also paid

[1] Her mother, Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, died in 1310. A dole was given at Lacock Abbey, "to the poor, on the Feast of St. Cecilia, for the soul of Lady Margaret Lacy, Countess of Lincoln, four bushels of corn worth 2*s*. 8*d*.; and on the eve and day of that feast, to three poor persons, in bread, drink, and meat, to each of them daily, 2*d*. worth, — 3*s*. 8*d*."

[2] Printed in Stow's Survey of London.

88*l.* 16*s.* 0¾*d.* for old debts. "Seven furs of variable miniver, and seven hoods of purple," appear to belong to the Prince's own wardrobe, or perhaps to that of the Princess Alicia. Twenty-four silver dishes, with the same number of cups and saucers, were purchased for the buttery; and a silver coffin appears among the Earl's expenses. There are only two entries in which the Countess is mentioned by name.

"The expenses of the Countess at Pickering, for the time of this account, as in the pantry, buttery, kitchen, and other places, concerning these offices, 285*l.* 13*s.* 0½*d.*

"*Item*, in wine, wax, spices, cloths, furs, and other things for the Countess's wardrobe, 154*l.* 7*s.* 4½*d.*"

"St. Thomas of Lancaster," as the Earl was afterwards styled, was extremely unworthy of that title. He was gay, frivolous, mischievous — in a word, he was a very wild young Prince. Alicia began by degrees to follow the example of her lord. Even he became somewhat uneasy at the pranks of his giddy Countess: but he probably had no idea of the length to which she was about to carry them. The Earl and Countess had been residing at Alicia's manor of Caneford, in Dorsetshire; when, on the

Monday before Ascension Day, 1317, she astonished the Prince and the greater part of the kingdom by her sudden disappearance. She had left her home in company with John, Earl of Warrenne, escorted by a band of soldiers from among his retainers, who conducted her, with as much pomp as if she had been the heroine of a triumphal ovation, towards his Castle of Reigate. During the journey, between Halton and Farnham, the leaders of the procession became terribly frightened by catching glimpses of banners through the hedges. Instantly supposing that they had caught sight of the standards borne by the retinue of the Earl of Lancaster, who had come to reclaim or punish his guilty wife, the armed band hastily fled, leaving Alicia almost alone. Discovering, however, that the flags which had so terrified them were borne by a peaceful religious procession of priests marching round the fields to bestow a blessing on the harvest, the cowardly soldiers soon returned to the deserted Princess, whom they bore in triumph to the Castle of Reigate.[1] At this place they were joined by Richard de St. Martin, "a man of miserable stature, lame and hump-backed,"[2] upon whom, with utter disregard of her tie to the Earl of Lancaster, the Princess Alicia actually bestowed her

[1] Walsingham. [2] Ibid.

hand. The Earl of Lancaster appears to have been content to remonstrate with his wicked Countess, calmly demanding of her for what reason she had forsaken her rightful lord, and allied herself, first with Warrenne, and then with St. Martin? With her reply I will not disgrace these pages; suffice it to say, that she boldly defended her shameless proceedings, in such a style as to proclaim her utterly lost to all sense of womanly honour. St. Martin, as might be expected, showed little more comprehension of legal rights than Alicia: for he actually presumed to sell, in open court, the Countess's earldoms of Lincoln and Salisbury, alleging that he possessed them in right of his wife![1] The sale, of course, was declared illegal; but we may perceive from this to what a depth of degradation the heiress of three coronets had fallen.

The Pope being at length appealed to, made peace between the contending parties, and exhorted Thomas of Lancaster to take back his Countess. Though the private life of the Prince was quite as profligate, if not so openly scandalous, as hers, yet he professed himself intensely disgusted with the conduct of his wife, and it was with extreme reluctance that he obeyed the command from Rome.

[1] Walsingham.

The Princess, who seems to have been very soon tired of anything on which she set her affections, readily forsook her unattractive pseudo-spouse, St. Martin, and returned to her royal lord.

In the household of the Earl of Lancaster, there was at this time a remarkably graceful and courteous knight, Sir Ebulo L'Estrange, a younger son of Lord Strange of Knockin. To this gentleman, whose ideas of right and wrong were as confused as her own, the Princess began to take a strong fancy.

Soon after the Countess's return home, the Earl of Lancaster fell seriously ill. He recovered after having been in great danger; and upon his convalescence, feeling no doubt that Alicia and her favourite L'Estrange had attempted to poison him (as indeed was the case), he came to the resolution of divorcing so dangerous a wife. He accordingly repudiated her by process of law. This most likely took place about 1318-19.

The recovery of Prince Thomas of Lancaster prolonged his life only by two or three years. He allied himself with the rebellious barons against the King; and his forces, owing to a series of mistakes on the part of his colleague in command, were defeated by the royal army at Boroughbridge. The Prince, disdaining to yield himself to Sir Andrew de

Harcla, the warden of Carlisle, fled from the field to a neighbouring chapel, where, throwing himself before the crucifix, he cried,—

"Good LORD, I surrender myself to Thee, and put myself in Thy mercy!"

The King's forces speedily discovered his retreat; they entered the chapel, and arrested him. Prince though he was, and cousin to the Sovereign under whose banner they fought, his enemies treated him with every indignity they could devise. They stripped him of his armour, and forced him to put on one of his own liveries. In this attire, he was conveyed, first to York, and then to Pontefract, the property of his divorced Countess, inherited from her ancestors the Lacys. On his progress through the streets of the town, the unfortunate Prince was pelted by the mob. He was confined in the tower of Pontefract Castle.

On the following day, the 22nd of March, 1321, "being brought into the hall [of Pontefract Castle], in the presence of the King [Edward II.], he had sentence of death by these justices, viz.; Aymer, Earl of Pembroke[1], Edmund, Earl of Kent[2], John

[1] Son of William, Count of Angoulême, and Joane de Montchesney: second cousin of the King.

[2] Youngest son of Edward I. by Marguerite of France: uncle of the King.

de Bretaigne[1], and Sir Robert Malmethorpe.[2] His defence was not listened to by his judges, and the Earl, in the bitterness of his complaint, exclaimed —

"'Shall I die without answer?'

"After quitting the court, he was exposed to fresh insults, and being set upon a wretched horse, without bridle, was paraded through the streets with a friar's hood upon his head. On his way to the place of execution, he cried:—

"'King of Heaven, have mercy upon me! for the King of the earth *nous ad guerthi!*'

"Having arrived at a hill without the town, he knelt down towards the East, until Hugin de Muston caused him to turn his face towards Scotland[3], when an executioner from London cut off his head."[4]

Thus fell this poor young Prince, grandson, brother, and cousin of a King.[5] He was worshipped

[1] Jean III. Duke of Bretagne, eldest son of Artur II. and Marie of Limoges; second cousin of the King.

[2] Eight years after the condemnation of Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, Edmund, Earl of Kent took up arms against the usurped authority of Queen Isabelle of France, and Mortimer, and suffered on Tower Hill the same fate which he assisted to bring upon his cousin. See the memoir of Joan, Princess of Wales, p. 67.

[3] One of the accusations brought against him was the entering into a treaty with Scotland.

[4] Baines's History of Lancashire.

[5] He was the grandson of Henry III., King of England: the

by the lower orders, under the name of "St. Thomas of Lancaster." His character has been very differently represented; his friends looking on him as little less than perfect, his enemies accusing him of almost every crime that man can commit. So far as it can now be ascertained, the real truth respecting this ill-fated Prince seems to lie between the two extremes. There can be no doubt that he was an accomplished and agreeable young man; but also, that he was arbitrary to his inferiors, unfaithful to his wife, and disloyal to his King.

Four years after the death of her princely husband, Alicia bestowed her hand upon Sir Ebulo L'Estrange, the gay and graceful cavalier who had assisted her in her attempt on the life of her royal lord. This marriage took place without the King's license, and he at once punished the presumptuous Princess, by escheating all the lands which she held of the Crown *in capite*.[1] Alicia remonstrated on this harsh proceeding; but His Majesty refused to

brother of Jeanne, Queen (in her own right) of Navarre, and brother-in-law of Philippe IV. King of France: and the cousin of Edward II., King of England.

[1] The Princess's property consisted (besides her earldoms), of twenty-five manors in Yorkshire, eighteen in Lancashire, one in Leicestershire, one in Northamptonshire, as well as those in Wiltshire which she inherited from Ela, Countess of Salisbury.

deliver the lands, until his cousin should give up to him all her estates lying in Lancashire, Cheshire, and Yorkshire, and should, moreover, bestow on his favourite, Hugh le Despenser, the Castle and Lordship of Denbigh, and the Castle of Bullingbrook in Lincolnshire. We may presume that the lands escheated by the King were of greater importance and pecuniary value than those which he demanded in exchange. The forfeited lands were probably those which the Princess inherited from Ela, Countess of Salisbury, and, at any rate, some of the possessions of her father the Earl of Lincoln. The ancient city of Sarum, the (then newly-erected) town of Salisbury, the manor of Caneford, the city of Exeter, the time-honoured Amesbury, the manor of Hethorp, the lands of Camville, the manor of Farnham, the barony of Halton — these fair plains and cities of the south were preferred by Alicia to the more romantic scenery of her old Castles of Pontefract and Chester, to the fair Honour of Clitheroe, and the then picturesque Forest of Rossendale — no more picturesque in this nineteenth century, but crowded with long chimneys emitting volumes of black smoke: but in the days of Alicia de Lacy it was a noble forest, where the sportive fawns frisked

playfully under the stately trees, and the red deer bounded down the dusky glades to drink from its silver brooks in the evening twilight. Now, the trees have long ago been burnt for firewood, and the deer cut up into venison pasties, and the brooks ordered into reservoirs for cotton-mills, whose tall black chimneys replace the noble oaks of the once grand old Forest of Rossendale.

> "I like it not—I would the plain
> Lay in its tall old groves again!" [1]

A portion, too, of the Lacy possessions was the vale of Clitheroe, with its vast expanse of beautiful scenery, and the rugged heights of Pendle, a scene with no match in the southern lands which Alicia retained, — for are we not assured by a veracious old proverb, that —

> "Pendle Hill, and Pennygent, and Little Ingleborough,
> You'll not find three such hills, if you search all England *thorough!*"

In the neighbouring county, the possessions which the Princess was thus summoned to resign were the fine Abbey of Bolton, and the ancient fortress of Pontefract, the cradle of her paternal House. By the forfeiture of these magnificent estates, the once

[1] Bryant's Poems.

mighty race of the Lacys quitted its hold upon the North.

Very reluctantly indeed, Alicia yielded up the inheritance of her fathers. Countess of Salisbury she remained, but she was no longer Countess of Chester, and her title of Countess of Lincoln was little more than a name: though after she had been deprived of all these vast possessions, she still enjoyed, from her remaining lands, an income amounting to 3000 marks per annum.

In 1335, the Countess accompanied her husband into Scotland. She now appears to have become weary of the elegant and courteous Sir Ebulo, and she did not forget the lesson in which he had before been her instructor. L'Estrange died in Scotland, about Michaelmas, of poison administered by his wife.

In the following year, 1336, the Countess took to herself a third husband, Sir Hugh de Frenes[1] — a man of whom nothing more is known with certainty, except that he died at Perth in the December following.

The seal of the Countess Alicia presents no portrait. It consists of a shield, parted per pale; dexter, purpure, a lion rampant argent [LACY]; sinister,

[1] Summoned to Parliament as Earl of Lincoln, Nov. 29, 1336.

azure, six lioncels rampant sable [ROSMAR]. A nondescript creature, something like a winged snake, is creeping up each side of the shield. Round the edge of the seal runs the inscription —

"SIGILLVM ALAYS DE LACI."

The records of her guilty life are ended now. The only further notice that can be found concerning Alicia of Lancaster, is that she died "on the Thursday after the feast of St. Michael,"[1] October 2, 1348, aged about fifty-three years, and was buried in Berling Church, by the side of her second husband, Sir Ebulo L'Estrange.[2]

The Princess Alicia left no offspring by any of her marriages; and all the titles and estates of which she had not been already deprived, lapsed to the Crown.

"What though the face be fair,
What though the eye be bright,
What though the rare and flowing hair
Vie with the rich sunlight, —
If the soul, which of all should the fairest be,
If the soul, which must last through eternity,
Be a dark and unholy thing?"

[1] Sandford. [2] Dugdale.



Seal of Alicia de Lacy.

The Fair Maid of Kent.

JOAN
OF KENT, PRINCESS OF WALES.

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
  Nor the furious winter's rages:
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
  Home hast gone and ta'en thy wages;
Golden lads and girls all must,
  As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

SHAKSPERE.

JOAN,

PRINCESS OF WALES.

Edmund Earl of Kent. — Birth of his Daughter. — Joan affianced to the Earl of Salisbury. — Death of her eldest Brother. — Joan enters into a new Engagement to Sir Thomas Holland. — Protest of Salisbury. — Death of Joan's younger Brother. — Appeal to the Pope. — Pope decrees in Favour of Holland. — Joan's Children. — Death of Holland. — Prince of Wales attached to Joan. — His Desire to marry her. — Opposition of the Queen. — The Prince pleads the Cause of a Friend. — Joan declines the Offer of Marriage from the Prince's Client. — Intimates her Disposition to accept one from himself. — The Queen ceases to oppose their Union. — Difficulties in the Way of the Marriage. — Overruled by the Pope. — Protest of the Archbishop of Canterbury. — Marriage of Joan to the Black Prince. — Description of the Prince and Princess. — They set out for Aquitaine. — Visit Tarbes. — Joan pleads the Cause of the Count D'Armagnac. — Gaston de Foix. — Prince and Princess visit Angoulême. — Birth of Prince Edward. — Return to Bordeaux. — Arrival of the King of Castilla. — Birth of Richard II. — Departure of the Prince of Wales. — Joan visited by the Duke of Lancaster. — Joan's Regency. — Return of the Prince. — Marriage of Joan's eldest Daughter. — Prince visits England. — Death of Sir James Audley. — Death of Queen Philippa. — Grief of the Prince. — Death of Sir John Chandos. — Prince and Princess remove to Cognac. — Siege of Limoges. — Illness of the Prince. — Preparations for Departure. — Death of Prince Edward. — Prince and Princess return to England. — Death of the Prince of Wales. — Epitaph. — Education of Prince Richard. — Visits from the Citizens of London. — Death of Edward III. — Marriage of Joan's younger Daughter. — Duke of Bretagne quits England. — Insurrection of Wat Tyler. — Terror

of the Princess. — Visited by the King. — Joan's Friendship with Anne of Bohemia. — Princess protects Wycliffe. — Makes Peace between the Duke of Lancaster and the Londoners. — Sir John Holland kills Sir Ralph Stafford. — King Richard refuses to pardon him. — Grief of Joan. — Princess retires to Wallingford Castle. — Death of Joan. — Her Will. — Buried at Stamford. — Death of her elder Daughter. — Pardon of Sir John Holland.

FEW names bear a more glittering lustre in the roll of the mighty sons of England, than the name of that favourite child of chivalry who is known to us under the appellation of THE BLACK PRINCE. It is true that some of his warlike actions, and especially the fearful sack of Limoges, are ineffaceable and blood-red stains upon his brilliant shield. Nevertheless, he was a valiant warrior, a courteous chevalier, a true Englishman, and — rarest of all — an honest man. "Take him for all in all," his native land, which in the days of yore rang with his achievements, will never "look upon his like again." It is the brilliant, yet melancholy, career of his wife — the sharer of his fame, the mother of his sons, the first and last love of his brave, warm heart — that we are now about to trace.

The amiable and lamented Edmund, Earl of Kent, — youngest son of Edward I. by his second wife, Marguerite of France — died on the scaffold, in the 29th year of his age, condemned by Edward III., or, to speak more correctly, by Queen Isabelle

of France and Sir Roger Mortimer. So popular and beloved was this young Prince, that not an Englishman could be found who would execute the sentence of death. From noon till late in the afternoon, he sat waiting on the scaffold for an executioner. The man who at length was persuaded to behead him, was a condemned criminal in the Marshalsea, who accepted the terrible office as the ransom of his own life.[1] The Earl of Kent left behind him a widow[2], and three infant children, the two eldest of whom were sons; the youngest is the subject of our memoir. She was born within twelve months before her father's death—in the year 1328; and was still an infant when the Countess her mother affianced her to the Earl of Salisbury.[3] The Earl went abroad, and his little betrothed appears completely to have lost sight of him. As the Princess Joan grew up, she acquired — whether deservedly or not — the reputation of being very changeable in her attachments; and her temper was certainly not of the meekest. Between her and her father's coronet stood her two brothers, John and Ed-

[1] Lives of the Queens of England, i. 530.—The Earl died on the 14th of March, 1329.

[2] Margaret, daughter and heiress of Lord Wake de Lydel.

[3] Sandford.

mund; but while she was yet in her girlhood, John died unmarried, and Edmund succeeded him as Earl of Kent.

The Princess Joan arrived at her twenty-fourth year without being claimed by her absent *fiancé*. Whether she supposed him dead, or determined that as he seemed so careless about her, he should be punished by losing her, is uncertain; but she entered into a fresh engagement with Sir Thomas Holland, K.G., her conscience being apparently unburdened by any thought of the prior claims of the Earl of Salisbury. The contract with Sir Thomas was just signed, when, to the astonishment of everyone, and not least of Joan herself, up started the Earl of Salisbury, like a ghost, to claim his affianced bride. The Countess Dowager pleaded her right to dispose of the hand of her only daughter at her pleasure; Sir Thomas Holland, too, stoutly demanded the fulfilment of the contract into which he had just entered with good faith; the Earl firmly, though courteously, maintained his claim, in spite of Countess, Princess, or Knight. Just when the quarrel was at its height, the young Earl of Kent died, on the 7th of January, 1353; and his sister Joan became Countess of Kent in her own right, and heiress of all the property of her father and

brothers. The discovery that the prize for which they were contending, was richer than they had anticipated, put fresh life into the combatants. They fought so determinately, that the friends of the Princess at length suggested an appeal to the Pope. At the mention of His Holiness, both the adversaries dropped their cudgels, and acquiesced in the decision. The blunt Knight of the Garter laid his contract at the feet of Clement VI. The courtly Earl represented to His Holiness, that he was the original contractor, the veritable Simon Pure, but that he having been abroad a long time, that wicked man, Sir Thomas Holland, had taken advantage of his absence to detain from him his true and lawful wife, the Princess Joan. The Pope commanded that the Princess should be forthwith consigned to the care of her rightful lord, his dearly beloved son Thomas Holland, Knight of the Garter. The Earl of Salisbury received the Papal decision with exemplary meekness, much more contentedly, I suspect, than Sir Thomas Holland would have done, had the Pope decided against him. The Countess of Kent was at once resigned to Sir Thomas Holland by her mother. Rome had spoken, and the matter was settled.

Joan had four children by her marriage with

Sir Thomas Holland. These were, Thomas Earl of Kent, to whom the Black Prince stood sponsor; John, Earl of Huntingdon and Duke of Exeter, but most commonly known by his knightly title of Sir John Holland; Joan; and Maude, named after her paternal grandmother, Maude de la Zouche.[1] Sir Thomas Holland took the title of Earl of Kent in right of Joan; but he did not long survive his marriage; he died on the 26th of December, 1359, or, according to some authorities, 1360.

The Princess Joan was now her own mistress. Her mother (apparently) was dead: the Earl of Salisbury, her disappointed suitor, was married to another lady. He wedded a gentler and "truer woman" than the royal Joan, for his wife was that fair and bright Katherine[2], Countess of Salisbury, who stands out like a pure brilliant star from the dark back-ground of the fourteenth century. Joan's attachment to her deceased lord does not appear to have been very deep.[3] She had been married without any consideration of her own inclinations; and she would probably have preferred the young and accomplished Salisbury to the blunt, rough, middle-aged Holland. At all events, she determined never to re-marry unless her heart went with her hand.[4]

[1] Sandford. [2] By some writers called Joan.
[3] Barnes's History of Edward III. [4] Ibid.

The Prince of Wales had long cherished a secret affection for his cousin Joan.[1] He had confessed it to his royal parents, and sought their permission to request her hand, before her marriage to Sir Thomas Holland. Whether Sir Thomas would have withstood the son of his Sovereign as stoutly as he did the Earl of Salisbury, it is difficult to say: but matters did not proceed to this length; for the Queen, who thought the lady sharp-tempered and volatile, begged her son to give up his intention of seeking her hand.[2] The prince obeyed the desire of his mother, so far as a public avowal of his feelings was concerned; but he did not love his cousin the less. After the death of Sir Thomas Holland, the Prince was placed in a most painful position. A knight of his own household, and one of his intimate friends, avowed to him his love for the widowed Princess, and earnestly requested his royal master to forward his suit by speaking to his cousin on the subject. Very few men would have undertaken such a task. But the Black Prince knew how to be generous. He calmly consented to ask a question, the answer to which might overshadow his whole life.

"Friendship prevailed over love, and the Prince went out on his errand." [3]

[1] Lives of the Queens of England, i. 575. [2] Ibid.
[3] Adapted from Longfellow's "Miles Standish."

He rode leisurely through the shady woods to the manor-house where the Countess of Kent, surrounded by her infant children, kept up her solitary state. She gave a cordial welcome to her royal cousin, and entertained him at dinner. When the repast was over, the Prince of Wales discharged his commission. He went through it with perfect outward calmness; but I will not say that a secret feeling of satisfaction did not spring up in his heart, as he watched something like disdain curling the ruby lip of the Princess Joan. As soon as he ceased speaking, she replied to the proposal by a flat denial. The Prince discharged his mission honestly; he begged her to reconsider her decision. She replied, that she had quite made up her mind on the subject. When Edward again attacked her, requesting her to alter her conclusion, Joan looked up from her embroidery-frame, and answered,

"Lord Prince and fair cousin, when I was under ward, I was disposed of by others. Now, being at years of discretion, and mine own mistress, I will not cast myself beneath my rank. I cannot cease to remember that I am of the blood royal of England; wherefore I have determined never to marry again, save unto a Prince renowned for quality and virtue—like yourself."[1]

[1] Barnes.

Perhaps the words slipped out unintentionally; perhaps the Princess shrewdly guessed the state of affairs in her questioner's heart; or perhaps she simply meant to assure him decidedly, that she would not again marry a man her inferior in station. However this might be, out it came: and the Black Prince very soon showed her how *he* chose to understand it, by bestowing upon her a kiss, which her words were not likely to draw forth except on the supposition that he considered the compliment intended for himself personally. Joan appears to have received the kiss so calmly, that I cannot help thinking that, notwithstanding Edward's silence, she knew something of his feelings towards her; for the result of her speech does not seem to have surprised her in the least.

The Prince did not remain long with his cousin, and when he took leave of her, at fiery speed he galloped back to Windsor. He sought his royal parents: and as he knelt before them, he poured into his mother's ear the story of his own and of Joan's love, and besought her no longer to endeavour to part two hearts so inseparably united. Queen Philippa's constancy was shaken. She was already sinking under her last illness, and even then she knew that hers was a disease for which "there was no remedy but death."

So she laid her hand on the head of her firstborn, and bade him GOD speed.

But now there arose another difficulty. Not only were the Prince and his cousin within the bounds of consanguinity, but Edward, by becoming sponsor for one — some authorities say both — of her sons, had placed, in the eyes of the Church of Rome, a yet greater obstacle in his way. More than this, it had been represented to the Pope, when application was made for a dispensation, that, as the Earl of Salisbury was yet living, it was a very doubtful matter whether the Princess could legally contract marriage at all. The close blood relationship of the contracting parties was a grave difficulty; and a still graver was the spiritual relation into which they had thoughtlessly entered. Queen Philippa had objected to the disparity of age, the preponderance being on what is commonly considered the wrong side, as Joan was the senior of her cousin by two years; this, however, could form no ecclesiastical objection. The remaining difficulties were overruled by Pope Innocent. The Bull of dispensation, permitting the marriage, was issued at Avignon, on the 7th of September, 1361.[1] There was, however, one dignitary whose scruples the Bull did not satisfy:

[1] Rymer's Fœdera.

this was the Archbishop of Canterbury.[1] Two days before his marriage, the Prince received from the Primate a long epistle in Latin [2], informing him that "many scandals may arise" in consequence of his taking his cousin to wife. "Item, that she was afore contracted to Thomas[3] Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, after to Thomas Holland, Knight; betwixt whom grew strife in this cause afore the Pope's seat, but judgment was given against the Earl, and she remained wife to the Knight; and the Earl, therewith content, married another noble lady, at Lambeth, in presence of Roger Lord Dewarr, Edward Courtney, James d'Audley, Ralph Spigurnell, Nicholas Loreny, and Thomas de Felton, Knights." [4] The Archbishop's arguments did not succeed in altering the Prince's determination. On the 10th of October, 1361, the marriage of the Prince of Wales with the Princess Joan of Kent was celebrated at Windsor Castle[5]; and was afterwards confirmed by a second Bull, issued on the 3rd of December, in the same year.[6]

Why Edward Prince of Wales should be called "The Black Prince," it is not easy to discover. It

[1] Simon Langton.
[2] Ibid.
[3] The Earl's name was William.
[4] Testamenta Vetusta, i. 6 (note).
[5] Sandford.
[6] Rymer's Fœdera.

seems to be a comparatively modern appellation, for he is not so named by any contemporary chronicler. It cannot be derived from his complexion, which, we are expressly informed, was extremely fair: the solution which has been generally adopted is, that in order to set off this delicacy of complexion, he wore a suit of black armour; a statement not confirmed by the testimony of any of his contemporaries, and which seems rather to have been made to account for the name, than to have been the original cause of it. The Prince of Wales was "about six feet high, extremely handsome and well-formed," with an oval face; he wore a small beard, and a very thick moustache.

I have not been able to meet with any detailed description of Joan. All authorities are agreed upon one point — that she was "an incomparable paragon of beauty"[1]; but as to her height, the colour of her hair and eyes, or any such particulars, they do not condescend to inform us. I think she was probably of fair complexion. In her latter years, she became extremely corpulent.

In the year following his marriage, the Prince, who had been appointed Governor of Aquitaine, set out for his province, accompanied by the Princess. Before

[1] Barnes.

crossing the Channel, they stayed several days with the King and Queen at Berkhampstead, where they took leave of their royal relatives. They crossed the sea in February, 1363, and landed at La Rochelle on the fourth day of their voyage.[1] At this place they were "received with great joy,"[2] and remained four days. Sir John Chandos, the provisional Governor of Aquitaine, came to meet the Prince who was to supersede him, "with a handsome attendance of knights and squires, and feasted most handsomely the Prince, the Princess, and their suite. The Prince was conducted from thence, with great honour and rejoicing, to the city of Poitiers. The barons and knights of Poitou and Saintonge came and did homage and fealty to him. The Prince rode from city to city, receiving everywhere homage. He at last came to Bordeaux, where he resided a considerable time, and the Princess with him."[3]

It seems to have been in the summer of this year, that the Prince and Princess, having been entreated to visit Tarbes, removed thither for a time with their whole Court. The Count d'Armagnac was with them, liberated on parole, being the prisoner of Gaston Count de Foix, and having engaged to pay him 250,000 francs as his ransom. This nobleman

[1] Testamenta Vetusta. [2] Froissart. [3] Ibid.

was extremely desirous to be forgiven a part, if not the whole, of his debt; and accordingly he entreated the intercession of the Prince of Wales. Edward's high sense of chivalric honour forbade his complying with the request of his friend.

"Count d'Armagnac," said the Prince, "you were made prisoner by fair deeds of arms, and in open battle; you put our cousin the Count de Foix, his person and his men, to the hazard of the fight; and if fortune has been favourable to him, and adverse to you, he ought not to fare the worse for it. Neither my Lord and father, nor myself, would have thanked you if you had entreated us to give back what we had honourably and fortunately won at the battle of Poitiers, for which we return thanks to the LORD GOD."

The Count d'Armagnac, repulsed by Edward, next made suit to Joan. The Princess, having none of the conscientious scruples of her grave lord, at once undertook to intercede with the Count de Foix.

In the list of heroes and celebrities of the fourteenth century, none stands out more brilliantly and vividly than Gaston de Foix. His moral character is entitled to no praise whatever. A man who used his wife so harshly that she refused to reside any longer at his Court, murdered—*perhaps* accidentally

—his only child, and left at his death three illegitimate sons to quarrel about his personal property, cannot, by any stretch of flattery, be called *good*. Nevertheless, Gaston was what is styled a *great* man. He was at once the handsomest and the most accomplished Prince of his time; his was one of the wealthiest sovereigns of his age; his learning, for the period at which he lived, was something marvellous; his graceful bearing, his conciliating manners, his chivalrous courtesy, were faultless; and every one who came into contact with him was delighted by them. He gained the surname of "Phœbus" from his resplendent golden hair. "Although I have seen very many knights, Kings, Princes, and others," exclaims Froissart, "I have never yet seen any so handsome as he, either in the form of his limbs and shape, or in his countenance, which was fair and ruddy, with grey eyes."[1]

Such was the Prince whose compassionate interest Joan had undertaken to solicit. He shortly made his appearance at Tarbes, where "the Prince and Princess received him honourably, and treated him magnificently."[2] When the Princess thought the moment auspicious, she said to him, carelessly,

[1] Froissart (Johnes's translation). By "grey eyes," our ancestors meant what we now call blue eyes. [2] Ibid.

"My Lord Count, I beg you to grant me a boon."

"Madame," replied Gaston, (very untruly) "I am but a small gentleman and an insignificant bachelor, therefore I cannot make large gifts; but if the boon you request do not exceed 60,000 francs, I grant it."

Joan hesitated. The boon she was about to ask *did* exceed the amount named by the wary Count, who shrewdly suspected the nature of Her Royal Highness's petition.

"Madame," resumed he, the richest prince in Europe, "for a poor knight like me, who am building castles and towers, the boon I have offered ought to suffice you."

Joan well knew that Gaston was a rich knight and by no means a "small gentleman;" but she did not wish to appear ungrateful, and she saw she could not obtain more.

"Count de Foix," she said, "I request and entreat you to forgive the Count d'Armagnac."

"Madame," replied Gaston calmly, for he had guessed what she was going to say, "I ought to comply with your request. I have said, that if the boon you solicited did not exceed 60,000 francs, I would grant it. The Count d'Armagnac

owes me 250,000 francs; and at your entreaty I give you 60,000." [1]

From Tarbes, Edward and Joan journeyed to Angoulême, where, in February, 1364, Joan's fifth child was born, the eldest of her second marriage; the infant was a boy, and was named Edward after its father and grandfather. "There were grand entertainments and jousts by forty knights and as many squires, in honour of the Princess." [2] After the birth of their son, the Prince and Princess returned to Bordeaux, where they took up their abode, in the Abbey of St. Andrew.

At this time, Don Pedro I. King of Castilla, came to Aquitaine to request the Prince of Wales's assistance in regaining the kingdom of which he had been deprived by his turbulent nobility, headed by his own illegitimate brother. This unfortunate Prince's name is hardly ever mentioned by modern historians without some epithet of abuse, which he deserved far less than many who are more praised than he. The Prince of Wales rode forth to meet the Spanish Monarch, and conducted him to the Abbey, at the door of which they alighted. The Prince conducted Don Pedro to his apartment, and the King, as soon as he had

[1] Froissart. [2] Ibid.

changed his travelling dress for one "suitable to his rank, waited on the Princess and her ladies, who all received him very politely,"[1] and "with extraordinary courtesy."[2] Joan gave sundry balls, feasts, and masques[3], for the entertainment of her royal guest. The King took leave of the Prince, the latter promising to come to his assistance with an armed force.

The armed force, however, delayed its departure. The soldiers did not relish the idea of travelling in winter, and the year 1365 was now far advanced. The Prince preferred to keep his Christmas at Bordeaux; and Joan joined her entreaties to those of his officers, begging him at least not to depart before her shortly-expected *accouchement* should have taken place. The Prince yielded to her persuasions. He busied himself during December, in collecting stores for his expedition. His brother, the Duke of Lancaster, who was to share with the Princess the provisional government of Aquitaine, was expected every day.

Very early in the new year, at eight o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, the 6th of January,

[1] Froissart. [2] Barnes.

[3] These ought more correctly, I suspect, to be termed "mysteries;" for the masque, properly so called, was not invented at this date.

1366, the last and most unfortunate of all the children of Joan made his entrance into the world which was to prove so emphatically "a vale of tears" to him. The birth of this child of sorrow rejoiced the whole household of the royal pair. The infant Prince was baptized on the following Friday, the 8th of January, about noon, "at the holy font in St. Andrew's Church,"[1] at Bordeaux. Elias Archbishop of Bordeaux officiated, Jayme King of Majorca[2] and Richard Bishop of Agen being sponsors. They gave the boy the name of Richard, after his father's favourite model of chivalry, Richard I. — a Prince whom, in point of character, he did not resemble in any one particular.

The Prince of Wales now prepared to depart. He set out for Spain at eight o'clock on the morning of the ensuing Sunday. Shortly after his departure, the Duke of Lancaster arrived, followed by a splendid army. His first act was to visit his sister-in-law, who "welcomed him joyfully."[3] The Duke was in a great hurry; he declined remaining

[1] Froissart.

[2] Jayme III., son of Jayme II. and Constança of Aragon; third husband of the unfortunate and much calumniated Giovanna I., Queen of Naples.

[3] Froissart.

in the city on purpose to govern which he had crossed the sea, and, bidding a hasty farewell to Joan, he departed with his troops to rejoin his brother, leaving the cares of royalty to the invalid Princess.

Joan proved herself equal to the task imposed on her. Her share of the provisional government was no sinecure. Soon after the unceremonious disappearance of her co-Regent, John of Gaunt, the Princess received hasty news that the Spanish usurper, Enrique de Trastamare, was not only seeking assistance and making defensive preparations on all sides, but contemplated also a descent on Aquitaine, which, having lost its formidable Black Prince, he thought defenceless. But in this emergency, the royal lady whom the Black Prince had chosen for his partner in life proved herself worthy of her lord. She sent at once to the King of France, stating that she was much astonished to hear that "the bastard of Spain" purposed the invasion of the territories of her Lord the King of England. She therefore entreated — Enrique being then on French territory — that His Majesty would not suffer him to make war upon her, nor to receive any support from France by which he might be enabled to carry his wicked designs into effect. The King

of France replied to the Princess with extreme courtesy. He sent messengers at once to Enrique de Trastamare, commanding him not to wage war on the principality of his very dear nephew, the Prince of Wales and Aquitaine. Enrique promised obedience — and did not obey. His Bretons besieged and took Bagnières, "whence they made irruptions on the territories of the Prince, to which they did much mischief."[1] The energetic Princess at once despatched Sir James Audley to guard the border, which he seems to have done effectually, as we hear of no further calls for the interference of the Regent Princess.

At length the Prince of Wales returned in triumph to Aquitaine. At a short distance from Bordeaux he was met by Joan, who held by the hand her little son Edward, just three years old.

This year the Princess's elder daughter, Joan, was married to the Duke of Bretagne.[2]

The Prince of Wales returned to England on the 26th of March, 1368; but he seems to have made only a short stay there, and there is no evidence that Joan accompanied him.

[1] Froissart.

[2] Jean V., only son of John de Montfort and his celebrated Duchess, Jeanne of Flanders.

Dark shadows now began to hover over the path of the "Fair Maid of Kent." The step of the Angel of Death was heard in the distance, at first far off, but gradually coming nearer and nearer, till she was left desolate. The death of their faithful friend Sir James Audley was the first sorrow that befel the Prince and Princess, "who were exceedingly grieved at that event."[1] The next blow was more terrible by far. "For the good Quene of Englande, that so many good dedes had done in her tyme, and so many knights socoured, and ladyes and damosels comforted, and had so largely departed of her goodes to her people, and naturallie loued always the nacyon of Heynaulte, the countrey where she was borne,—she fell sicke in the Castell of Wyndsore; the which sicknesse contynewed on her so longe, that there was no remedye but dethe. And the good Ladye, whanne she knewe and parceyued that there was with her no remedie but dethe, she desyred to speke with the Kynge her husbande. And whan he was before her, she put out of her bedde her right hande, and toke the Kynge by his right hande, who was righte sorowfulle at his hert. Than she sayd,

"'Sir, we haue in peace, ioye, and great prosperyte used all our tyme toguyer. Sir, now I pray you

[1] Froissart (Johnes's translation).

at our departyng, that ye will graunt me thre desyres.'

"The Kynge, ryght sorowfully wepynge, sayd,

"'Madame, desyre what ye wyll; I graunt it.'

"'Sir,' sayde she, 'I requyre you, firste of all, that all maner of people such as I haue dault withall in their marchaundyse, on this syde the see or beyond, that it may please you to pay euery thynge that I owe to theym, or to any other. And secondly, Sir, all such ordynaunce and promyses as I haue made to the churches, as well of this countrey as beyond the see, whereas I haue hadde my deuocyon, that it may please you to accomplysshe and to fulfyll the same. Thirdely, Sir, I requyre you, that it may please you to take none other sepulture, whansoeuer it shall please GOD to call you out of this transytorie lyfe, but besyde me in Westmynster.'

"The Kynge, all wepynge, sayde, 'Madame, I graunt all your desyre.'

"Than the good Lady and Quene made on her the signe of the crosse, and commaunded the Kynge her husbande to GOD, and her youngest sōne Thomas, who was there besyde her. And anone after she yelded up the spiryte, the whiche I beleue surely the holy aungels receyued with great ioy up to Heuen; for in all her lyfe she dyd neyther in thoughte nor

dede thyng whereby to lese her soul, as ferr as any creature could knowe. Thus the good Quene of Englande dyed, in the yere of our LORDE MCCCLXIX., in the vigyll of our Ladye, in the myddes of August."[1]

Long and bitterly Edward sorrowed for his beloved mother. There is tolerably good reason to surmise that Joan's grief was by no means so deep as his. Kind as she had always been to her daughter-in-law, Queen Philippa invariably looked on her with distrust: and this, to a nature so proud as Joan's, must have been wormwood.

Close on the death of the Queen followed that of the gallant Sir John Chandos. "When the Prince and Princess heard of this event, they were completely disconcerted, and said they had now lost everything on both sides of the sea!"[2] Joan, however, had not yet lost all. Beside the children of her first marriage, a husband and two infant boys remained to her. One of these nearest and dearest she was now about to lose.

The Prince and Princess removed to Cognac in 1370. The Earl of Cambridge, brother of the Prince, joined them there, and the Duke of Lancaster shortly after. From Cognac the Black Prince set out to the siege of Limoges. The resist-

[1] Froissart (Lord Berners' translation). [2] Ibid.

ance which he met with in that city infuriated him. Ill as he was (for he might be almost said to have risen from a sick bed to march on the town), he caused himself to be borne in his litter into the market-place of the conquered city: and the command he there gave was — "Fire, sword, and no quarter!" Was there no voice to whisper in his ear, more distinctly than even the shrieks of those whom he was rendering widowed and childless, that ere a twelvemonth had elapsed, he too should be in bitterness for his first-born; or that before six years were over, his child should be fatherless, and his wife a widow?

After the sack of Limoges, the Prince marched to Cognac, where Joanna and her children still abode: there he disbanded his army. The wars of the Black Prince were over. His mysterious internal disease was growing, almost daily, worse and worse, and he could not hide either from himself or from Joan the conviction that his hours were numbered. His physicians recommended him to return to his native air; and preparations for departure from Aquitaine were made accordingly.

Before all parties were in readiness for the journey, a terrible blow came to the Prince and Princess. This was the death of their little son Prince Edward.

The child would seem to have expired suddenly, or at least after a very short illness, as his death took place in the midst of the preparations for travelling. He had just entered his eighth year.

The Prince and Princess of Wales quitted Aquitaine almost immediately after the death of Prince Edward, accompanied by the little Prince Richard, the young Thomas and John Holland, the Duchess of Bretagne, the Lady Maude Holland, and their usual suite, in January, 1372. They landed at Southampton, where they rested two days, and then set forth, Joan and her children on horseback, the sick Prince of Wales in his litter, for Windsor; here they remained a short time with the King, and then left for the Prince's residence at Berkhampstead. The funeral arrangements for Prince Edward were presided over by the Duke of Lancaster, who succeeded his brother as Governor of Aquitaine. The travelling *cortége* of the parents was followed by the little coffin, which was interred in the Church of the Augustine Friars, London.

The Prince of Wales sank to his grave very slowly, but surely. The efforts of all his physicians could not stay the terrible malady. When he removed from Berkhampstead is not stated, but it was in Westminster Palace that he breathed his last, on Sunday, the 8th of June, 1376. He was carried

off at last by fever, but was so reduced by his original complaint, that if the former disease had not attacked him, he could not have lived many months longer. The Black Prince bequeathed to his "companion the Princess" plate to the value of 700 marks, and also "the red worsted [hangings of the] hall, embroidered with eagles and griffins, with a border of swans and ladies' heads."[1] He was buried in Canterbury Cathedral, where his tomb still remains in beautiful preservation; and where his surcoat, helmet, sword, and gauntlets, are still preserved. The epitaph placed upon his tomb, and written by himself, is touchingly solemn and pathetic. It has frequently been quoted, but it would not be fitting to omit it in these pages.

"Cy gist le noble Prince Monss. Edward, aisnez fils du très noble Roy Edward Tiers, jadis Prince d'Aqvitaine et de Galles, Duc de Cornouaille, et Comte de Cestre: qi mourut à la Feste de la Trinité, qestoit le viii. jour de Juyn, l'an de Grace Mil Trois cens septante sisine. Lalme de qi Diev eit merci. Amen.

"Tu qe passez ove bouche close
Par la ou cist Corps repose,
Entent ce qe te dirray,
Sicome te dire le say.
Tiel come tu es je autiel fu—
Tu seras tiel come je su.

De la Mort ne pensay-je nie,
Tant come javoy la vie;
En terre avoy grand Richesse,
Dont je y fys grand Noblesse,

[1] Nichol's Collection of Royal and Noble Wills, p. 73.

Terre, Mesons, et grand Treshor,
Draps, Chivalx, Argent et Or.

Mes ore su je povres et cheitifs,
Profond en la terre gys!
Ma Grand Beaute est tout alee:
Ma Char est tout gastee.

Moult est etroite ma Meson,
En moy na si verite non;
Et si ore me veissez,
Je ne quide pas qe vous deissez
Qe ie eusse onqes hom este,
Si su je ore de tout changee.

Pur Dieu pries au Celestien Roy,
Qe mercy eit de l'alme de moy.
Tout cil qi pur moy prieront,
Ou a Dieu m'acorderont,
Dieu les mette en son Paradys,
Ou nul ne poet estre chetifs!" [1]

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[1] TRANSLATION.

Here lieth the noble Prince Sir Edward, eldest son of the most noble King Edward III., sometime Prince of Aquitaine and of Wales, Duke of Cornwall and Earl of Chester, who died on the Feast of the Trinity, to wit, the 8th day of June, in the year of grace 1376. On the soul of whom GOD have mercy! Amen.

Thou who passest silently,
Where this body low doth lie,
Hear what the dust to thee would say,
If it might speak to thee this day.
Such as thou art once was I—
Thou shalt lie as I do lie.

Never had I thought of death,
So enjoyed I life and breath;
For my joys were riches great,
Glittering grandeur, splendid state,
Wealth, lands, houses manifold,
Vestments, coursers, silver, gold.

Now my poverty how deep,
And how low in earth my sleep!

The brilliant days of Joan's life were now over. She retired to one of her dower-estates with her children, and occupied herself in their education, as she had done after the death of her first husband, and before her marriage with the Prince.

Few mothers ever educated a royal son so unwisely as Joan did the little Prince Richard.[1] She brought him up according to her own beau ideal of a King; and it is evident that Joan's notions of royalty were to dress "in purple and fine linen," and to "fare sumptuously every day." She considered not only that Kings were made to reign, but that

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Dust is all my beauty now;
Dust, strong hand and noble brow.

Narrow, narrow is my bed,
Where, in truth, I am not laid;
For if ye might see me now,
Well ye would believe, I trow,
That the form before your ken
Never bore the shape of men.

Pray ye to the Lord the King,
Mercy to my soul to bring.
And they whose prayers for me shall rise,
Win this blessing from the skies,—
Where no eye in tears may swim,
In Paradise to dwell with Him!

[1] The Issue Rolls of the last year of the reign of Edward III. contain the following item:

"To Joan Princess of Wales, in money paid to her by the hands of William de Fulborne, in discharge of 200*l.* which our Lord the King commanded to be paid her for the support and expenses of Richard Prince of Wales, being in her retinue . . . 200*l.*

reigning consisted in holding the reins of power very tight indeed. She was herself arbitrary and haughty; and she sought to make her youngest son a copy of herself. She did not succeed altogether, for the young Prince's natural disposition was much gentler and more amiable than her own; but he resembled his mother more than was to be wished. Richard grew up a most accomplished gentleman, a graceful cavalier, a quick-tempered, warm-hearted man, loving fervently and hating violently, totally incapable of action without advice and support, and acting well or ill according to the nature of the adviser of the moment; a firm and inalienable friend, a bitter and irreconcilable enemy: in his dress a perfect fop, in his chivalrous courtesy a magnificent sight, in his weakness, his waywardness, his gentleness, less a man than a woman. Such ought not the man to have been, into whose hand the sceptre was to fall from the now palsied grasp of the mighty Monarch who lay dying, desolate and friendless, in his halls at Shene: not such should have been the son of Edward the Black Prince! In person, Prince Richard was elegant and remarkably handsome; he did not resemble his father in features, but in complexion he was, like him, extremely fair, with golden hair and deep blue eyes.

Towards the end of King Edward's reign, there

sprang up various (so-called) *new* doctrines, preached by "a certain Divine named John Wickliffe."[1] He "inveighed in his Sermons, and other acts in the Schools, against the abuses of Churchmen, Monks, and other Religious Orders; and had by his Doctrine won many Disciples unto him (who after were called Lollards) professing poverty, going bare-foot, and poorly clad in Russet. Amongst other his Doctrines, he taught that neither King nor other secular Lord, could give anything in perpetuity unto Church-men; and that temporal Lords, if they needed, might lawfully take the goods of Religious persons to relieve them in their necessities, by the example of William Rufus, and others."[2] The new Reformer found favour in the eyes of the Duke of Lancaster and the Princess of Wales. When he rose to notoriety, he was cited before an ecclesiastical committee, sitting in St. Paul's Cathedral, and consisting of the Archbishop of Canterbury[3], the Bishop of London, and others. On the day appointed, Wycliffe made his appearance, supported on the left hand by the gallant Duke of Lancaster, and on the right by Sir Henry Percy, Lord Marshal of England. The Duke and the Marshal seated themselves on the bench with the Bishops.

[1] Sir Richard Baker's Chronicle. [2] Ibid.
[3] Simon Langham.

"John Wycliffe, sit down!" said the latter. "My Lords, the man hath much to answer, and needeth a convenient seat."

"Nay, my Lord Marshal!" interposed the Bishop of London: "it is against all law and reason, that he who is thus cited before his Ordinary should sit."

The Marshal made an angry reply; the Bishop answered as sharply; and a quarrel was on the point of following, when the Duke of Lancaster interfered, and sharply rebuked the Bishop, thereby turning the anger of the latter on himself. The Bishop replied very disrespectfully and angrily. The Duke, exasperated beyond measure, replied, with an oath,

"I will pull down the pride of thee, and of all the Bishops in England! Forsooth, my Lord," he added in a low, stern whisper, "I had rather pull thee out of this church by the hair of thy head, than suffer such indignities to be done to me!."

The Londoners in the church overheard the words of John of Gaunt, and, in return, shouted, with oaths, that "they would rather lose their lives than suffer their Bishop to be thus injuriously used."[1]

The affair blew over at this time: but the anger of the citizens was still further provoked by hearing that the Duke had allowed a proposition to be made

[1] Baker's Chronicle.

a few days before in Parliament, to the effect that the mayoralty of London should be abolished, and a captain appointed to govern the City; the Lord Marshal being permitted to arrest criminals within the liberties, as well as in all other parts of the kingdom. On the day following Wycliffe's trial, the citizens assembled to debate on these two grievances, the blame of both being laid upon the Duke. During the discussion, Lord Fitzwalter unfortunately rode into the City; which the angry citizens no sooner saw, than, concluding that he came to abolish the mayoralty, they rushed furiously upon him. Lord Fitzwalter, with more policy for the present emergency than for future safety, informed them that he, their hereditary standard-bearer, had come only to offer his services to them, and would receive insults offered to them as to himself; and he advised them to "look to their defence." His speech had the effect of Marc Antony's celebrated oration on the infuriated citizens. The whole multitude flew to arms, and marching first to the Lord Marshal's house, broke open the gates, liberated a prisoner whom they found there, and, being further vexed at finding the Lord Marshal absent, turned their steps with stern determination of revenge towards the noblest portion of the in-

heritance of the lamented Duchess of Lancaster — the stately Savoy.

The Duke of Lancaster and the Lord Marshal were at dinner in the house of John de Ypres, a Flemish merchant, when one of the Duke's knights rushed in, and hurriedly detailed to his royal master the proceedings of the riotous multitude, adding that they were by this time at his own Palace gates. The Duke sprang up from his seat so hurriedly that "he hurt both his shins on the form;"[1] and, calling the Lord Marshal to follow him, jumped into his barge, and rowed in haste to Kennington, to seek counsel and assistance from his sister-in-law, the Princess of Wales.

While the Duke was rowing up the river, the armed mob were surrounding the gates of the Savoy. A priest from within asked their intention.

"We go," was the reply, "to take the Duke and the Earl Marshal, and compel them to deliver Sir Peter de la Moore, unjustly kept in prison."

"Sir Peter de la Moore," answered the priest, "is a traitor to the King, and worthy to be hanged!"

He was answered by a loud shout from the mob.

[1] Baker's Chronicle.

"This is Percy!" they cried, "this is the traitor of England! His speech bewrays him, though his apparel be disguised."

And, rushing on the unfortunate priest, they killed him in a moment. At this juncture, the Bishop of London, who had heard of the riot, appeared amongst them. He exhorted them to patience, reminding them that it was "the holy time of Lent," and assuring them that all should be ended for the good of the City. Overawed by the authority of their favourite the Bishop, the citizens reluctantly dispersed, but, before leaving the Savoy, they took down the royal arms of Lancaster, and hung them up reversed in sign of treason; and wherever the Duke's arms were found on their march back to the City, the like indignity was offered them.

The course to be taken was soon determined by the Princess of Wales. She sent to the chief men of the City, advising them to send a deputation to the King, informing him that the commonalty were in commotion, upon hearing that Parliament intended to deprive them of their liberties, and that it was not in their power to suppress the riot. From his sick chamber at Shene King Edward answered, that "it never was in his thought to infringe their liberties, but he rather desired to

enlarge them."[1] The Duke of Lancaster, by no means so lenient as his father, replied to the tumult by displacing the Lord Mayor and all the Aldermen. The citizens never forgot it, nor forgave him.

The commencement of the year 1377 found the venerable King drawing near his end. The citizens of London, who loved the Prince of Wales as much as they hated the Duke of Lancaster, planned a costly pageant wherewith to pay their respects to the rising sun. "In the night [of a Sunday in February], an hundred and thirty Citizens, disguised and well horsed, in a Mummery, with sound of trumpets, sackbuts, cornets, shalmes, and other minstrels, and innumerable torchlights of waxe, rode from Newgate through Cheape on the Bridge through Southwarke, and so to Kennington beside Lambeth. In the first ranke did ride forty-eight in the likenesse and habite of Esquires; two and two rode together, cloathed in red coates and gownes of Say or Sendall, with comely visors on their faces. After them came riding forty-eight Knights, in the same livery of colour and stuffe. Then followed one richly arraied like an Emperor; after him some distance one stately tyred like a Pope, who was followed by twenty-four Cardinals, and after them eight or ten with blacke visors, not amiable, as if

[1] Baker's Chronicle.

they had bin Legates from some forraine Princes. These Maskers, after they had entred the Mannor of Kennington, alighted fro' their horses, and entred the hall on foote, which done, the Prince, his Mother, and the Lords came out of the Chamber into the hall, whom the Mummers did salute, shewing by a paire of dice on the table their desire to play with the Prince; which they so handled that the Prince did alwaies winne when he cast at them; then the Mummers set to the Prince three Jewels, one after another, which were, a Boule of gold, a Cuppe of gold, and a Ring of gold; which the Prince wonne at three casts. Then they set to the Princes Mother, the Duke [of Lancaster], the Earles [of Cambridge and Buckingham], and other Lords, to every one a Ringe of gold, which they did also winne. After which they were feasted, and the musicke sounded. The Prince and Lords daunced on the one part with the Mummers, who did also daunce, which iolity being ended, they were againe made to drinke, and then departed in order as they came."[1]

King Edward grew worse as the summer advanced. When June came, the news of his approaching end was brought to the Princess, who at once removed with her son to the ancient royal burgh of Kingston,

[1] Stow's Chronicles of England, p. 788.

in order to be nearer to the dying King at Shene. To Kingston, in pursuit of the heir apparent, came the Aldermen of London, to ask the Prince's favour for the City, when he should have ascended the throne, and promising loyalty on their part, — a promise readily made, and as readily broken. Prince Richard, prompted by the Princess, returned a gracious answer.

Meanwhile, as that "leafy June" drew towards its close, the life of King Edward III. also approached its termination. In his Palace at Shene, his favourite residence, he lay alone, on his dying bed — his privy councillors amusing themselves in London, his servants making interest for themselves with the young Prince at Kingston, or those who remained at Shene robbing their dying master of his very clothes, while that one of them who had been more honoured and favoured than all the rest, drew even the rings from his helpless fingers. When the work of depredation was completed, they all deserted him.

"Mighty victor, mighty Lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies!
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies."

At length, a poor solitary priest stealthily entered the deserted chamber of death. He knelt

by the royal bed, and found the aged Monarch still breathing.

"O my Lord," he said, "remember thy Saviour, and ask mercy for thine offences!"

King Edward roused himself, and, clasping his hands with the little strength which remained to him, faintly uttered the blessed name of "JESUS!" and so departed.

The corpse of the dead conqueror was borne to his grave by his sons, the Duke of Lancaster, the Earl of Cambridge, and the Duke of Gloucester, with other noblemen. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, his feet touching the tomb of his beloved Philippa; and the glorious reign of Edward III. closed, to open on the erring and mournful story of Richard II.

During the early years of the reign of Richard II., there is little or nothing to be heard of the Princess of Wales. She seems to have resided generally with her royal son. She was staying at Windsor one summer, with her younger daughter Maude[1], at the same time that the young Valéran de Luxemburg, Count de St. Pol, was detained there as a prisoner on parole. The Lady Maude Holland, who was

[1] Lady Maude Holland was married (probably in infancy) to Hugh Courtenay, heir of Devon: he died young; but the English frequently gave her the title of Lady Courtenay.

surnamed the Fair, was considered the most beautiful woman in England. Between Lady Maude and the lonely young captive there sprang up a strong attachment, by means of their being frequently thrown into each other's society "at dancings, carollings, and other amusements. It was suspected," adds Froissart, "that the young lady tenderly loved the Count, and she discovered the whole to her mother. A treaty of marriage was then entered into between the Count de St. Pol and the Lady Maude Holland. The Count was ransomed for six score thousand francs, of which half was to be remitted on his marriage; the remainder he was to pay." The Count, with King Richard's permission, crossed the sea to his own territory, in order to raise the money, promising to return within the year. No sooner had St. Pol made his appearance in France, than he was arrested by order of his Suzerain, the French King, "on suspicion of being suspected" of having entered into treaties with England inimical to France, and of having engaged to deliver to the English the Castle of Bouchain. The Count de St. Pol indignantly denied the charge; the King of France was not able to substantiate it, and so, very reluctantly, he liberated him. St. Pol returned to England, paid the stipulated ransom,

wedded the fair Maude, and took her to the Castle of Han-sur-Heure, lent him by his brother-in-law, the Lord of Moraine; for after his late rough treatment, he dared not pass through France to his own dominions.

Joan's elder daughter and namesake, the Duchess of Bretagne, had been residing in England with her lord. The latter now asked permission of King Richard to cross to his own territories, whence his subjects kept sending piteous requisitions for their absent master.

"You must go over to Bretagne," replied the King of thirteen summers, "where they send for you, and maintain your rights; we shall shortly send to your assistance a sufficient force of men-at-arms to defend your frontiers: but you will leave the Lady Duchess with my mother and her brothers, whilst you go to carry on this war."

This was a pretty plain intimation that the "Lady Duchess" would be regarded as a hostage for the good behaviour of her lord. The Duke, who fully intended to abide by his English policy, made no objection; and shortly afterwards, he took his leave of the King, the Princess of Wales, and his wife, and departed to Bretagne.

The next incident that occurred to disturb the

peaceful tenor of the life of Joan, was the frightful insurrection of Wat Tyler and "the wicked men of Kent." The Princess was just returning from a pilgrimage to the celebrated shrine of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury, when these ruffians stopped her car, threatened her so as to give her terrible alarm for the personal safety of herself and her ladies, and compelled her to bestow kisses on some of the ringleaders. No sooner was she free from them, than she travelled in such haste that she arrived in London the same day on which she quitted Canterbury — a feat which at that time was thought astonishing. Joan took refuge in the Tower, where the King was then residing. She was destined, however, to worse frights than this. The rebels came on to London; where, not content with demanding the presence and royal word of the King for the satisfaction of their claims, and the head of Sir Simon Burleigh, the King's treasurer, they forced the house where Richard and Joan had retired, broke into the apartment of the Princess, and cut her bed to pieces. At this last outrage, coming so near her person, Joan fainted away. Without waiting for her to recover from her swoon, for there was no time for delay, her ladies carried her to the river side, where they put her into a covered boat, and conveyed her

to the Wardrobe[1]; "where she continued that day and night like a woman half dead, until she was comforted by the King her son."[2]

Directly after his interview with the rebels, King Richard, who was a most affectionate son, galloped to the Wardrobe to see and comfort the Princess. The moment he entered, she cried,

"Ah, fair son! what pain and anguish have I not suffered for you this day!"

"Certes, Madame," returned Richard, "I am well assured of that. But now rejoice and thank GOD; for it behoveth us to praise Him, since I have this day regained mine inheritance of the realm of England, which I had lost!"

The King remained with his mother the rest of this terrible day.

Shortly after the insurrection died Sir Guiscard d'Angle, an old friend of Joan, who had been the tutor of the King. He was followed to his grave by King Richard, the Princess his mother, her elder sons, "and by great numbers of the prelates, barons, and ladies of England."[3]

Joan gave a cordial welcome to Queen Anne of

[1] The Wardrobe was one of the Palaces on the banks of the river. Its more ancient name was Tower Royal.

[2] Froissart. [3] Ibid.

Bohemia, the bride of her royal son. The Princess of Wales and the Duchess of Bretagne accompanied the King and Queen to Windsor for their honeymoon. Between the young Queen and her mother-in-law a great friendship arose. It was by no means from similarity of disposition, for no two could be more opposite than the spirited Joan and the quiet Anne: the link which bound them to each other was unity of faith. The Joan of 1382 was by no means the Joan of 1376. The once gay, giddy, joyous, energetic, passionate, and proud Princess had become a meek, grave, devout, saintly matron. She owed the change partly to her trials, partly to the instrument, under GOD, to whom Anne also was indebted — John Wycliffe. When that great and good man was on his trial, he was saved from condemnation and death only by the immediate interference of the Princess of Wales. She despatched Sir Lewis Clifford to the council, forbidding them, in the name of the King's mother, to pass an injurious sentence on their meek prisoner. "Whereupon, they became as reeds by the wind shaken; their speech became smooth as oil, and Wycliffe was but condemned to silence." [1]

Joan henceforth appears almost exclusively in the character of a peace-maker. The hot-headed Duke

[1] Walsingham.— Queens of England, i. 399.

of Lancaster, always in a quarrel with somebody, had now again roused the violent wrath of the Londoners. The Princess interfered between the contending parties, by sending three of her knights — Sir Aubrey de Vere, Sir Simon Burleigh, and Sir Lewis Clifford — to the Londoners, requesting them to be reconciled to the Duke. The Londoners civilly replied, that "for the honour of the Princess, they would obey, and with all reverence do whatever she was pleased to command." [1]

At the commencement of the year 1385, we find Joan reconciling the Duke of Lancaster with the King; "riding to and fro betwixt them," [2] at great inconvenience to herself, as she was now "of delicate complexion" [3] and exceedingly corpulent.

Joan's second son, Sir John Holland, was, like herself, of a very passionate temper. One of his squires, a particular favourite with him, had quarrelled with another squire, a retainer of Sir Ralph Stafford, the only son of Lord Stafford. The quarrel came to blows, and Stafford's retainer killed the favourite of Holland. Upon this unfortunate event being reported to the latter, he was exceedingly angry, and, in the heat of his passion, swore to be revenged on Sir Ralph Stafford — though how he could be held

[1] Barnes. [2] Holinshed. [3] Speed.

responsible for the fault of his retainer, is difficult to perceive. A few days afterwards, Sir John Holland, as he rode out in the dusk of the evening, met with another cavalier.

"Who goes there?" said he.

"I am Stafford," responded the young Knight addressed.

"And I am Holland," resumed Sir John, passionately. "Stafford, I was inquiring for thee. Thy squire hath slain my squire, whom I so loved!"

And, lifting his sword, he struck Sir Ralph a heavy blow, and, without waiting to ascertain the result of his rashness, rode on.

"Holland, thou hast murdered the son of Lord Stafford!" cried the attendants of Sir Ralph. "Heavy will this news be to the father when he shall know it!"

"My Lord, my Lord!" exclaimed Holland's own squires, "you have killed the Lord Ralph Stafford!"

"Better he than another!" was the laconic comment of Holland, without stopping his horse. "Thus have I better vengeance for my friend!"

One of Sir John's squires rode back, for he had seen Sir Ralph reel in his saddle and fall; and on

coming to the spot where he lay, he found the piteous exclamation of his attendants but too true. Sir Ralph Stafford was dead.

When Sir John Holland really became aware of the effect of his passionate blow, he fled, in alarm now for his own life, to the sanctuary of Beverley Minster.

It must have been a most painful moment to King Richard, when the brave Lord Stafford knelt at his feet, demanding justice on the murderer of his only son, and naming as that murderer Richard's own brother. The King, nevertheless, decreed that justice should take her course. He felt that to spare his brother was to destroy his laws, and to annihilate all security to the persons of his subjects. His affectionate heart bled, but he steeled it, and gave the command, "Let justice be done!"

There was one to whom this command of the King was as a death-knell. From her dower Palace of Baynard's Castle, the Princess of Wales hastened to Court, and, throwing herself at the feet of her youngest son, sobbed forth a prayer for mercy to the elder. The King was deeply moved when he saw the grief of his beloved mother; but he felt that to grant her petition would ruin both England and himself. Gently, very gently, he reasoned with

her, and attempted to show her that it would be folly to grant mercy to Holland. She left his presence, feeling that her prayer would be the first that had ever been refused her by her favourite son. It was also the last. The royal mother's heart was broken. Little, probably, did Richard suppose, that in signing the death-warrant of Sir John Holland, he was signing also that of the mother whom he loved so fervently. The Princess retired to Wallingford Castle, where for four days and nights she wept and sobbed incessantly. Like Jacob, her sons and daughters "rose up to comfort her," and, like him, she "refused to be comforted."

> "But when they left her to herself again,
> Death, like a friend's voice from a distant field
> Approaching through the darkness, called." [1]

Welcome and pleasant was his voice to the worn and world-wearied Princess.

The fourth night came. That night there were torches hurrying to and fro in Wallingford Castle, and many a foot was pressing towards the chamber where the broken-hearted mother lay silently weeping. Her sorrow was well-nigh over. The step of the once proud and beautiful Joan was no more to be heard in her marble halls. After a time all was

[1] Tennyson's Idylls of the King —"Elaine."

silence, and no sound was audible save the gentle rustling of the attire of the ladies as they moved about the chamber, or the quiet breathing of the unfortunate Princess.

"They watched her breathing through that night,
Her breathing long and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

"And when the morn came calm and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed — she had
Another morn than ours!"

The Fair Maid of Kent expired on the 8th of August, 1385[1], in the 58th year of her age. Her will, written the day before she died, was proved on the 9th of December, in the same year. It is in the following terms.[2]

"In the Name, etc.

"In the year of our LORD 1385, and of the reign of my very dear son, Richard King of England and France, the ninth, at my Castle of Wallingford, in the diocese of Salisbury, the 7th of August:—I, Joan, Princess of Wales, Duchess of Cornwall, Countess of

[1] There are several dates given for Joan's death, the chronology of which is very much confused. I have selected that one which the dates of the will and its proving seemed to render imperative. The dates usually given, are *July* 8, 1385, — before her will was written: or 1386, — after it was proved.

[2] Testamenta Vetusta.

Chester, and Lady Wake.[1] My body to be buried in my chapel at Stanford[2], near the monument of our late lord and husband, the Earl of Kent.[3]

"To my dear son the King, my new bed of red velvet, embroidered with ostrich feathers of silver[4], and heads of leopards of gold, with boughs and leaves issuing out of their mouths; with its furniture; being in the custody of the keeper of my wardrobe in London.

"To my dear son Thomas, Earl of Kent[5], my bed of red camaca[6], paied with red and rays of gold, with its furniture.

"To my dear son John Holland[7], a bed of red camaca.

[1] It will be noticed that Joan does not here style herself Countess of *Kent*, as her eldest son had assumed the title: but she (rather inconsistently) retains the title of Lady Wake, inherited from her mother, the heiress of Lord Wake de Lydel.

[2] Stamford.

[3] Sir Thomas Holland. It seems strange that Joan should have preferred to be buried with him whom her own words implied that she had never loved, rather than with the husband of her choice, the Black Prince.

[4] Doubtless the Prince of Wales's plume.

[5] This was the eldest son of Sir Thomas Holland and Joan.

[6] "*Camaca*, a kind of silk or rich cloth." — Halliwell's Archaic Dictionary.

[7] Sir John was, as we have seen, under sentence of death when this will was written. The Princess probably intended her bequest to pass to his widow (Elizabeth, daughter of John of Gaunt) and children.

"To my dear son, Richard, King of England and France, etc. And I appoint the venerable Father in CHRIST, my dear friend and cousin, Robert[1] Bishop of London, William[2] Bishop of Winchester, John Lord Cobham[3], William de Beauchamp, William de Nevill, Simon de Burlee[4], Lewis Clifford, Richard Atterbury, John Clanvow, Richard Stury, John Worthe, steward of my lands, and John le Vache, knights; together with my dear chaplains, William de Fulburn and John de Yernemouth, and my loving esquires, William de Harpele and William Norton, my executors.

"Witnessed by the Prior of Walynforde, and John James."

The Princess of Wales was buried, according to her directions, by the side of her first husband, in the Church of the Friars Minors at Stamford. The year after her death, her elder daughter, the Duchess of Bretagne, followed her to the grave.

Sir John Holland[5] was not executed for the murder

[1] Robert Braybrooke. [2] William de Wykeham.

[3] Probably the celebrated Lollard chief, who suffered martyrdom in the succeeding reign. As both he and the Princess of Wales were converts of Wycliffe, they would naturally be friends.

[4] Son of Sir Simon Burleigh, the King's treasurer, executed by the mob in the Kentish insurrection.

[5] He was murdered by a mob in 1400, for having risen against Henry IV. in favour of his deposed brother, King Richard.

of Sir Ralph Stafford. After the death of his broken-hearted mother, King Richard, in the first impulse of his bitter sorrow, pardoned his brother's crime; but it was too late to gladden the cold heart, or light up the quiet eyes, of her who lay so still and peaceful in her silent halls of Wallingford.

"The night was long, but her eyes were heavy. The winds whistling in her grey hair, could not awaken her."[1]

[1] Ossian.

CONSTANCE,

QUEEN OF CASTILLA, DUCHESS OF LANCASTER.

* * * Thinking that
We are a Queen (or long have dreamed so!), certain
The daughter of a King * * *.

SHAKSPERE (*Henry VIII.*)

CONSTANCE OF CASTILLA,

DUCHESS OF LANCASTER.

CHAPTER I.

Pedro "the Cruel." — His Marriage. — His Children. — Character of Pedro. — Conspiracy against him. — Flight of the King and Princesses to Portugal. — Their Wanderings. — Corunna. — They put to Sea. — Beaten back by the Storm. — Pedro obtains the Assistance of the Prince of Wales. — John of Gaunt. — Constance accompanies her Father and Sister to Sevilla. — Battle of Montièl. — Princesses hurried to Bayonne. — Death of their Father. — Their Cause espoused by the Duke of Lancaster. — He sends for the Princesses. — Marriage of Constance to the Duke. — She accompanies her Husband to England. — Her Step-children. — Campaigns of the Duke. — Birth of Princess Katherine. — Expedition to Flanders. — Death of Don Enrique. — Warlike Intentions of the Duke of Lancaster. — War between Portugal and Castilla. — King of Portugal requests the Aid of England. — Expedition of the Earl of Cambridge. — Insurrection of the Men of Kent. — Terror of Constance. — Her flight to Knaresborough. — Quarrel between the Duke of Lancaster and Earl of Northumberland. — Plot against the Duke. — Return of the Earl of Cambridge. — Expedition to Portugal countermanded. — Annoyance of the Duke. — Death of the King of Portugal. — Don Joaõ I. elected King. — He sends an Embassy to England. — Duke appeals to Parliament. — Truce between Portugal and Castilla. — Third Embassy from Portugal to England. — Ambassadors presented to the King. — Picture of this Scene. — Portrait of Constance. — John of Gaunt's Delight in Arms.

THE circumstances of the first marriage of Pedro I. King of Castilla, somewhat undeservedly surnamed

"the Cruel," bear a singular resemblance to those attending the nuptials of Edward IV. of England. As the latter was engaged to Bona of Savoy, when he contracted his clandestine alliance with Elizabeth Woodville, so Pedro was affianced to Blanche of Bourbon[1] at the time of his marriage, also clandestine, with Maria Padilla. There is much difficulty in ascertaining who this lady really was; Anderson[2] calls her the daughter of the Lord of Villagera, but most authorities assert that she was in a much lower social position; some make her the daughter of a brewer, others a barmaid. She probably was both the latter, and it is possible that her father may have been a man of good family in reduced circumstances, or may, perhaps, have been ennobled on her marriage with the King. The marriage of Pedro and Maria took place about 1351, when the royal bridegroom was not above eighteen years of age: the age of the bride is unknown. Maria Padilla is described as "a pretty brunette, rather below the middle height, with a clear olive complexion, fine dark eyes, and a graceful figure."[3] Pedro, like most of the Spanish monarchs, was of

[1] Daughter of Pierre I., Duke of Bourbon, and Isabelle of France.
[2] Royal Genealogies, p. 709.
[3] Lives of the Queens of Spain, by Anita George.

light complexion. He was a fine-looking man, "spare and tall, with sinewy and well-knit limbs, fair complexion, and brown hair; and he spoke with a slight, but not unpleasing, lisp."[1] Four children were the issue of this marriage:—Beatrice, born at Cordova in 1353; Constance (spelt in Spanish Constança), born at Castro Xeriz, in 1354; Isabel, born at Morales in 1355; and Alonso (who died in childhood), born in 1359. Beatrice took the veil, and died in her girlhood; so that, of the four children of Don Pedro, Constance and Isabel alone grew up to womanhood.

I am not about to pursue the life of Don Pedro, except where it is inseparably connected with that of his daughter, but I may remark, before quitting the subject, that in one respect he is deserving of great blame. If the monkish chroniclers are to be believed (who hated him with a deadly hatred), he not only went through the ceremony of marriage with Blanche of Bourbon, but espoused his third wife, Juana de Castro, during the life-time of both Blanche and Maria Padilla. The assertions of Pedro's ecclesiastical biographers are to be received, however, with the utmost caution. This Prince once ventured to assert, that he should think it possible

[1] Lives of the Queens of Spain, by Anita George.

that a Jew might be saved: and, considering that in the veins of the royal speaker himself ran no slight current of Israelitish blood, it must be allowed that it was "devoutly to be wished;" but from that moment, in the eyes of the priesthood, there was no term of abuse bad enough for him, and no crime of which they hesitated to accuse him. But Don Pedro's sins, in the estimation of the See of Rome, were more terrible even than this. He had formed alliances with the Moorish Kings of Benamarine, Tremeçen, and Granada; he had declared war on the King of Aragon, "a good Catholic;"[1] last and worst of all, when summoned to appear before the Papal Court to answer for his crimes, he refused to do so, and denied the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome over the King of Leon and Castilla. No wonder that the monks and priests hated Don Pedro! No wonder that his name has descended in their pages to posterity, blackened in every possible way!

In 1365, the conspiracy to dethrone Don Pedro (which had long been smouldering), broke out into open rebellion. It was headed by the eldest of his illegitimate brothers, Enrique de Trastamare. Excommunicated and deposed, the unfortunate Prince

[1] Froissart.

fled from his capital, after having attempted in vain to rally his army around him; and arriving at Sevilla, he was there joined by Queen Juana, her brother Don Fernando de Castro, Don Martino Lopez de Cordova, and the Princesses Beatrice, Constance, and Isabel. The royal fugitives took the road towards Portugal; and Don Pedro sent to offer the King of that country his daughter Beatrice in marriage for the Infante Fernando, with all the valuables which he had been able to save, by way of dower, on condition of his assisting him to recover his kingdom. The King of Portugal, who did not wish to embroil himself with the Castilians, not only declined the alliance offered to his son, but refused his royal nephew a shelter in his kingdom.[1] Hopeless and deserted by all except his two or three faithful attendants, Don Pedro quitted Albuquerque, where he had awaited the King of Portugal's reply, and wandered about from one castle to another in his own dominions, refused admittance wherever he requested it, and accompanied in all his melancholy journeys by the Queen and Princesses. At length the Governor of Montéry, in Galicia, permitted the royal party to enter his castle. From Montéry they

[1] Don Pedro's mother, Maria of Portugal, was the sister of the Portuguese King.

went to St. Jago, and thence to Corunna. They had not remained long there, when Don Pedro was informed that his brother intended to besiege him in the Castle of Corunna. Upon hearing this, the royal party put to sea in the night. The weather, however, was so stormy that they were driven back on the coast of Corunna.

"Alas for my evil fortune!" said the ill-fated King. "Don Fernando, what can we do now?"

"My Liege," replied the faithful De Castro, "before you leave this place, I think it would be proper that you should send some person to your cousin the Prince of Wales[1], to know if he will receive you, and to entreat of him, for God's sake, that he would attend to your distress. He is in a manner bound to it, from the strong connection that has subsisted between the King his father, and yours, in later times. The Prince of Wales is of so noble and gallant a disposition, that when he shall be informed of your misfortunes, he will certainly take compassion on you. And if he should determine to replace you on your throne, there is none, Sire, who could op-

[1] Edward the Black Prince. — The sister of Pedro's great-great-grandfather was the great-grandmother of Edward. Pedro might have claimed a nearer relationship, having been married in his youth to Edward's second sister Joanna, who died, near Bayonne, on her journey to meet him.

pose him, so much is he redoubted by all the world, and beloved by soldiers. You are now safe where you are; for this fortress will hold out until some intelligence shall be brought you from Aquitaine."

Don Pedro at once assented to the suggestion of his brother-in-law. He wrote a "most lamentable and piteous" letter[1], and persuaded a knight to bear it to the Black Prince. Though the Prince delayed his reply for five days only, Don Pedro became doubtful of safety in Corunna for that short interval. He embarked on the fifth day, and arrived safely at Bayonne. The King himself rode forward to Bordeaux, to plead his own cause; the ladies appear to have remained at Bayonne. Don Pedro returned thither after his successful application to the Prince, but when the Prince marched southward to invade Castilla, the exiled King met him again at Peyre Hourarde.[2] With the Prince of Wales came his brother, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. We are not told whether he met with the Princess Constance at this time; but he was then the husband of the amiable Blanche of Lancaster, while Constance was only a child of eleven

[1] Froissart.

[2] So spelt by Froissart: but the correctness of the appellation seems doubtful, nor can its present name be satisfactorily ascertained.

years of age; and probably nothing was further then from the thoughts of either, than the matrimonial alliance which was hereafter to take place between them.

Of all the seven sons of King Edward III., John of Gaunt was considered to bear the closest resemblance to his stately and majestic father. He was very tall, his face was oval, his nose aquiline; his eyes, though somewhat sunken, were brilliant and piercing. He wore a flowing moustache, and a short beard. In character, the Duke of Lancaster was versatile, brave, and of a very hasty temper.

There is no information concerning Constance and her sisters[1], during the bloody campaign that was now fought between the hostile brothers, Pedro and Enrique. It is perhaps scarcely probable that girls so young — for Constance was only fourteen, and Isabel thirteen — should have accompanied Don Pedro in his hurried marches. They had, however, quitted Bayonne, and seem to have accompanied the King to Sevilla after the battle of Navaretta, during the only gleam of victory that ever shone upon Don Pedro; for from Sevilla they were hurried, by Pedro's faithful knights, back to their

[1] Of Beatrice we here lose sight entirely. She probably retired to a convent about this time.

old refuge at Bayonne, after the terrible battle of Montièl. A few days after the young Princesses reached Bayonne, came the mournful news of the cruel murder of their father by his brother Enrique. The poor girls were "almost distracted with grief." [1] They had only two friends left in the world — their step-mother, Queen Juana, of whom we hear no more, but she certainly was not with them at Bayonne [2] — and their faithful friend, Don Fernando de Castro, the only man who escaped from the fearful massacre of Don Pedro's attendants which followed the murder of their royal master. A new friend, however, was at hand. Sir Guiscard d' Angle, the tutor of the little Prince Richard, son of the Black Prince, thought good thus to address the then recently-widowed Duke of Lancaster.

"My Lord, is it not time that you should think of re-marrying? We know of a very noble match for you, one from which you or your heirs will be Kings of Castilla.. It will be a charitable deed, to

[1] Froissart.

[2] Queen Juana died at St. Jago, in 1412. Her epitaph at that place is as follows:

"Aquí yace Doña Juana de Castro, Reyna de Castilla, que fino en 21 de Agosto, era de 1412."

"Here lieth Donna Juana de Castro, Queen of Castilla, who died on the 21st of August, in the year 1412."

comfort and advise damsels who are daughters of a King, especially when in such a pitiable state as these ladies are. Take, therefore, the eldest for your bride. We advise you to do so; for at this moment we know not where you can so nobly ally yourself, nor whence greater profit can accrue to you."

His Royal Highness accordingly issued orders to four of his knights to repair at once to Bayonne, and conduct the Princesses of Castilla to Bordeaux; and it may be presumed, though the fact is not stated, that these envoys were also authorised to intimate to the Princess Constance that the Duke of Lancaster's coronet awaited her acceptance. At the village of Rochefort, a few miles from Bordeaux, the young Princesses were met by the Duke himself, "in grand array;" and there and then, the Queen of Castilla [1], the Lady Constance, bestowed her hand upon the valiant John of Gaunt. She was just fifteen, and he

[1] Correctly speaking, though Constance was of course the rightful heiress of her father's private property, neither he nor she had any real claim to the crown of Castilla. Nearly an hundred years before, the sons of Don Fernando de la Cerda, the eldest son of Alonso X., had been set aside to admit their uncle, Sancho IV., to the throne. Constance was the eldest lineal representative of Sancho IV.; but the representative of Fernando de la Cerda was, singularly enough, Donna Juana Manuela de la Cerda y Lara, the *wife* of Don Enrique de Trastamare, Constance's uncle and rival.

twenty-nine. The Duke celebrated his marriage by a splendid feast, "to which were invited a great number of Lords and ladies, to add to its magnificence. Soon after the wedding, the Duke conducted his Lady to Bordeaux, where there were again grand entertainments. The Duchess and her sister were much feasted by the ladies and damsels of Bordeaux, who presented them with magnificent gifts and presents, for the love they bore the Duke."[1] The Duke further arranged a marriage between his brother Edmund, Earl of Cambridge (afterwards Duke of York) and his new sister-in-law, the Princess Isabel of Castilla.

At Michaelmas, 1372, the Duke returned to England, accompanied by Constance and her sister. They had a favourable passage, and landed at Southampton; after staying there two days, they resumed their journey to Windsor, where the King received them "with great joy and feasts."[2] The Duchess was now introduced to her step-children, Elizabeth, a girl nine years of age, of whose character I know nothing; Philippa, a year younger, who grew up a very amiable and kind-hearted woman; and Henry, Earl of Derby, (afterwards Henry IV.), a little boy of six years old, whose after-life showed him to be not

[1] Froissart. [2] Ibid.

ill-natured, nor wanting in wisdom of a peculiar sort, but crafty, ambitious, unscrupulous, and extremely vain of the regularity of his features and the delicacy of his complexion

In the summer of 1372, Constance was deprived for a short time of the society of her war-loving lord, who accompanied his father and brother, King Edward III. and the Earl of Buckingham, in their expedition to the aid of the Duke of Bretagne. The English fleet, however, was unable to make the port of La Rochelle, where the army had purposed to land; and after being tossed about in the German Ocean for nine weeks, King Edward came to the conclusion that he had had quite enough of it, and put back to England.

In 1373, the Duke of Lancaster crossed to Calais at the head of an army, his principal object apparently being to harass the King of France. He spent the ensuing winter and spring at Bordeaux, and returned to England on the 8th of July, 1374. There is no mention of Constance during this expedition, and it is therefore to be presumed that she remained in England.

In 1375, the Duke, who seldom remained many months in one place, is found again crossing the sea to Flanders, this time to conclude a treaty between England and France. He returned to England in

the summer of 1376, just after the death of the Black Prince. The demise of King Edward III., in the following year, placed Constance in a higher position than she had previously occupied in England; for the Duke of Lancaster was made Regent for the young King, Richard II. In the same year, 1377, was born the only child of Constance of Castilla, a daughter, who received the name of Katherine[1]; the choice of which must be ascribed to fancy on the part of one of her parents, for it was a name quite foreign to Spain[2], and had only been previously bestowed on two English Princesses, both of whom died infants.[3] The Princess Katherine, in after life, is described as "tall and handsome; and in her youth, though stout, her figure was good, and her carriage graceful; but as she advanced in years, she

[1] The date of Katherine's birth is rather doubtful; but she appears to have been thirteen at the time of her betrothal, and on this supposition she must have been born in 1377.

[2] Strictly speaking, there is no such name as Katherine in Spanish. The Spanish name which we render into English as Katherine, is *Catalina*, the philology of which is entirely different from that of Katherine. The latter is from the Greek Καθαρος, signifying "pure;" the former seems to be derived from the same Celtic roots as the Irish *Kathleen*.

[3] These were, the second daughter of Edward I., born and died in the Holy Land, in 1271; and the youngest daughter of Henry III., born at Westminster Palace, Nov. 25, 1253, and died at Windsor, May 3, 1257.

became exceedingly corpulent"[1]—a feature which, apparently, was not uncommon in the Royal Family of England. Katherine was a blonde in complexion, with very light hair and blue eyes.

Enrique de Trastamare, Constance's uncle and rival, died on the 29th of May, 1379. His son Don Juan succeeded him, and was crowned without the shadow of a contest: and the sceptre of Castilla seemed further off than ever from the grasp of Don Pedro's gentle daughter. The Duke of Lancaster was "very pensive"[2] on hearing of this event. He commanded the herald who brought the news to inform him of all the details of the pseudo-King's demise; and inquired if the King of Portugal were present at the coronation of Don Juan.

"He was invited, my Lord," said the herald, "but did not come, and I was informed that he told the envoy who carried the invitation, that he would never attend the coronation of the son of a bastard."

A gleam of mingled hope and resolution flashed from the piercing eyes of John of Gaunt.

"On my faith, he did well! and I thank him for sending such an answer. Things will not be as they are much longer, for my brother and myself will demand of Don Juan the inheritance of which he

[1] Lives of the Queens of Spain. [2] Froissart.

styles himself the King. What ho!" cried the Duke, "who waits? Bring us wine."

The entrance of the ipocras and its accompanying spices turned the conversation; but it was evident to all who had heard the words of the Duke, that he cherished some warlike design against his cousin Don Juan. The Duke, however, was not just then in a position to take any steps for the recovery of the crown of Castilla. The first person to move in the matter was the King of Portugal, to whom, during the life of his father, Don Pedro had offered the hand of his eldest daughter, the Princess Beatrice. He commenced the long and sanguinary struggle, by a defiant message to the newly-crowned King of Castilla. He declared that "it was unjust and illegal in the King of Castilla to disinherit, without cause, his two cousins; it was not becoming that two noble ladies of such high birth should be disinherited from their rights; it was also improper that this affair should become old and forgotten, so that these ladies would never be able to regain their possessions: that for him, who was one of the nearest relations they had [1], he would never consent to it, both for the love of God, and his desire to maintain justice, to which every good Christian should incline." [2] The

[1] He was their first cousin.

[2] Froissart.

Portuguese Monarch followed up his message by despatching an army to the borders of Spain. Don Juan showed himself quite as pugnaciously disposed as his cousin [1] of Portugal. He took the prudent course of requesting assistance from the King of France, which was instantly accorded him. When the King of Portugal heard that his enemy had availed himself of the succour of France, he despatched an ambassador to entreat the aid of England. He could not have requested a favour which would have been more willingly granted by the Regent Duke of Lancaster. Don Juan Ferrande, the knight who bore the King of Portugal's message, on landing at Plymouth, met with the Earl of Buckingham (afterwards Duke of Gloucester), the youngest son of Edward III., who declared himself greatly rejoiced when he learned the nature of Ferrande's mission. He immediately took him under his own escort, and conducted him to Westminster Palace, where he presented him to the King, the Regent, and the Earl of Cambridge. The royal brothers very soon came to the determination of sending an army to the relief of the King of Portugal: but a question then

[1] Don Juan was the third cousin of Fernando, King of Portugal, the aunt of the latter having been the great-grandmother of the former.

arose, less readily settled—who should command it? John of Gaunt would have named himself, but his brothers, the Earls of Cambridge and Buckingham, earnestly contended that it was not desirable that the Regent should leave the kingdom at the time when the truce with Scotland was on the point of expiring. The arrangement finally made was that the Duke of Lancaster should march to the Border, and endeavour to conclude a second truce with the Scots: that the Earl of Cambridge (the husband of Isabel of Castilla) should lead the army to Portugal: and that, if the truce with Scotland were satisfactorily concluded in due time, the Duke should then join the Earl in Portugal.

"And by my faith!" said the impetuous John of Gaunt, "on my return from Scotland, I will speedily follow thee to Portugal, if no hindrance, which I may not now foresee, happen in England to prevent me."

So he departed to Scotland, as was his wont, in a great hurry, and attended only by the members of his household.

The last few pages have been a long, though necessary, digression from the Duchess of Lancaster; but she will shortly occupy a very prominent place

in the history of the war, and it is therefore desirable to trace its origin.

The Duke of Lancaster had not been long absent, when the insurrection of "the wicked men of Kent" took place. Some of their excesses would probably have been restrained by his presence, and the energetic measures which he would undoubtedly have taken. The Regent was one of those against whom the Kentish men exhibited the deepest hatred. One of their first actions on arriving in the metropolis was to march to his Palace of the Savoy, where they forced open the gates, flung into the Thames all the plate and jewels which they could find, broke the furniture, and set fire to the Palace. A poor Franciscan friar, the Duke's physician, suffered death at their hands, out of spite to his royal master. There was sufficient reason, after this, for the panic in which the Duchess of Lancaster fled from her Palace at Leicester to Pontefract Castle; and her alarm must have been greatly increased when she found the gates of her own house closed against her, the servants within refusing to open them for fear of the rebels. There was no choice but to proceed to the next fortress which owed allegiance to the Duke of Lancaster; and accordingly, with torches borne on each side of her, Constance pushed on, seven

weary miles, to Knaresborough, where, to her great relief, her servants were sufficiently brave and faithful to welcome the exhausted and terrified Princess to her own castle. The Duchess remained at Knaresborough until the return of her husband from Scotland; it is probable that he called at Knaresborough, and took her with him to London. If he were the companion of Constance's journey southward, it could not have been a very pleasant one; for his temper was about as meek as that of an infuriated tiger. The Earl of Northumberland had refused him admittance into Berwick; and several of his enemies had been endeavouring to prejudice the young King against him. On the Duke's arrival at Eltham, he found King Richard there, and demanded of him whether it were by his order that he, the Regent of his kingdom, had found the gates of Berwick closed against his entrance. The King made an evasive answer, which irritated the Duke all the more.

The month of August brought with it the assumption of the reins of government by the young King, who held a "solemn Court" at Westminster on the occasion. At the feast which followed, the Duke of Lancaster found himself in close proximity to the Earl of Northumberland.

"Harry Percy," said he, abruptly, "I did not think thou hadst been so great a man in England, that thou wouldst dare to order any cities, towns, or castles, to be closed against the Duke of Lancaster!"

"My Lord," replied the courteous Earl, submissively, "I do not deny the Knight's act at Berwick; but I was ordered by strict commands of my Lord the King, who there sitteth, on mine honour and under pain of death, not to suffer any man, Lord or otherwise, to enter the cities, towns, or castles of Northumberland, if he were not an inhabitant of those places: and," added the Percy, haughtily, "the King, if he please, or the Lords of his council, may make mine excuses; for they well knew you were in Scotland, and you ought to have been excepted from these orders."

The royal lion was fairly roused by the Earl's closing words; and all his smothered wrath blazed forth at once.

"How, my Lord of Northumberland!" exclaimed the infuriated ex-Regent, "think you it was necessary there should have been a reservation with regard to ME? *Me*, who am uncle to the King, and have mine inheritance to guard, which, next to the King's, is the greatest,—and who for the good of

the realm made this journey into Scotland? Your answer doth not excuse you from having much wronged mine honour, in thus giving credit to the reports in circulation that I wished to commit treason with the Scots, by shutting against me the towns of the King my Lord, and in particular that wherein my provisions and stores were. For which reasons I tell you, you have ill behaved; and for the blame you have thus cast upon me, and to clear myself in presence of my Lord the King, I throw down my glove. Take it up if you dare!"

Thus speaking, John of Gaunt flung down his glove upon the pavement. King Richard now rose, and advanced towards his rampant ex-Regent.

"Fair uncle of Lancaster," said Richard, in his soft and persuasive voice, "whatever hath been done, I avow as mine order. Take up your glove, and recall your words. I must excuse my Lord of Northumberland; for strictly, and on his life, did we order him to keep every town close shut that was on the borders of Scotland; and know that our kingdom was in such confusion and peril, when you were in those parts, that it could not support itself. It must, therefore, have been through the fault of the secretary, or the neglect of our council; for, in truth, you ought to have been

excepted. I therefore beg of you, and will, that you lay aside your ill-humour; I take all on myself, and clear my Lord of Northumberland."

When the King ceased speaking, the Earls of Arundel, Salisbury, Suffolk, Stafford, and Devon, rose from their seats, and knelt at the feet of the Duke of Lancaster.

"My Lord," said the Earls, "you hear how amicably the King speaks to you; you ought to condescend to what he requests."

"I will say no more about it," answered John of Gaunt, sullenly and haughtily; but in a few minutes his good sense and good humour got the better of his wrath; and, stooping to raise the kneeling peers, he said, "I thank you; but, fair Lords, there is not one of you who, if such an affront had happened to him, would not have been as much angered as I am: but since the King wishes otherwise, it is but right that I should comply."

A more dangerous pitfall than had before been laid, was now preparing for the ruin of John of Gaunt. A Carmelite friar, by name John Latimer, obtained an audience of the King, and laid before him a document openly accusing the Duke of Lancaster as a traitor to the crown, and charging him with a design to murder the King, and usurp the throne

himself. The accusation was rendered more suspicious by the minute details of time and place being specified. It has lately been fashionable to accuse John of Gaunt of the most unprincipled ambition; but when the whole of his character and history is contemplated, no one can look upon this as a fault of the Duke of Lancaster. His desires were fixed, not on the crown of England, but on that of Castilla; and eagerness to attain a crown which in his eyes was his own by right Divine, does not deserve such a name.

Richard was engaged in the perusal of the document, when, quite unexpectedly, he beheld the victim of the accusation before him. The Duke naturally felt surprised at the distant and stern manner in which his salutation was returned by the King, and asked what had moved him so greatly. After a moment's hesitation, Richard placed the paper which he had been reading in the hands of the Duke. The latter read it also, and indignantly replied to the accusation,

"Not a thought ever entered my mind injurious to thee, fair nephew! Thy prosperity and welfare have been the constant objects of my solicitude. How could I be better placed than as the first and richest subject in the kingdom? Canst thou believe

that the nation of England would endure that I should sit upon a throne to which I had prepared my way by the murder of my brother's son? Nathless, my Lord the King, I pray thee that the charges preferred against me may undergo the strictest examination, and that in the meantime thou wilt commit to custody Friar Latimer, mine accuser."

Richard, overcome by the Duke's speech, assented at once to his proposal. Sir John Holland was charged with the task of arresting the friar. No sooner had the news reached him, than the Earl of Buckingham hurried to Court, and, bursting unceremoniously into the royal presence, declared, in a speech chiefly composed of oaths and curses, that he was ready to do battle with that man, were he peasant or King, who had dared to offer so unmerited an insult to the brave Duke of Lancaster. Sir John Holland was not content either with demonstrating the innocence of the accused, or cursing the accuser. Cruelty seems to have been an enjoyment to him. He entered the friar's prison, questioned him, threatened him, and at last, unable to make him confess who had instigated him to the deed, put him to the torture with his own hands. Friar Latimer died under the torture, but he "made no sign;" and

his cruel, though knightly, jailer found, to his surprise and discomfiture, that instead of benefiting his royal friend, he had actually injured him: as his enemies now did not scruple to assert, that the Duke had been accessory to the murder of Latimer, in order to prevent his making inconvenient disclosures.

The Duke escaped further plots by taking a journey to France; but his adversaries, on his departure, took steps to arrest him and bring him to trial. A friend of John of Gaunt found means to penetrate their plot, and sent immediate information of it to the Duke. The latter at once retired to Pontefract Castle, and fortified it. At this juncture, the Princess of Wales interfered. She had grown extremely fat, and could with difficulty mount her horse; but she instantly undertook to mediate between her son and his uncle, and, by riding to and fro between Pontefract and London, succeeded in bringing about a complete reconciliation. The life of Constance could not be very peaceful or happy during this period.

The Duke was, before long, subjected to another great disappointment. The Lords of the council refused to permit his projected expedition to Portugal. The Earl of Cambridge therefore returned

home, and peace was made, greatly against the wishes of the impatient Duke, between the Kings of Portugal and Castilla. The Earl of Cambridge was so angry, that, if he had had sufficient men-at-arms, he would have made war on his former ally, the King of Portugal, to whose only daughter and heiress he had affianced his son.[1] His army was not strong enough for this, and he was therefore compelled to return. The King of Portugal at once broke the engagement between his daughter, the Princess Beatriz, and the young English Prince; and gave the little Princess, much against her own inclination, in marriage to his former foe, Juan King of Castilla. Shortly after this marriage the Portuguese King died; and a fresh war broke out between the kingdoms of Portugal and Castilla, Don Juan claiming the Portuguese crown in right of Beatriz his Queen, while the Portuguese conferred it on Don Joaõ, Grand Master of Avis, an illegitimate son of the deceased King.[2] The crown remained firm on the

[1] Froissart calls this son John; but the Earl of Cambridge had no son of that name; his two sons were Edward, Earl of Aumerle, and Richard. It was probably Edward, the elder, who was affianced to Beatriz.

[2] Beatriz had, in reality, no better right to her father's crown than Joaõ; her mother, Donna Leonor Telez, having been married to the King, during the lifetime of her first husband, Dom Lorenzo d'Acunha. It was quite natural that Juan should claim in right of

brow of Joaõ I., and Juan, though he succeeded in greatly harassing the Portuguese, gained nothing by his attempt upon the throne.

Matters were in this situation, when the newly-elected King of Portugal sent the Archdeacon of Lisbon, with two knights, as ambassadors to England. He requested the renewal of the alliance which had anciently existed between Portugal and England; and further entreated that the Duke of Lancaster would give him in marriage his second daughter, the Princess Philippa; binding himself, in return, to exert himself so effectually, that the Duke should soon recover the throne of Castilla. The ambassadors found the Duke of Lancaster residing at his Palace at Hertford. The epistle sent by the King of Portugal must have been hard to understand, or else John of Gaunt was not a ready reader, for he read the letter three times, "the better to comprehend it."

"You are welcome to this country," said the Duke

his wife, a crown to which she stood in the same relationship which his father had occupied towards the crown of Castilla: but it was very inconsistent in Joaõ I. to question the right of Juan to a throne which was founded on precisely the same basis with respect to both of them — popular election. If Juan had no right to Castilla, Joaõ had none to Portugal. The hereditary heiress of Portugal was Constance Duchess of Lancaster, through her grandmother, Maria.

to the envoys, when he had succeeded in perusing the royal missive: "but you could not have come at a more unfortunate season of the whole year [1] to obtain speedy assistance, for the King and my brothers are all scattered abroad in different parts [2], so that you cannot have any answer before Michaelmas, when the Parliament will assemble at London, and the King proceed to Westminster. But as this business more particularly affects my brother and myself, I will write to him; and we shall shortly be in London; and will then consider with you how it will be best for us to act in this affair. You will return to London, and I will let you know when my brother and myself will be there."

The Duke instantly wrote to his brother the Earl of Cambridge [3], giving him an abstract of the King

[1] This was in August.

[2] The King was hunting in Wales.

[3] I am not certain whether John of Gaunt could write or not (the letter named in the text may have been written by a scribe); his father, King Edward III., apparently could not, for no autograph of his has yet been discovered: but there is some reason for thinking that Edward II. could, and his mother, Queen Leonor of Castilla, certainly possessed that accomplishment, as the King's wardrobe accounts contain an entry concerning a tablet bought for her use. The children of John of Gaunt could all write (except the eldest, Elizabeth, concerning whom I am not sure); Philippa wrote a hand like that of a child just beginning to learn; Henry IV., a clear and distinct small character; Katherine a clear, fine running hand, of quite a modern appearance.

of Portugal's letter: the Earl at once repaired to Hertford; after spending three days in consulting together on the matter, the royal brothers proceeded to London, where they dismounted at the lodgings of the ambassadors, and held a long conference with them.

"Truly," said the Earl of Cambridge, "I am very ill-pleased with the conduct of Dom Fernando, the late King of Portugal; he carried on the war in too cowardly a manner, and made peace with the Spaniards contrary to the will of us English. I therefore very much doubt if, in the ensuing Parliament, the King's council will assent to an expedition to Portugal: for the one that hath been sent thither hath cost the nation a large sum, not less than a hundred thousand francs, and yet hath nothing done."

"My Lord," quickly replied the ambassadors, "those times are passed, and it is far otherwise. Our late King (God pardon his soul!) was marvellously afraid of the chances of war; but the present King is full of enterprise and valour, for were he to meet his enemies in the field three times more in number than himself, he would combat them, whatever might be the consequences; and we can most loyally assure you that this is fact. My Lords, it

is very clear that you are interested in this quarrel; for it is your business to make war on Castilla, and conquer it, as by right it belongs to you as the heritage of your wives. Now, to obtain this conquest, you cannot have any entrance into Castilla but that through Portugal; for you will have all that country for your friends. Therefore exert your influence, that one of you may go thither with such a powerful force, that, joined to those you will find there, you will be enabled to keep the field."

"It does not depend on us," answered the Duke of Lancaster, who knew it by sad experience; "but on the King and the nation; and you may be assured we will do everything we possibly can."

The ambassadors remained in London, waiting for the meeting of Parliament, which took place at Michaelmas. The opening debate was stormy, respecting the truces with Flanders, Scotland, and France; and when this was concluded, the Duke of Lancaster rose to address the illustrious assembly on the subject nearest his heart. The conclusion of his speech was to the following effect.

"My Lords, you are bound to assist me and my brother in the recovery of our inheritance, which you swore and engaged to do when the King our nephew was crowned, as is apparent by deeds then sealed.

Truly, my Lords," he added, with some bitterness, "much wrong hath been done to me and my brother by the delay of this matter; and in truth, when my brother went thither on the faith of your promising him everything necessary for such an expedition, you fulfilled your engagements but meanly; he was to have had two thousand lances and as many archers sent to him, the which never were ordered, which causeth the settlement of the dispute for our just rights and inheritance to be delayed so much the longer."

The Parliament listened attentively to the speech of the Duke of Lancaster. Some of the members wished a general and immediate acquiescence in his demands; others contended that the kingdom would be weakened by the loss of so many men-at-arms as the Duke required, and that the climate of Portugal was so unhealthy that very few of those who went might ever return. The Duke's adherents, however, were in the majority. Permission was given to His Royal Highness to cross the sea to Portugal in the ensuing summer, at the head of seven hundred men-at-arms, and four hundred archers; the number of the former being little more than a third of his original demand. It was, moreover, "provided always" that nothing wrong was previously to occur with re-

spect to Scotland or France. The Duke found he could gain no more, and he therefore assented to the propositions of the Parliament. All that John of Gaunt could do to forward the expedition, had been done long before. His troops and stores were collected at Southampton, and he impatiently awaited the moment fixed for his departure. But his disappointments were by no means over. Before the summer arrived, the French Admiral de Vienne landed in Scotland with a thousand men, and from that country marched upon England. The King of Portugal, unassisted, defeated the Castilians at Santarem, and a truce was concluded between them until the following May. These perpetual delays would have been enough to enrage a less inflammable temper than that of the fiery John of Gaunt.

The King of Portugal was again the first to move towards a re-commencement of the struggle in which the Duke of Lancaster so ardently longed to find himself personally engaged. He and his council argued, that in order to "enjoy with honour to themselves the fruits of their victory," they must strengthen themselves against Castilla. Many ways of doing this were proposed, but the one considered most advisable was to send another embassy to

England. Letters were accordingly addressed to the Duke of Lancaster, to inform him that if ever he meant to assert his claim to Castilla, now or never was the time to do so. The bearers of these letters were the Grand Master of St. James, and Lorenzo Fongasse. As soon as these ambassadors arrived in England, they waited on the Duke and Duchess of Lancaster. It is evident that John of Gaunt was no Portuguese scholar, for Fongasse, "on account of his facility in the French tongue," was the spokesman.[1] After the opening salutations, Fongasse handed to the Duke the letters he had brought for him, and gave the Duchess one addressed to herself. The Duke contented himself with replying,

"You are welcome, gentlemen, to this country; to-morrow we shall attend the King, and you shall have assistance, as it is but reasonable you should."

A mere courteous acknowledgment was not sufficient to satisfy Constance, who, drawing Fongasse aside, asked him numerous questions regarding the state of affairs in Portugal and Castilla. John

[1] It was about this time that English began to be the Court language. Edward I. and II. spoke French constantly, and Edward III. frequently; Richard II., though he spoke French "perfectly," preferred English as his ordinary method of communication. John of Gaunt himself used the latter tongue, and was regarded as "the perfect model of an English gentleman."

of Gaunt meanwhile awaited her pleasure very patiently; and as soon as he saw that she had no further inquiries to make, he ordered wine and spices, and dismissed the ambassadors.

On the following day, the ambassadors were summoned to attend the King at Westminster. The Duke of Lancaster, entering the council-chamber, said to the young King,

"My Lord, here is the Grand Master of St. James in Portugal, who brings you letters; will it please you to see them?"

"Willingly," replied Richard.

The ambassadors then approached the throne, and presented the letters kneeling. The King commanded them to rise, and then he opened and read the letters.

"You are welcome to this country," said he, as soon as he had done so; "your coming hath given us much pleasure. You shall not return immediately, nor without having letters to your satisfaction. Make my fair uncles acquainted with your business, who will attend to it, and not allow it to slip their memories."

"Very dear Lord," answered the ambassadors, kneeling to reply, "we will cheerfully do so."

They then quitted the royal presence, and waited

in an antechamber for the Duke of Lancaster, who remained in conference with the King.

In a print of this scene, designed from the contemporaneous illuminations, we find Richard II. seated on his throne, in royal state, and extending his hand for the letter which the Grand Master, a venerable old man, is about to deliver to him. On the left hand of the throne sits the Queen, Anne of Bohemia, wearing a species of low coronet or jewelled cap. The Grand Master is gazing with reverential mien upon the King, and holds in his left hand a hat of singular form, somewhat like the steeple-crowned hats, without their broad brim. The Duke of Lancaster, clad in steel from head to foot, is presenting the Grand Master to his Sovereign. The Earls of Cambridge and Buckingham are seated on either side of the throne. On the left hand of the Duke stands a lady, evidently a member of the Royal Family, who is, most likely, his Duchess, Constance of Castilla. Her presence at this interview is not named by the chronicler, but it is, to say the least, extremely probable; and if the lady in question be not Constance, it is difficult to imagine who it can be. It is a well-known fact, that the artists of the middle ages produced faithful representations of what they saw, and had no ideas of

imaginary painting[1]; so that if the illumination have been faithfully copied (and the accuracy of the other portraits seems to say so), we may feel tolerably sure that this is a correct likeness of the Duchess of Lancaster. She must have been very tall indeed, for her stature falls little below the lofty height of her majestic lord. She wears a low jewelled coronet, like the Queen's; her dress is high to the throat, of some figured material, and fastened by a band round the waist. On the right side she wears a tremendous pocket, detached from the dress. Her sleeves are long, open, and very full; her long train is borne by two little pages. She is resting her right hand on her waist, while the other falls by her side. Her nose and chin are both rather pointed; the face is chiefly remarkable for its expression of touching mournfulness.

The conference was followed by a long conversation between the Duke of Lancaster, the Earl of Cambridge, and Fongasse; the latter narrating to the Princes all the recent events which had taken place in Portugal. The account is too long to detail, and does not bear upon the history of Constance; but one incident of it may be mentioned in passing,

[1] The portraits of saints, &c., were faithfully copied from those already in existence.

as a characteristic trait of John of Gaunt—that when Fongasse made a slight allusion to a skirmish which had taken place between the Castilian army and the garrison of Francoso, the Duke instantly begged him not to pass it over, but to give him the whole history; "for my greatest delight," he added, "is the hearing of gallant deeds of arms."

CHAP. II.

CONSTANCE OF CASTILLA,

DUCHESS OF LANCASTER.

Parliament votes Supplies for the Portuguese Expedition. — The Duke and Duchess set out for Spain. — Siege of Brest. — Arrival at Corunna. — March to St. Jago. — Surrender of that City. — Constance enters it in State. — Presents from the King of Portugal. — Conference between the King and Duke. — Marriage of the King to the Princess Philippa. — March to Entença. — Constance grants a Truce to that City. — Visits the King and Queen of Portugal at Oporto. — Surrender of Entença. — Tournament between Sir John Holland and Sir Reginald de Roye. — Return of Constance to Entença. — Constance's Conversation with Sir Reginald. — Constance departs to St. Jago. — Rejoins the Duke at Orense. — Discontent of the Army. — Illness of the Duke. — Army disbanded. — Duke and Duchess return to St. Jago. — Departure of Sir John and Lady Elizabeth Holland. — Duke and Duchess proceed to Oporto. — They sail to Bayonne. — Duke de Berry offers Marriage to the Princess Katherine. — The Prince of the Asturias makes the same Offer. — The Castilian Alliance accepted. — Conditions. — Constance conducts her Daughter to Castilla. — Marriage of Enrique of Castilla and Katherine of Lancaster. — Constance travels from Burgos to Montiel. — Discovery of the Corpse of Don Pedro. — His Funeral at Sevilla. — Constance retires to Medina. — Her Return to England. — Death of Don Juan. — Treaty with France. — The Duke of Lancaster departs to France. — Illness and Death of the Duchess. — Death

of the Duchess of York and the Queen. — Third Marriage of the Duke of Lancaster. — Katherine Queen of Castilla. — Death of the Duke of Lancaster — Monument of the Duke and Duchess.

At length John of Gaunt obtained his heart's desire. Parliament voted him a thousand or twelve hundred lances, "all chosen men," two thousand archers, and a thousand "lusty varlets," wherewith to make war on Castilla. The Duke repaired to Court, to take leave of the King, accompanied by Constance. King Richard was very affable and gracious to his uncle. He set a crown of gold with his own royal hands on the Duke's head [1], and proclaimed him King of Castilla; while Queen Anne officiated in like manner, at a pseudo-coronation of Constance, whom she affectionately saluted as Queen. The Duke took with him the Lords Lucy, Talbot, Basset, Willoughby, Fitzwalter, Poynings, and Bradston.[2] His Royal Highness, who was in high glee, set out from Bristol, in a handsome galley. Another vessel was appointed to bear to her native shore the Queen of Castilla, who was by no means willing to be left behind. His Royal Highness, with as much worldly wisdom as affection, took his two unmarried

[1] Our forefathers believed that "a King could make a King." The Monarchs of Sicily were merely styled Dukes of Apulia, until Sigurd, King of Norway, saluted Duke Roger by the title of King.

[2] Baker's Chronicle.

daughters with him, calmly stating, that he did not expect to come back very soon, and he therefore intended to marry them during his absence. The Duke's eldest daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, also accompanied her husband, Sir John Holland.

On his way to Castilla, John of Gaunt diverted himself, by landing at Brest, and laying siege to that city. Constance and his daughters accompanied him on shore. Brest was shortly taken, and the Duke took the ladies into the conquered castle to lunch, and then returned to the fleet. They landed at Corunna, where the Duke paid off the sailors, and gave them all the ships. The party then began to form huts of boughs and leaves, and took up their abode in these, or in such houses as could be met with. They remained here above a month, "amusing themselves," hounds and hawks having been specially brought for that purpose, the latter for the entertainment of the ladies.

When the month was over, the army marched from Corunna in grand array. First rode the Marshal, Sir Thomas Moreaux, attended by three hundred lances and six hundred archers; then came the Duke, with the Duchess and Princesses, surrounded by four hundred spears. After them marched Sir John Holland, leading four hundred

lances and seven hundred archers. It was three days before the army halted at the gates of St. Jago de Compostella. They found the city closely shut up, dreary and silent. A herald was sent forward to request the inhabitants to listen to the address of the Marshal, which they readily consented to do. Sir Thomas Moreaux then rode to the gates, and summoned the city of St. Jago to surrender itself to the Duchess of Lancaster its Queen. The prudent Governor of St. Jago cautiously inquired what had been said to them at Corunna? The Marshal replied, with equal shrewdness, that Corunna had promised to do whatever St. Jago did!

"Well then, ride on," said the Governor; "there are many large towns in Spain; leave us alone, and we will do as they do!"

"That won't do," answered Moreaux; "the Duke and Duchess are resolved to reside in this town, and keep their state as monarchs should do in their own kingdom. Answer me briefly what you mean to do —to surrender, or to have yourselves and your town destroyed?"

The Governor, in reply, requested a short time for consideration, which was granted by the Marshal. The conclusion at length arrived at by the inhabitants of St. Jago, was to open their gates to the

English army, stipulating, however, that when the Duke departed, he should leave behind a sufficient garrison, if he did not wish the town to go over to Don Juan. The Duke and Duchess assented to these terms, and the army was ordered to march into St. Jago in battle array. About two leagues from the town they were met by a long procession, consisting of priests bearing relics, crosses, and streamers, crowds of men, women, and children, and the chief inhabitants of the city, who, kneeling, presented the keys of St. Jago to the Duke and Duchess. "Thus they entered the town of St. Jago, and rode directly to the Church of St. James, where the Duke, Duchess, their children, and attendants, kneeling, *offered up their prayers to the holy body of St. James*, and made rich gifts at the altar." [1] The Duke and Duchess, with the unmarried Princesses Philippa and Katherine, were lodged in the Abbey; the Princess Elizabeth and her husband, Sir John Holland, found apartments in the town; "the other barons and knights as they could, and the men-at-arms on the plains round the town. Those who could not find houses built themselves huts covered with boughs, and made themselves comfortable with what they could get. Meat and strong wines were

[1] Froissart.

in abundance, of which the archers drank so much that they were for the greater part of their time in bed, drunk."[1] Shortly after their arrival at St. Jago, the Duke and Duchess received letters from the King of Portugal, which gave them so much pleasure, that "they made rich presents to the messengers, and returned the warmest answers." By sallies from St. Jago, the towns of Rouelles and Villaclopa were reduced to obedience. An embassy was sent from the King of Portugal to the Duke, the former forwarding two beautiful mules, for the especial riding of Constance and her lord. The latter replied by sending to the King two fine pilgrim-falcons, and six English greyhounds.

A conference between the King and the Duke was considered advisable, as there were many details to arrange, and the Portuguese council were very anxious that one of the Princesses of Lancaster should become their Queen. The royal friends accordingly met, and dined, in a beautiful verdant arbour erected on the frontier. The King wore the dress of the Order of Avis[2], white lined with crimson, with a green cross on the left side.

[1] Froissart.

[2] Of which he was Grand Master. The Portuguese dynasty founded by Joaõ I. is frequently called the House of Avis.

The next day they met again at the same place for discussion; when it was agreed that their united forces should give battle to the King of Castilla in the ensuing March. The Portuguese councillors then introduced the subject of the King's marriage.

"Sir King," said the Duke of Lancaster, with a smile, "I have at St. Jago two girls, and I will give you the choice of whichever you prefer. Send your council there, and I will return her with them!"

"Many thanks!" answered the King; "you offer me more than I ask. I will leave my cousin Katherine of Castilla—I ask your daughter Philippa in marriage, and her I will espouse and make my Queen."

Another conference took place on the following day, and after it the Duke rode back to St. Jago. Constance received her lord with great delight, not unmixed with anxiety.

"What think you of the King of Portugal?" she asked.

"On my faith," said the Duke, "he is an agreeable man, and has the appearance of being a valiant one; and I think he will reign powerfully, for he is much beloved by his subjects, who say they have not been so fortunate in a King for these hundred

years. He is but twenty-six years old, and like the Portuguese, strong, and well-formed in his limbs and body to go through much labour and pain."

"Well, and what was done with regard to the marriage?" said Constance, quickly.

"I have given him one of my daughters," replied John of Gaunt, in whose eyes daughters appear to have been only marketable articles.

"Which?" inquired Constance, trembling lest the answer should separate her from her only child.

"I offered him," said the light-hearted Duke, "the choice of either Katherine or Philippa, for which he thanked me — and has fixed on Philippa."

"He is in the right," said the Duchess, breathing more freely; "my daughter Katherine is too young for him."

The Princess Philippa was married to the King of Portugal, by proxy, at St. Jago; and on the following day she took leave of the Duke and Duchess, and set out for Oporto. The personal marriage took place in that city, on the eleventh of February, 1387. When Sir John Holland, and the other Lords who had escorted the Queen of Portugal, returned to St. Jago, "the Duke and Duchess made great

inquiries"[1] after their daughter. They were told "that the King saluted them, and the Queen recommended herself to their love."[2]

"My Lord," added Sir John Holland, "the last words the King said to us were, that you might take the field when you pleased, for that he would join you and enter Castilla."

"That is good news, indeed!" returned the war-loving John of Gaunt.

About fifteen days after this, the English army quitted St. Jago, leaving a garrison behind. They marched to Entença, the inhabitants of which were terribly frightened on hearing of their approach, and deputed six of their number to visit the Duke, and entreat a week's delay, during which they might send to the King of Castilla for aid. The six citizens had no sooner left the town than they were arrested by a small party of English, who were prowling about, under the guidance of Sir Thomas Moreaux, the Marshal, and Sir John Sounder (a natural son of the Black Prince). The unhappy citizens pleaded that they formed a peaceful deputation sent to parley with the Duke. The Marshal requested Sir John Sounder to lead them to the Duke, in order that the English archers might not

[1] Froissart. [2] Ibid.

kill them by the way. Moreaux then departed with his little detachment of plunderers; and Sounder, commanding the citizens to follow him, rode off to the Duke of Lancaster. The scene must have been somewhat picturesque, for the Duke and Duchess, who had dismounted from their horses, were seated beneath the shade of some fine olive-trees, Sir John Holland, Sir Thomas Percy, and others, standing around them. No sooner had the deputation come within hearing, than Sir John Holland, recognising Sounder, shouted,

"Fair brother Sounder, are those prisoners thine?"

"They are not prisoners, Sir," answered Sounder, "but men from Entença, whom the Marshal has ordered me to conduct to my Lord, and from what I can learn, they wish to treat with him. Come forward, my good people," he added, turning to the citizens; "you see your Lord and Lady."

The six citizens, kneeling, then addressed the royal pair.

"Our most redoubted Lord and Lady, the commonalty of the town of Entença, hearing you were marching your army against them, have sent us hither to entreat you would delay advancing further for eight or nine days only, in which time they will

send to the King of Castilla, in Valladolid, an account of the great peril they are in; and if, during those nine days, they be not reinforced sufficiently to offer you combat, they will put themselves fully under your obedience. In the meantime, should you or your army be in want of provision or stores, those of the town will cheerfully serve you with both for your money."

The harangue ended, but John of Gaunt vouchsafed no reply. After a few minutes' silence, Constance looked into her husband's face, and perceiving that he was not meditating an answer, said,

"Well, my Lord, what do you say?"

"Lady, what do *you* say? You are the heiress of this country, and as the inheritance comes through you, you must reply."

"It will be right then, my Lord," answered the Duchess, "that their offer should be accepted; for I do not believe that the King of Castilla has any desire to combat you so soon."

It was rather bold in Constance to speak of "the King of Castilla" to the doughty Knight who looked upon that designation as his own lawful property. It is evident that the Duke thought his royal spouse much too lenient, and feared that bad consequences might ensue. He replied,

"I do not know that! GOD grant it may happen otherwise! We should the sooner put an end to the business—I wish it might take place within six days: but since you are desirous that their offer be accepted, I consent."

The Queen of Castilla then turned to her submissive subjects, and addressed them herself, in the musical accents of her native tongue.

"You may return, for your offer is accepted," said Her Majesty; "but you must deliver up to the Marshal twelve of your principal citizens, as pledges for the due performance of the treaty."

Constance was apparently a good hand at business, for the idea of delivering hostages does not appear to have been prompted. The citizens replied that they would obey her; and, rising, were conducted back, as they came, by Sir John Sounder.

Before any answer was received from the King of Castilla, the Duke of Lancaster suggested to the Duchess that she should visit the Queen of Portugal. Constance, who seems to have been a kind and affectionate step-mother, was quite willing to do so. The Duchess, accompanied by the little Princess Katherine, and attended by numerous "ladies and damsels," accordingly set forth on her journey.

"Constance," said the Duke, on taking leave of her, "you will salute from me the King my son, my daughter, and the barons of Portugal, and give them all the intelligence you can; how Entença has entered into a treaty with me, but that I doubt if Juan de Trastamare [the Duke's politeness does not extend to the title of King, nor even to the indispensable one of Don], your adversary, will allow them to keep it, or whether he will offer me battle; for well I know that great reinforcements are to come to him from France, and those who are eager for renown will hasten to Castilla as speedily as possible. It will be necessary for me to be daily on my guard, in expectation of an engagement,— which you will tell the King and his barons; and that, if I learn anything certain of a combat being likely to take place, I will instantly signify it to the King of Portugal. Desire him from me, to be well prepared to come to our assistance, in the defence of our right, as he has solemnly sworn to do in the treaties concluded between us. You will return to me; but leave our daughter Katherine with her sister, the Queen of Portugal, for she cannot be better placed, nor more in safety."

This was rather a commanding speech; but the Duchess submissively replied,

"My Lord, all this I will cheerfully perform."

The Duchess and Princess were escorted by the Admiral, Sir Thomas Percy, the Lord Talbot, Sir John d'Ambreticourt, Sir Evan Fitz-Warrenne, and Sir Maubrun de Linières, with an hundred spears and two hundred archers. Two leagues from Oporto, the Princesses were met by sundry courtiers from the King of Portugal, with all of whom "the Duchess politely made acquaintance, and as they rode together, she conversed with much affability."[1] On their arrival at the Palace, they were received by the King of Portugal, who kissed the ladies; and "then came the Queen, attended by her ladies, and received her Lady-mother and sister most kindly and honourably."[2]

Constance took an early opportunity of delivering the Duke's message to the King.

"Lady and cousin," replied he, "I am prepared, should the King of Castilla take the field, with three thousand lances, who are stationed on the borders of Castilla, whom I can collect in three days; and I shall also bring with me full twenty thousand men from the commonalty of the country, who are not to be despised, for they were of the greatest service to me at the battle of Aljubarota."

[1] Froissart. [2] Ibid.

"Sir," responded Constance, "you say well, and I am greatly thankful to you; and if my Lord gain any further intelligence, he will instantly let you know."

Meanwhile, the gentleman whom the Duke of Lancaster so contemptuously designated "Juan de Trastamare," sent no reply to the request of his lieges of Entença. The ten days' truce expired, and the Duke of Lancaster, whose memory did not fail him, sent to say that if the gates of the town were not opened to him at once, he would behead the hostages. The terrified inhabitants threw open their gates, and made formal surrender of Entença to the Queen of Castilla.

In the midst of all this diplomacy, came a warlike episode in the shape of a tournament. That doughty and indefatigable warrior, Sir Reginald de Roye [1], whose feats are very like those recorded of the Knights of the Round Table in the *Morte Arthur*, sent a courteous little note to Sir John Holland, to beg him, "for the love of his mistress, to deliver him from his vow, by tilting with him, — three courses with the lance, three attacks with the sword, three with the battle-axe, and three with the

[1] Sir Reginald de Roye was a French knight, in the service of the King of Castilla.

dagger."[1] Sir Reginald added, that if Holland chose to come to Valladolid, he would provide him an escort of sixty spears; and in case he preferred to remain at Entença, he requested him to procure him a passport from the Duke of Lancaster, for himself and thirty companions. Sir John Holland smiled as he read the complimentary epistle of Sir Reginald de Roye. He went at once to the Duke, before whom he laid the challenge.

"Well," said John of Gaunt, "have you accepted it?"

"Yes, faith! have I," returned his fiery son-in-law; "why not? I love nothing better than fighting, and the Knight entreats me to indulge him; consider, therefore, where you would choose that it should take place."

The Duke, after reflecting for a few minutes, replied that he preferred the place to be Entença. "Have a passport made out in what terms you please, and I will seal it."

"It is well said!" exclaimed Sir John; and he added, not without an oath, that he would soon make out a passport. He did so, and on giving it to the herald who had brought the challenge from

[1] Froissart.

Sir Reginald, presented him also with twelve nobles, and "a handsome mantle lined with miniver."[1]

The news of the projected tournament was speedily carried to Oporto. Perhaps John of Gaunt condescended to write to his Duchess on the subject (if he could write); or it may have been the Lady Elizabeth Holland, who sent to inform the Queen her sister of the intended exploit of her tumult-loving spouse. The King of Portugal at once swore that he would be present, and so should the Queen and the ladies. Constance thanked him for his decision, as she would thus have the company of their Majesties on her journey to rejoin her lord. Accordingly the King, the Queen, the Duchess, the Princess Katherine, and their attendant knights and ladies, set out from Oporto, and arrived "in grand array" at Entença, outside the gates of which city they were met by the Duke of Lancaster on horseback. The King and the Duke embraced each other, and they rode in company to the lodgings prepared for them. Three days afterwards arrived Sir Reginald de Roye and "six score horse" with him. The next day was appointed for the tournament. A platform was erected for the spectators, upon which the royal

[1] Froissart.

party took their seats. Upon the subject of this grand tournament, the worthy Knight who details it grows quite pathetic. "Now consider," quoth he, "the perils which those run who engage in such combats to exalt their honour; for one unlucky stroke puts an end to the business!"[1]

When the Knights were ready, and had "examined each other through the visors of their helmets," they spurred on their steeds to the charge. The strokes hit both on the visor, and Sir Reginald's lance was shivered to pieces; Sir John's did not meet the same fate, as Sir Reginald's helmet was only fastened by one thong, which broke, and the helmet flew over his head. Sir Reginald replaced his helmet, and called for another lance. Again they struck one another on the helmet, and again Sir Reginald's came loose and flew off. The English at once shouted that the French Knight was not playing fairly.

"Hold your tongues!" said the Duke of Lancaster. "Let them alone; in arms every man takes what advantage he can. If Sir John think there is any advantage in thus fastening his helmet, he can do the same. For my part, were I in their situation, I would lace my helm as tight as possible; and if an

[1] Froissart.

hundred knights were asked their opinions, fourscore would be of my way of thinking."

The English were silenced; and the Queen and Duchess, on being appealed to, declared that "the Knights had nobly jousted." The King of Portugal also contributed his meed of praise.

The third course now commenced; both lances were broken, and Sir Reginald's ill-fated helmet again flew off. The English murmured loudly; but the Duke of Lancaster oracularly declared,

"I consider that man wise who in combat knoweth how to seize his vantage. Know that Sir Reginald de Roye is not now to be taught how to tilt: he is better skilled than Sir John Holland, though he hath borne himself well."

The swords, battle-axes, and daggers, three rounds with each of which followed, are dismissed by the chronicler in a few words. Neither combatant was wounded, and neither, apparently, was considered victorious. Sir Reginald de Roye was carried off triumphantly to his lodgings by the French, while the English performed the same courtesy to Sir John Holland. The Duke of Lancaster entertained all the French knights and squires at dinner. Constance sat next to the Duke, with Sir Reginald de Roye on the other side. After dinner, the Duchess, giving

her hand to Sir Reginald, led him into the presence-chamber, the other knights following. The latter "conversed on arms and other subjects a long time, almost until wine was brought."[1] Shortly before the ipocras made its appearance, the Queen of Castilla approached the French knights.

"I wonder," said she, addressing herself chiefly to Sir Reginald, "I wonder greatly how you knights of France can think of supporting the claims of a bastard — for it is well known to the whole world that Enrique, who called himself King of Castilla, was a bastard. How can you thus with your arms and counsel disinherit the right heir of Castilla, and deprive her of her crown? For this I know, that myself and my sister are the lawful daughters of the late King, Don Pedro: and GOD, who is truth itself, knoweth that our claim on Castilla is just!"

Constance doted on her father; and the mere mention of his name brought the tears gushing so fast into her eyes, that she was silent, and let them speak for her more eloquently than words could have done. Sir Reginald de Roye replied, with a low bow,

"Madame, we know that what you have said is true; but our Lord the King of France holds a dif-

[1] Froissart.

ferent opinion from yours; and as we are his subjects, we must make war for him, and go whithersoever he sends us, for we cannot disobey him."

At this juncture, Sir John Holland and Sir Thomas Percy joined them; and the former, offering his hand to the Duchess, conducted her to her chamber, out of the way of the ipocras, which entered the room as Constance left it.

Shortly after the tournament, the King and Queen of Portugal returned to Oporto, and the Princess Katherine with them. As soon as she had taken leave of her daughter and step-daughter, Constance, at the request of her Lord, retired to St. Jago.

"Lady," said the Duke, "you will retire to the city of Compostella, while the King of Portugal, myself, and the army, seek our enemies in Castilla, and combat them wherever we may find them; and we shall then know if ever we be to possess any part of Castilla."

The Duke was evidently disheartened, and so seems to have been the Duchess.

"God's will be done!" said Constance.

The Duchess was escorted to St. Jago by Sir Thomas Percy and Sir Evan Fitz-Warrenne, with two hundred spears. The Duke of Lancaster went on his way, victorious at first in one part of Castilla,

as was the King of Portugal in another: but the summer was at its height, and the troops were soon laid up by sickness, and gave vent to their ill-humour. At this period, Constance rejoined the Duke at Orense. Her appearance irritated the angry soldiers more than ever. "What business," they asked, "had the Duke to bring his wife and daughters with him, when he came hither for conquest? It was very unreasonable, for they have been a great hindrance to him. It is well known throughout all Castilla, that he and his brother are the rightful heirs of the Crown, in right of their wives, who were daughters of Don Pedro; but as to the conquest or surrender of towns, of what use are ladies?"

The health of the army grew worse and worse, for pestilence was raging among them. Numbers died every day; money was scarce, and food still more so, and the famishing soldiers deserted to the enemy by dozens.

"Let me make war on these villanous deserters!" cried the indignant King of Portugal.

"Nay, my brother!" sadly answered the Duke of Lancaster. "God forbid that we should slaughter my poor soldiers, who desert only for very hunger!"

And John of Gaunt bent his head to his saddle-

bow, and wept bitter tears of wounded pride and pained compassion for the destitution of his brave men; but, checking his sorrow at its height, he looked up to Heaven, and in a loud voice called on the LORD of Sabaoth to look upon his misery, and be gracious to his cause. "From which time forward," adds the chronicler who records the Duke's prayer, "his affaires in Spaine succeeded happily."[1]

The Duke, finding that nothing more could be done, gave orders to disband the army, and returned with Constance to St. Jago de Compostella, where the Princess Katherine joined them. "Thus was the expedition of the Duke of Lancaster put an end to, and every one sought the best he could for himself. You may suppose this was a bitter disappointment to the Duke, for he saw all his ambitious expectations annihilated; he bore, however, his misfortune like a gallant Prince as he was, for he perceived he could not any way amend it."[2]

Sir John Holland quitted Castilla on the disbanding of the army, taking with him the Lady Elizabeth. Soon after reaching St. Jago, the pestilence attacked the Duke of Lancaster himself, who fell dangerously ill. When he was sufficiently recovered to travel, he left St. Jago, accompanied by Constance and

[1] Speed. [2] Froissart.

Katherine, and journeyed to Oporto. The royal party remained at this place for two months; they then embarked in galleys provided by the King of Portugal, and in a day and a half reached Bayonne, where they took up their temporary abode.

Whilst Constance remained with her husband at Bayonne, the Duke de Berry, uncle of the King of France, wrote to the Duke of Lancaster, to request the hand of his daughter Katherine. Considered otherwise than politically, the match was not a desirable one, for the Duke was an elderly man, a widower with several children, some of whom were quite as old as their proposed step-mother. John of Gaunt, however, was highly delighted with the proposal, for the assistance of France would enable him to recover Castilla; he published the news of the Duke de Berry's offer of marriage wherever he could. This information, in due time, reached the ears of the King of Castilla, who was (as the Duke intended he should be) dreadfully alarmed at the prospect. He demanded the advice of his council.

"Sire," said they, "we can only see one remedy to avert the evils that may be consequent on this marriage with the Duke de Berry."

"What is that?" said the King.

"It is the Infante Don Enrique, your son, who is

alone capable of preventing this marriage: for we are quite persuaded that if the Duke and Duchess of Lancaster were informed that you were willing to unite him with the Lady Katherine, they would prefer him to the Duke de Berry."

"You say well!" replied Don Juan, with an oath; "I will instantly set about it; for our subjects will be quite satisfied, as by such a marriage they will have peace with England by sea and land."

The King accordingly despatched on an embassy to the Duke of Lancaster, his confessor, Don Fernando de Torre, the Bishop of Geghene (so spelt by Froissart), and Don Pedro Gardelempos. They found the Duke at Bayonne. The Duke and Duchess were greatly delighted at the offer of Don Juan. "Their hearts were wrapped up in their hopes of regaining the crown of Castilla for themselves or their child."[1] But when the Castilian ambassadors solicited a personal interview with the Duke, a difficulty arose. None of them could speak French or English, and John of Gaunt's knowledge of Spanish was evidently fragmentary. In this dilemma the Queen of Castilla stepped forward, and, addressing the ambassadors in the melodious language which she had spoken in her early home at

[1] Froissart.

Castro Xeriz, when she dwelt in her own sunny land, volunteered to act as interpreter between them and her English lord. She was the only person present at the interview, beside the parties immediately concerned. The politic Duke at first threw cold water on the whole affair, though in his heart he wished it success most devoutly.

"It is difficult," said he, coldly, "to exchange hatred for peace, and to establish it with one whom we wish to disinherit! It is not my intention to relinquish my claim to the crown of Castilla."

"My Lord," replied the Ambassador, "there is one way of reconciling your right, and the right of our Lord and King: and, my Lord, we have found it."

"What is that?" asked John of Gaunt, with the appearance of caring very little about it.

"Sir, you have by your Lady a beautiful daughter, of an age to marry, and our Lord of Castilla has a handsome and young son: if a union between those two could be brought about, the kingdom of Castilla would have peace for ever: for what you claim will fall where it ought, to your own heir, who is the lineal descendant of our Kings of Castilla: and all the fatigues you have undergone in this war must have been for the ultimate succession of this young lady."

"True," said the Duke, in as cold a tone as before; "but I must have my expenses reimbursed: for I would have you know that my expedition to Castilla hath cost England and me upwards of five hundred thousand francs. I should like, therefore, to hear what you say of repayment?"

"My Lord," replied De Torre, "if what we have proposed be agreeable to you, we will manage all other things to your perfect satisfaction."

The Duke then condescended to say, "Your coming hither hath given us pleasure; and I shall certainly marry my daughter, before I return to England, either to Castilla or France, as I have had proposals from that kingdom; but matters like these are of such importance, that an answer cannot be given at the first overture. With regard to my daughter, whom I consider as the rightful heiress of Castilla, I would be well acquainted with him who should marry her."

"That is but reasonable, my Lord," answered the confessor.

The better to hasten the marriage-treaty with Castilla, the Duke affected to pay great attention to the envoy of the Duke de Berry; though both he and Constance had from the first determined to grant the hand of the young Princess to her cousin of

Castilla. The articles which he demanded from Don Juan were——

1. That the Infante should be pledged to marry the Princess within two months after the signature of the treaty.

2. That, if the Infante should die before attaining the age of fourteen years (he was now nine) or before the consummation of the marriage, the Princess should marry his brother Don Fernando.

3. That the Infante and Princess should, on their marriage, assume the title of Prince and Princess of the Asturias.

4. That the King should assign to the Prince and Princess the city of Soria, and the towns of Amazan, Atienza, Soria, and Molina, for the support of their household.

5. That, within two months after the execution of the treaty, the King should formally acknowledge Enrique and Katherine as his successors.

6. That the King should pay six hundred thousand francs to the Duke and Duchess of Lancaster, as the price of all renunciation of Constance's claim to the throne of Castilla.

7. That the King and his heirs should pay the further annual sum of forty thousand francs to the Duke and Duchess, until the death of the survivor.

8. That hostages from Leon and Castilla (who were named in the treaty) should be given to the Duke of Lancaster, as pledges for the payment of the six hundred thousand francs.[1]

9. That a free pardon should be granted to all who had taken part with the Duke.

10. That the Duchess of Lancaster should be put in possession of the cities of Guadalaxara, Medina del Campo, and Olmedo, for the term of her natural life.

The King of Castilla assented to these terms, stipulating, on his part,—

1. That the Duke and Duchess of Lancaster should renounce all pretensions to the kingdoms of Leon, Castilla, Toledo, Galicia, Sevilla, Cordova, Murcia, Jaen, the Algarves, and Algesiras, and the counties of Biscay, Lara, and Molina.

2. That they should consent to acknowledge Don Juan as King, and after him Don Enrique.

3. That, in case of the death of Don Enrique without issue, Don Fernando, his brother, should ascend the throne, and after him the other children of Don Juan.[2]

[1] These hostages amounted to sixty-six persons, one of whom was Don Fadrique, the King's illegitimate brother.

[2] These were Miguel and Maria, the infant children of Beatriz of Portugal. They both died young.

4. That the Duke and Duchess should never procure a dispensation from their oath from the Pope, either openly or in secret.

5. That the Duchess should engage to entrust the government of the cities named above to Castilians only: and that upon her death, they should be peaceably returned to the then King of Castilla.

6. That the present alliance with England should in no way interfere with the King's old alliance with France.

The contract of marriage was drawn up and sealed at Bayonne: and Constance promised to conduct the Princess herself to Castilla. After the signing of the treaty, the Duke and Duchess journeyed to Bordeaux, accompanied by Katherine.

In March, 1389, the Duke, Duchess, and Princess, set out from Bordeaux on their journey to Castilla. The Duke quitted the ladies at Bayonne. They "reposed" for two days at Dax, "and then pursued their road through the country of the Basques, the Pass of Roncesvalles, and entered Navarre."[1] At Pampeluna they were met by the King and Queen of Navarre, the latter of whom was the sister of the King of Castilla. They continued their journey

[1] Froissart.

through Navarre very slowly, taking more than a month to cross that country. From Navarre they proceeded with great state to Burgos, the capital of Castilla, where Don Juan gave them "a splendid and affectionate reception."[1] The contracts were again signed, and the marriage between Enrique and Katherine solemnised at Burgos with great pomp.

Constance took leave of her daughter after her marriage. It was the last time that this affectionate mother ever saw her only child. The Duchess set out from Burgos on a mournful errand. She was journeying to the fatal field of Montiel, — where, one-and-twenty years before, her father, Don Pedro, had breathed out his life under the dagger of his fraternal foe,—in the hope of being able to discover his remains, and give them Christian burial. Perhaps, as Constance stood with tear-dimmed eyes upon that fearful plain, the memory of all her changes and chances, since the dark day of Don Pedro's death, might have come upon her soul, and made her wonder what terrible sorrows Providence had yet in store for her. The haven of her rest was nearer than she probably anticipated.

After a long search, the body of Don Pedro was discovered. The royal corpse was washed and em-

[1] Froissart.

balmed, by order of the loving daughter who alone cherished his memory, when all others execrated it. The remains of the King were then enclosed in a coffin, and carried to Sevilla, where they were received by a long procession; and in the Cathedral of that city Don Pedro was interred, in the presence not only of Constance, but of the King of Castilla and the Prince of the Asturias, who came from Burgos to do honour to the mournful ceremony. After the funeral of her father, the Duchess of Lancaster did not at once rejoin her lord in Aquitaine, but spent some time in her city of Medina del Campo. She seems to have returned to England with the Duke, towards the winter of 1389.

The death of Don Juan, on the 24th of August, 1390, made Katherine Queen of Castilla, in the seventeenth year of her age, and fulfilled the dearest wish of Constance's heart.

In the following year, the Duke of Lancaster was appointed one of the plenipotentiaries to negotiate a peace with France. Constance did not accompany him in his journey to Paris. Peace was not finally concluded, but only a truce made; and, two years later, a second interview took place between the English and French Princes on this subject. The Dukes of Lancaster and Gloucester repaired to Calais

on the 4th of May, 1393. We are not informed when or where the Duke took leave of the Duchess; but that farewell was the last that ever passed between them.

The dying hours of the gentlest of the English Princesses were embittered by the obnoxious presence of the arrogant Katherine Swynforde [1], and the knowledge that she only awaited the death of her royal mistress to step into her proud position as the second lady in the realm. With the exception of this woman, who was no friend, the Duchess of Lancaster died alone. Her only child was in a distant land; her husband in a foreign country; her affectionate step-daughter, the Qûeen of Portugal, was also far away. None but strangers and rivals, or at best hired servants, received the last breathing of that gĕntle spirit, or closed the calm and wearied eyes of the sweet Constance of Castilla. She died, probably at Leicester Palace (which seems to have been a favourite residence with her), on the 24th of March, 1394; and the Duke of Lancaster returned from France to find, instead of his amiable and devoted consort, only the marble slab which lay heavily on the meek bosom of the beloved Princess.

A few months after the death of Constance, her

[1] Daughter of Sir Payne de Roet, and widow of Sir Otho de Swynforde.

sister, Isabel Duchess of York, departed this life. "She was," says a chronicler, "a lady of great over-fineness and delicacy, yet at her death showed much penitence for her pestilent madness."[1] What this means is not very clear. The summer of that year witnessed also the demise of the Queen. The only Princesses now left in the Royal Family, were Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester[2], the Queens of Portugal and Castilla, the Lady Elizabeth Holland, the Princess Constance, daughter of the Duke of York[3]; the Countess of Cambridge[4], and the Countess of March.[5] In 1396, the Duke of Lancaster raised Dame Katherine Swynforde to the dignity of the first lady in the kingdom. The disgust and horror of the Princesses, when this haughty and low-born woman, "exquisitely fair woman"[6] though she was, took her place above them, vented themselves in angry and bitter words. Then, once more, they recollected her who recently had filled that place so worthily; and a cry of indignation arose from among

[1] Walsingham.

[2] Eleanor Bohun, heiress of Hereford; died Oct. 3, 1399.

[3] She married in 1398, Thomas Earl of Gloucester, and died in 1417.

[4] Anne of Clarence, only daughter (and eventually, heiress) of Roger Earl of March.

[5] Eleanor Holland, wife of Roger Earl of March.

[6] Epitaph of John of Gaunt.

them, as they saw Katherine Swynforde seated in the chair of state which had once been honoured by the presence of the right royal Constance of Castilla — the "devout and innocent Princess Constance."[1] The proud Duchess of Gloucester especially declared that she, the heiress of Hereford and Derby, a Princess wedded and a Princess born, would never yield precedence to "the daughter of a Picard Knight." The royal ladies were additionally affronted, when their new Queen[2] appeared amongst them, and the Duchess of Lancaster took her due place about the royal person, as wife of the heir presumptive; for none, even at that date, appeared to cast so much as a prospective glance towards the possible succession of the descendants of Lionel Duke of Clarence. What the Queen of Castilla thought of her step-mother, is not on record. She probably interested herself very little about the matter; for she had quite enough to do, to nurse her valetudinarian husband, and to attend to the interests of her children.[3] Katherine's husband died

[1] Walsingham; Speed.

[2] Isabelle, eldest daughter of Charles VI., King of France, and Isabeau of Bavaria.

[3] Katherine's children were, Juan II., Maria, Queen of Aragon, and Catalina (the first Spanish Princess so named), who married her cousin Enrique of Aragon, Duke of Villena.

at an early age, and she governed as Regent for her son (Queen-regnant she styled herself), with much prudence and ability. She is accused of having been guilty, during the last few years of her life, of great intemperance in eating, and, I am sorry to add, drinking. Katherine died of paralysis, on the 2nd of June, 1418.

The year 1399 was just opening, when the coffin of "old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster,"[1] was borne to its last resting-place, in St. Paul's Cathedral, beside that of his "very dear deceased companion" the Duchess Blanche. The fiery Duke died of a broken heart, caused by the misconduct of his son Henry. His third Duchess, his "very dear companion Katerine," survived him four years; she died in 1403, and was buried in Lincoln Cathedral.

The will of the Duke of Lancaster, dated Feb. 3, 1397, after mournfully commanding ten tapers to be burnt around his tomb on the day of his funeral, "for the ten commandments of GOD, against which I have too often sinned," and seven others "for the seven works of charity, of which I have been negligent," ordains, that beside masses to be performed

[1] As John of Gaunt was born in 1340, he was only fifty-nine when he died; so that Shakspere's epithets of "old" and "time-honoured" seem rather inapplicable.

for himself and his "very dear deceased companion Blanche," there shall also be "established in the new Church of our Lady at Leicester a chantry of two chaplains, to celebrate Divine service [*i. e.* the mass] in the same for ever, for me and my soul, and for the soul of my sometime most beloved companion, Lady Constance, there interred; and to keep up an *obit* in the said church for ever for the soul of my said late companion, on the xxiiii. of March in every year."[1]

The useless tapers burn no longer in St. Paul's Cathedral, and the notes of chanted masses for the repose of the dead no more reverberate through the aisles of "the Church of our Lady at Leicester." At the dissolution of the monasteries, the stately monument of John of Gaunt was broken to pieces, and the figure of brass, carved "like a Queen,"[2] was torn from the marble slab before the high altar, underneath which slept the unqueened Constance of Castilla, Duchess of Lancaster and Aquitaine.

[1] Nichols' Collection of Royal and Noble Wills, pp. 145, *et seq.*
[2] Leland.

The Flower of Somerset.

JANE

DE BEAUFORT, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND.

And thus this floure, I can seye no more,
So hertly has vnto my help actendit,
That from the deth hir marysche has defendit.

THE KING'S QUHAIR.

JANE BEAUFORT,

QUEEN OF SCOTLAND.

Ancestry of Jane. — Her Birth. — Death of her Father. — Second Marriage of her Mother. — Education of Jane. — Her Friendship with Queen Katherine. — Captivity of the Prince of Scotland. — His Accession while in Captivity. — His first Sight of the Lady Jane. — Description of her. — His Love for her. — Henry V. promotes his Suit. — Betrothal of Lady Jane to the young King. — Their Marriage. — Dress of the King. — Bridal Feast. — Dower of the Bride. — The King and Queen proceed to Scotland. — Their personal Appearance. — Character of James. — His religious Views. — Turbulent State of Society in Scotland. — Queen intercedes for a Criminal. — Birth of her Daughters. — Birth and Baptism of twin Sons. — Death of Prince Alexander. — Birth of the younger Princesses. — The Estates swear Fidelity to the Queen. — The King and Queen set out for Perth. — King warned by a Highland Woman. — Arrival at Perth. — King plays at Tennis. — Orders an Outlet to be bricked up. — Entertains the Earl of Athole and his Son. — Second Warning. — Convent surrounded by armed Men. — Katherine Douglas. — King hidden by the Queen and her Ladies. — Conspirators search in vain for the King. — Queen wounded by Conspirators. — They leave the Room. — King endeavours to escape some other Way. — Discovered by the Assassins. — Shielded by the Queen. — Queen wounded again. — Death of James I. — Reasons for the Conspiracy. — Funeral of the King. — Execution of the Assassins. — Queen appointed Regent. — Nobility too strong for her. — Queen's second Marriage. — Deprived of the Regency. — Birth of her Sons. — Captivity of the young King. — Rescued by the Queen. — Queen forces Edinburgh Castle to surrender. — Coalition against her. —

Queen and her Husband arrested. — Queen takes Refuge in Hales Castle.— Besieged there.—Flight to Dunbar.— Besieged there.— Death of the Queen. — Her Burial. — Liberation of her Husband. — Fate of her Daughters. — *La gentille Marguerite.* — Present State of the Queen's Tomb.

THE Lady Jane de Beaufort was the elder of the two daughters of John Earl of Somerset, the natural son of John of Gaunt by Katherine Swynforde. Jane's mother was Margaret Holland, grand-daughter of Sir Thomas Holland and Joan of Kent, afterwards Princess of Wales.[1] Through both parents the Lady Jane could claim descent from the lions of England and the lilies of France. I have not been able to find the precise date of her birth, which was probably between 1400 and 1405. Her father, the Earl of Somerset, died while his children were very young, and the Countess her mother married again. The second husband of Margaret Holland was her cousin Thomas Duke of Clarence, the second son of King Henry IV.

The two daughters of the Duchess of Clarence appear to have received their education at Court, and probably under her own eye. When Henry V. brought over his Queen, Katherine of France[2], she

[1] Our heroine is frequently called Joanna.

[2] Youngest daughter of Charles VI., King of France, and Isabeau of Bavaria.

formed a strong friendship with the Lady Jane, who was not much younger than herself, and interested herself considerably in her welfare.

The Lady Jane Beaufort was only in her infancy, when, in 1405, the vessels sent out by Henry IV. for that purpose, captured Prince James of Scotland, and detained him from his intended voyage to France. James, who was born in July, 1394, was then in the twelfth year of his age. Henry did not treat his little captive unkindly, though he kept him strictly guarded: he gave him an excellent education, far better than he could ever have obtained in his native country, and admitted him to participation in all the progresses and entertainments of the Court. The Scottish King, his father, had sent the little Prince to France, after the tragical death of his elder son[1], fearing to lose the younger also: but when the poor old King heard of the capture of his sole remaining child by the English, his heart broke, and he died. The Duke of Albany—the envious heir presumptive, who had slowly murdered the wild, though brave and generous young Prince,—was at once appointed Regent for the captive boy-King.

It was on a "fresche May morow" in the year

[1] David, Earl of Rothesay, starved to death by his treacherous relative, the Duke of Albany.

1420, that the young King was seated at the casement of his apartment in Windsor Castle, when his eyes fell upon the Lady Jane Beaufort, who was walking in the garden below, attended by two maidens, and accompanied by her favourite little greyhound. The tastes of King James were very superior to the times in which he lived, and no sooner had he seen this "fairest and freschest young floure," than he broke forth into song. But His Majesty shall describe for himself.

"And therew[1] kest I doun myn eye ageyne,
Quhare as I saw walkyng under the Toure,
Full secretely, new cumyn hir to pleyne[1],
The fairest or the freschest zoung floure
That ever I saw, metho[1], before that houre,
For quhich sodayne abate, anon astert,
The blude of all my body to my hert.

"And though I stood abaisit tho a lyte[2],
No wonder was; for quhy? my wittis all
Were so ouercome w[t] plesance and delyte,
Only through latting of myn eyen fall,
That sudaynly my hert become hir thrall,
For ever of free will, for of manace[3]
There was no takyn[4] in her suete face.

"And in my hede I drew ry[t] hastily,
And eft sones I lent it out ageyne,
And saw hir walk that verray womanly,
With no wight mo, bot only women tueyne;
Than 'gan I study in myself and seyne,
'Ah suete! are ze a warldly creature,
Or hevingly thing in likenesse of nature?'

[1] To refresh.
[2] Abashed then a little.
[3] Menace.
[4] Appearance.

"Of hir array the form gif I sal write,
Toward hir goldin haire and rich atyre,
In fretwise couchit[1] w^t perlis quhite,
And grete balas[2] lemyng[3] as the fyre,
W^t mony ane emerant[4] and faire saphire,
And on hir hede a chaplet fresch of hewe,
Of plumys partit rede, and quhite, and blewe,

"Full of quaking spangis bryt as gold,
Forgit of schap like to the amorettis[5],
So new, so fresch, so pleasant to behold,
The plumys eke like to the floure jonettis[6],
And other of schap like to the floure jonettis;
And above all this there was, wele I wote,
Beautee aneuch to mak a world to dote.

"About her neck, quhite as the fyre amaille[7],
A gudelie cheyne of small orfeverye,
Quhare by there hang a ruby, w^tout faille
Like to ane hert schapin verily,
That as a sperk of lowe so wantonly
Semyt birnyng upon her quhite throte,
Now gif there was gud pertye, God it wote.

"And for to walk that fresche Mayes morow,
Ane huke she had upon hir tissew quhite,
That gudeliare[8] had not been sene to forowe,
As I suppose, and girt she was alyte.[9] * * * *

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[1] Enclosed in a net or fretwork of pearls.
[2] Ruby. [3] Gleaming. [4] Emerald.
[5] Amorettis, the true lovers'-knot.
[6] It is doubtful to what flower the King means to allude. Might it be the jonquil?
[7] Is not "fyre amaille" a transcriber's error for "fayre emaille," *i. e.* fair enamel?
[8] Gudeliare, *i. e.* goodlier. [9] Lightly.

"In hir was zouth[1], beautee, w^t^ humble aport[2],
Bountee, richesse, and womanly faiture,
God better wote than my pen can report,
Wisdome, largesse estate, and conyng sure
In every point so guydit hir mesure,
In word, in dede, in schap, in contenance,
That nature my^t^ no more hir childe auance.

"And, quhen sche walkit had a lytill thrawe
Under the suete grene bewis[3] bent,
Hir faire fresch face, as quhite as any snawe,
Sche turnit has, and furth her wayis went;
Bot tho began myn axis[4] and turment;
To sene hir part, and folowe I na myt,
Metho^t^ the day was turnyt into ny^t^."

So the Lady Jane quitted the garden, leaving the captive King desolate. His Majesty did not keep his *affaire de cœur* to himself; he communicated his feelings towards the Flower of Somerset to the English King, the warlike Henry V., who was by no means displeased to hear it; for the marriage of the Scottish King with a lady so nearly allied to the royal blood of England as was the Lady Jane, would naturally bind him to the monarch of the latter country. Henry, accordingly, showed himself quite willing to accede to James's proposal; and the consent of the Duchess of Clarence and her daughter having been obtained, the Scottish King and the Lady Jane were formally betrothed, at the coronation

[1] Youth.
[2] Port, carriage.
[3] Boughs.
[4] Anguish.

of Henry V. and Queen Katherine, on the 21st of February, 1421.

After the death of Henry V. in France, his widow, Queen Katherine, continued to show much kindness to her Scottish friend, and her favourite, Lady Jane: and under her auspices they were finally married, at St. Mary's Church, Southwark, in the commencement of the year 1424. The Treasurer of the royal exchequer was commanded, by an order in council, issued as usual in the name of the baby King, Henry VI., to deliver to "our very dear cousin, James King of Scotland, twenty-four pounds for a cloth of gold, to make him a vesture (against the solemnization of his marriage, which shall be accomplished shortly) of our gift."[1] This order is dated "Jan. 28, in the second year of the reign of our Lord the King;" so that the date of James's marriage must have been 1424, not 1423, as is generally stated.

The nuptial feast was held in the palatial residence of the bride's uncle, the celebrated Cardinal

[1] Rymer's Fœdera, vol. x. p. 321.

"Henri, &c., as Tresorer et Chamberleins de notre Eschequier, saluz.

"Nous volons, de l'avis et assent de notre conseil, et vous mandons que a nôtre treschier cousin, James, Roy de Scotz, facez liverer vynt et quatre livres pur un drap d'or, a faire pur la vesture, encontre la solempnitee de sa mariage, que se ferra en brief, a avoir de nôtre don."

Beaufort. Queen Katherine presented Jane, by way of dowry, with a discharge for £10,000, being a quarter of the ransom which James had engaged to pay into the English exchequer in return for his liberty.

Shortly after their marriage, the King and Queen of Scotland departed to their own kingdom.

"He tuke his leif, in Scotland for to pas,
With Inglismen quhilk his freindis was;
And speciallie most of all in that tyde[1],
Schir Johnne Bewfurd, Duke wes of Somersyde;
And sone he wes, als as my author sais,
Onto the Duke of Lancastell tha dais.[2]
Ane bruther germane also than had he,
And ane dochter, na farar wes on lyfe,
Callit Jona, that wes the weddit wyfe
To that James, the quhilk I did heir name;
With him that tyme in Scotland he brocht hame.
That nobill Lord his gude father that was,
Convoyit him throw Ingland for to pas,
Quhill that he come onto the bordour syde,
And thair with him departit in that tyde.
Of gold and siluer in grèit quantitie,
And vestimentis of greit pretiositie,
At thair pairting to that zoung Prince he gaif;
Of fynest silk that tyme amang the laif[3],
And tapestrie, to hing into his hall,
Chalmer[4], and chapell, and his Palice all,

[1] Time.

[2] *i. e.*, "the Duke of Lancaster that lived in those days."
Boëthius and his metrical transcriber are here wrong. Jane's father died in 1410, fourteen years before this. It was probably her eldest brother, also called John, who accompanied her to the "bordour syde."

[3] The rest. [4] Chamber.

The quhilk that tyme as my author did mene,
Of Acheles the storie did contene:
Quhairof the maik, as that my author sais,
In all Europ wes nane knawin tha dais.
This James Stewart syne on Cair-Sonday
With his Ladie to Scotland tuke the way,
To Edinburch, as that my storie tald."[1]

The King and Queen were met at Durham by the Earls of Lennox, Moray, Orkney, Wigton, Crawford, March, Angus, and Strathern, — the Constable and Marshal of Scotland, and a magnificent train of noblemen and gentlemen. From Durham they journed to Melrose, and thence to Edinburgh,

"Quhair mony erle and mony barroun bald,
With mony knicht and mony squiar gude,
And mony kirkmen into kaip and hude[2],
[A]ll be the way mett him with greit renoun,
[With] greit triumph syne had him in the toun."[3]

Having safely lodged their Majesties in "Auld Reekie," let us take a glance at their personal appearance. The Queen was certainly not above twenty-five at the time of her marriage: she was a delicately-formed girl; her complexion was fair, her hair golden. She was considered by her contemporaries one of the most beautiful ladies in England. I have only seen one portrait of this Queen, an old

[1] Metrical Chronicle of Scotland. "My author" is Hector Boëthius.

[2] Cope and hood.

[3] Metrical Chronicle of Scotland.

print, the engraver of which has, with questionable taste, represented her looking downwards, with the eyelids almost closed, giving to the face that sulky appearance which is often seen in portraits with downcast eyes. Her face, in this picture, is round, and her hair long and flowing.

The numerous portraits of King James I. of Scotland, show that he must have been one of the handsomest men of his time. He was short in stature, but strongly built, well-proportioned, and very graceful. His face was oval, with a splendid forehead, eyebrows highly arched and delicately pencilled, clear intelligent brown eyes, a small pointed beard and flowing moustache, dark brown hair, and a peculiarly sweet expression of the lips. In mental acquirements he was far above the rude times in which he lived, and the semi-barbarous country which he was called upon to rule.

The character of James I. is a *vexata quæstio* of history. Certainly, he would not be admired if seated on a throne in the nineteenth century. He was excessively strict in the execution of the laws, and his ideas on the subject of royal prerogative would in modern times be designated tyrannical or absurd. He was very popular with the lower classes, who retained a fond recollection of him

long after he had been hurried to his grave: but to his nobility he was the object of fear and hatred. They wished him to be a puppet in their hands, dispensing titles and rewards at their pleasure; James would be what GOD had made him — a King, and rule them as well as the rest of his subjects. But the most difficult portion of James's character to fathom, is his religion. He is accused, on the one hand, of having been a mere automaton in the hands of the priests, and on the other, he is said to have roused their hatred so deeply, by his open patronage of Wycliffe's doctrines, that they became the true leaders of the conspiracy against him.[1] The two reasons alleged for the former opinion are, first, that James passed a statute against the Lollards; and secondly, that having been brought up in the Court of Henry IV., he *must* have been imbued with principles which would lead him to persecute them. Now, the statute against the Lollards was promulgated in the year that James returned to Scotland, 1424; but not until he had been so goaded by his clergy, that, wearied rather than convinced, he let them have their way for once.

[1] Mr. Fraser Tytler, in his History of Scotland, inclines to the latter opinion.

As to the second point concerning the King's asserted hatred of Lollards, let it be remembered that in that very Court where he was educated, the persecuting Court of Henry IV., there were Princes who were half Lollards themselves; and that, especially, the family of Jane Beaufort were remarkable for their patronage of these persecuted men. There are better authorities in favour of James in this instance, than against him.

King James found his good realm of Scotland in woeful want of her Sovereign. Since the death of the Regent Albany[1], "every man had done that which was right in his own eyes." The result was, as might be expected, that disorder and confusion of every kind reigned supreme, accompanied by a complete disregard of any distinction between *meum* and *tuum*. This was doubtless one great reason why James commenced his reign with such excessive strictness. He re-enforced the old severe laws of Scotland, and he permitted no infringement of them.

It is well known that a law formerly existed in many European countries, enacting that any man who struck another within the verge of the Court, should lose his hand for the offence. The Scottish nobles had recently become so pugilistic, that this

[1] In 1420.

law had fallen into complete abeyance. James revived it, much to the astonishment and disapprobation of his lieges. One day, in the very presence of their Majesties, a young nobleman struck a man below him in rank. The King instantly called to one of his officers to draw his sword, and hold it above the offending hand, in readiness to give the blow when he should command it. The criminal, as may be supposed, awaited the word of command in trembling agony; when the Queen, followed by her ladies, rose and knelt at the feet of the King, imploring him this time to spare the youth, who surely might be expected to avoid a repetition of the offence. James, though strict, was by no means a cruel man, and his original intention was probably more to frighten the young man into propriety, than to make an example of him. He smiled, and granted the prayer of his Queen.

Towards the close of the year 1424 was born the eldest child of Jane — a daughter[1], who was bap-

[1] In Tytler's History of Scotland, the date given for the birth of the Princess Margaret is 1423; arising, I presume, from the supposition that Jane's marriage took place at the commencement of that year, and therefore, that Margaret, who was born at the close of the year in which her mother was married, must have been born in 1423 also: but as we have before seen that the Queen's marriage was in 1424, it follows that the birth of the Princess must have taken place in the latter year.

tized by the name of the Queen's mother, Margaret Duchess of Clarence. Her three succeeding children were daughters also; they were named Arabella[1], Mary, and Eleanor. In 1430, Jane gave birth to twin sons. Their nativity is thus quaintly recorded in the Metrical Chronicle of Scotland.

"Quhill on ane tyme it hapnit after syne,
Be the prouision of the God diuyne,
Oure nobill Quene King Jamis had in cuir,
Tua fair sonis on ane nycht him buir;
Quhairof the King so blyth and glaid wes than,
He gart convene richt mony nobill man,
Of greit honour and greit nobillitie,
At thair baptyme with greit sollempnitie.
Thir tua Lordis[2] that tyme in ward he hed,
That samin tyme baith out of ward war fred,
Into the honour of his sonis tuo,
And greit blythnes than of thair birth also."

The infant Princes were named Alexander and James[3], and their royal father conferred knighthood on them at the font. The elder, Prince Alexander, did not survive many weeks; the younger lived to ascend the Scottish throne as James II. After the birth of her sons, the Queen became the mother of

[1] So given by all authorities: but should not this name be *Annabella*, after the mother of King James, the good, wise, beloved Annabella Drummond? Arabella was a new and strange name, a hundred and fifty years after this date.

[2] The Earl of Douglas and Sir John Kennedy.

[3] Tytler's History of Scotland.

three more daughters, who were named Isabel, Anne, and Jane.

King James appears to have had a presentiment that he should not live until his son and heir was of an age to govern. He ever showed the deepest attachment to his Queen, of whom he made not only a domestic companion, but a political confidante; and in the Parliament of 1435, he caused the members of the estates to give written assurances of their fidelity to the Queen, at whatever time they should be called upon to show it. Little, probably, did either she or they anticipate how soon and how sadly those pledges would have to be redeemed!

On the 21st of February, 1437, the King and Queen set out on their progress to Perth, then called St. Johnstoun. Just ere the King crossed the Frith of Forth, a Highland woman stepped forward from the crowd, and said, in tones of great solemnity:

"Sir, if you cross that water now, you will never return over it again!"

James laughed, and went on.

On their arrival at Perth, their Majesties took up their abode in the Dominican Convent of that city. The King amused himself in the afternoon by playing at tennis; but he was annoyed to find that his balls were constantly lost by falling into a small

vault beneath the monastery, whence there was an outlet to a sewer; and he requested the monks to brick up the entrance to the sewer, which they accordingly did that evening. At night, his uncle, the Earl of Athole[1], with his son Sir Robert Stuart, came to see the King, and James entertained them at supper.

While the King and his guests were seated at table, a Highland woman, weary and footsore, walked up to the monastery, and requested permission to speak with His Majesty. It was the same who had forewarned him as he set out on his journey in the morning. She begged so earnestly to speak with him, that an usher, moved by her pleading, informed the King.

"Bid her call on the morrow," said James.

The usher reported the King's reply to the woman.

"Alack! alack!" she cried, "never shall I see him again!"[2]

The Earl of Athole, and Sir Robert Stuart at length retired, and the King, having half undressed himself, was standing by the fire in his dressing-

[1] Walter, Earl of Athole and Fife, sixth son of Robert II. and Elizabeth Mure.

[2] Tytler's History of Scotland.

gown, carrying on a playful war of words with the Queen and her ladies.

> "Except the Quene and ladeis tua or thre,
> No company moir in the tyme had he,
> And his seruand that his chalmer did keip." [1]

The King and the ladies were still engaged in conversation, when one of the monks knocked at the chamber door, to inform them that the monastery had been suddenly surrounded by a band of three hundred armed men. James, instantly divining that this warlike preparation had his own death or imprisonment for its object, looked anxiously round for some way of escape. In endeavouring to fasten the door, it was found that the bolt had been secretly removed. Katherine Douglas, one of the Queen's Maids of Honour, whose name deserves to be written in letters of gold in every Scottish history, for the courageous part she played on that terrible night, at once thrust her own arm into the staple, as the only way to bar the door against the entrance of the conspirators. By this means so much time was gained, that the Queen and the rest of the ladies contrived to let down the King, through a trap-door, into the vault before mentioned.[2] From this vault

[1] Metrical Chronicle of Scotland.

[2] Elizabeth Douglas, a Maid of Honour (probably the sister of Katherine), fell into the vault in assisting to lower the King.

he would, humanly speaking, have escaped with ease, but for the result of his own order to brick up the outlet, given only a few hours before!

The ruffians broke open the door of the chamber, smashing to pieces the frail obstacle presented to their progress by the noble Katherine Douglas, and, headed by Sir Robert Grahame and Sir Robert Stuart—the latter the very man who had just been a partaker of the hospitality of his cousin and Sovereign—rushed into the apartment, loudly demanding the King. Strange to say, they were not able to discover the place of his retreat. While they were searching the room for him, the poor Queen stood in the middle of the apartment, "rooted to the floor,"[1] attired only in her kirtle and mantle, and with her long fair hair streaming over her shoulders. Not being able to find the King, the brutal conspirators turned their fury upon her. They wounded her, and would unquestionably have slain her, had not young Grahame, the son of Sir Robert, shouted to them to "Leave the women, and go search for the King!" They then dispersed over the monastery, seeking James, whom they supposed to be hidden in some other chamber. Unfortunately, during their absence the King determined to quit

[1] Tytler's History of Scotland.

his hiding-place, and seek for safety elsewhere. He therefore climbed out of the vault into the hall, assisted by the ladies; but before he could leave it for a safer place, two of the assassins, brothers, of the name of Hall, re-entered the apartment. They fell furiously upon the unarmed King, who young, active, and struggling for his life, fought bravely with them, and actually succeeded in throwing them down; but while he was endeavouring to wrench their daggers from them, Sir Robert Grahame appeared to their rescue. The sight of this man roused the Queen from her torpor. She sprang forward, and flung her own person between her beloved husband and his murderer; a second time she was wounded by Grahame's dagger, but she succeeded in effectually shielding James, until, by brute force, the assassins dragged her away, and the King expired by many a poniard-wound.[1]

Thus fell James I. of Scotland, in the forty-fourth year of his age; a man too refined and intellectual for

[1] No less than twenty-eight wounds were found on the body of the King. The devotion of the Queen on this occasion lends a mournful interest to the semi-prophetic lines of the murdered King:—

"And thus this floure, I can seye no more,
So hertly has vnto my help actendit,
That from the deth hir man sche has defendit!"
King's Quhair, canto VI.

his times, a monarch too good for his people, a Prince who may be called with justice, from his strong leaning to the doctrines of Wycliffe, the first Protestant King of any nation.

The brave and faithful ladies who had endeavoured in vain to save the life of their Sovereign, hurried the fainting and agonised Queen from the bloody scene; and when the traitors turned to wreak their vengeance upon her, she had escaped their murderous hands.

The reasons of the conspiracy against James I. are generally given according to the preconceived ideas of historians respecting his character. Sir Robert Grahame certainly had some private pique against him, probably arising from the severity with which he put the laws into execution. Those who are determined to represent the King as a persecutor, allege that his nobles, disgusted by his favour to the priesthood, determined to rid themselves of him. Others see cause for more than mere suspicion that the clergy themselves were the real contrivers of the plot. It is perhaps scarcely too much to say, that there is every probability that James I. fell a martyr to his faith.

The corpse of the murdered King was buried in the old church of the city where he died. The

Queen, who had taken peaceable possession of the Regency, showed no mercy to the assassins of her husband. Sir Robert Grahame was made a terrible example: his conduct on the scaffold rather deserves the name of bravado than of bravery.

"This good deed of mine," he cried, "will hand down my name to a grateful posterity for ever!"

And what is posterity's opinion of this man? The old proverbial saying of his contemporaries had not, even in the last century, died out from the memories of the people, and it sufficiently illustrates the estimation in which the accomplished and amiable James I. was held by the lower classes of his subjects.

"Robert Grahame,
That killed our King, God give him shame!"

The little son of James I. succeeded to his father's throne, under the title of James II. He was only in the eighth year of his age, and the Queen his mother was appointed Regent. She soon felt her utter inability to contend against the rude, fierce aristocracy who clamoured loudly for their share of power. She had spirit enough, and permitted nothing to be done detrimental to the interests of her royal son; but a quick eye and a strong hand

were wanted to guide the helm of the State in that perilous day. At length, wearied out, yet feeling that she could not conscientiously surrender her trust, the Queen Regent determined to re-marry, hoping that a husband might aid her with his advice, support her by his influence, and in her stead bear the brunt of the struggle with the nobles. The man whom Jane selected for her second husband was Sir James Stuart of Lorn, descended from a remote branch of the Royal Family, who, from his swarthy complexion, generally bore the epithet of the "Black Knight." He was a man of somewhat rough exterior, but possessed a strong arm and a warm heart.[1]

But the step by which Jane hoped to secure a firmer hold of the sceptre detached it entirely from her grasp. The nobles instantly asserted—what indeed was the law—that by marrying again, the Queen-mother had forfeited her claim to the Regency.[2] In the political conflict which ensued, the Queen was conquered, and she accordingly gave up the Regency, and retired into private life.

[1] I cannot ascertain the exact date of the Queen's second marriage; it was probably about 1438.

[2] Eighty years later, Queen Margaret Tudor, not taking warning by this example, committed the same fault, and suffered the same penalty.

By her second marriage, Queen Jane had three sons: John, Earl of Athole; James, Earl of Buchan; and Andrew Bishop of Moray.

The Queen was soon forced again into public from her domestic cares by Sir William Crichton taking forcible possession of the person of the little King, her son, from the custody of his tutor Livingstone, and conveying him to Edinburgh Castle. Jane quietly, but surely, took measures to effect his release. The next time that she paid him a visit at the Castle, she informed his self-constituted governor that she had left there certain articles of her personal property, which she wished to be sent, as soon as possible, to her present residence. The unsuspecting Crichton fell into the snare; and the Queen, instead of filling the basket which she delivered to his care with pearl nets or cloth of silver, packed in it the little Monarch, covered him over with linen, and ordered the basket to be forwarded to Leith, and there await her arrival. In the meantime she contrived to lull all suspicion, and departed the next day for Leith, where she let the royal child out of his uncomfortable hiding-place, and conveyed him by water to Stirling. At the last-named place she was joined by Livingstone, the angry tutor from whose care the young King had been abstracted, and who now proposed to

her to besiege the Castle of Edinburgh, and force Crichton to surrender. The Queen entered eagerly into this scheme, and offered to supply food for the soldiers from her own storehouses. The expedition was undertaken, and proved successful. But now the Queen was betrayed by her own adherents. Under the pretence that she too greatly favoured the Douglas family, the ungrateful Livingstone united his forces with those of Crichton, his former foe, against the royal lady who had aided him so nobly. The deceitful leaders of the opposing party actually had the audacity and ingratitude to arrest the Queen-mother, and her husband, the Black Knight of Lorn. Her Majesty, ever energetic, contrived to escape, and took temporary refuge in Hales Castle. Her persecutors followed her, and stormed the fortress in which she had sought safety. A second time she escaped from them, and succeeded in reaching Dunbar. There again her merciless enemies besieged her; but there she finally eluded their cruel grasp. Worn out by sorrow, ill-health, fatigue, and disappointment, hunted from place to place, and having encountered, in her forty or forty-five years, more events and changes than commonly distinguish a much longer life, the Flower of Somerset expired in Dunbar Castle, in the summer or early autumn of 1445.

The remains of Queen Jane were interred at Perth, beside those of her royal lord.

The Black Knight was released from captivity on the death of his queenly spouse, and sought refuge from his unkindly countrymen in another land. On the 4th of November, 1445, a safe-conduct into England was granted by Henry VI. to "Sir James Stuart, husband of the late Queen of Scotland, and John, his son."[1]

All the daughters of Jane Beaufort grew up to womanhood, with the single exception of the Princess Arabella, who is supposed to have died in childhood or early youth; and the history of, at least, one of them was scarcely less painful, though much shorter, than that of which I have just closed the recital. The Princess Mary espoused a Danish nobleman, the Marquis of Campvere; Eleanor became the wife of Sigismond, Duke of Austria, son of the Duke so graphically surnamed "Empty-pockets;" Isabel, who is recorded to have been very beautiful, wedded François I., Duke of Bretagne; Anne wandered furthest of all from her early home, for she bestowed her hand, in 1454, on Luigi of Savoy. Jane, the youngest of the sisters, was the only one who married in her native country. She was the wife of

[1] Rymer's Fœdera.

three Earls in succession — those of Angus, Morton, and Huntley.

But it was the eldest — "*La gentille Marguerite*" — whose life was covered with the deepest shadow. During the lifetime of her father, in 1428, when she was only four years of age, she was affianced to the Dauphin Louis — afterwards that cruel and crafty Louis XI., who is so well known in history as "*Le Dissimulé.*" The English Court was greatly alarmed at this proposed alliance between the eldest daughter of Scotland and the future King of France; and the counsellors of the young King Henry VI. offered Berwick and Roxburgh to King James, if he would break off the engagement between the Dauphin and the Princess Royal. James, after consulting with his Parliament, rejected the propositions of England. The English thereupon sent out ships to intercept the Princess, as they had formerly intercepted her father; but this time they were unsuccessful, and Margaret landed safely, and arrived at Tours, at that time the residence of the French Court. Her marriage with Louis was at once celebrated [1436]; she being twelve years of age, and he thirteen. The cruelty and profligacy of the Dauphin soon began to exhibit themselves, much to the disgust and sorrow of his gentle consort; and his neglect and unkind-

ness so preyed upon her spirits, that she faded away like a flower, and expired at Châlons, of a broken heart, on the 16th of August, 1444, in the twentieth year of her age. Just before she drew her last breath, one of her ladies expressed the regret which she thought must be the feeling of the young Dauphiness, at quitting the world and all its glories in the flower of her age; when Margaret, turning upon the speaker the dark eyes wherein death was written, answered, with all the energy that remained to her, "*Fè de la vie! ne m'en parlez plus!*"

This was the fate of Jane Beaufort's eldest daughter, just twelve months after the close of her own melancholy career. Margaret's portrait bears no likeness to her mother, but it exhibits the same sweet expression of the lips which characterised her father. James II. resembled both his parents.

The grave wherein the murdered King and his faithful Queen were laid to their last sleep, was broken open by the Puritan iconoclasts, in the following century. However much we may respect their motives, we cannot do less than regret that their well-meant though misdirected zeal induced them to destroy so many valuable relics of antiquity, and works of art of their own times. They ought at least to have respected the sanctity of the grave.

In the wall of the East Church of St. John, at Perth, there yet stands an old grey stone, whose quaintly carved brass has been torn away by sacrilegious hands. The visitor may yet trace the fleurs-de-lis of two crowns, the illegible marks of letters, the deep-set outline of the curled locks of the one head, and the long flowing tresses of the other. Below that stone lies the dust of James I. of Scotland, and his Queen, the Lady Jane Beaufort.

"After life's fitful fever, they sleep well!"[1]

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[1] Macbeth, Act iii. Sc. 2.

The Story of a Saint.

JEANNE

DE VALOIS, QUEEN OF FRANCE.

A dove with no home for its broken wing.

MRS. HEMANS.

JEANNE DE VALOIS,

QUEEN OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER I.

Early Neglect. — Birth. — Religious Feeling. — Dislike of her Father to her. — Anecdotes of her Childhood. — The King treats her more kindly. — Appointment of her Confessor. — The King determines to marry her to the Duke of Orleans. — Visits the Duchess Dowager. — Marriage of Orleans and Jeanne. — Dislike of Orleans to his Bride. — Description of Jeanne. — Death of her Father. — Orleans plots against Charles VIII. — Jeanne refuses to join the Conspiracy. — Battle of St. Aubin. — Capture and Imprisonment of Orleans. — Jeanne pleads in vain for his Release. — He falls ill. — Jeanne permitted to visit him. — His cold Reception of her. — Her Love for him. — Endeavours to obtain his Release from the King. — Visits Nantes for that Purpose. — Unkindness of her Sister. — Returns to Bourges. — Obtains an Audience of the King her Brother. — Release of Orleans. — Jeanne retires from Court. — Baptism of the Dauphin. — Death of Charles VIII. — Accession of Jeanne's Husband as Louis XII. — Manifesto of Louis to the Pope. — Commission of Inquiry as to the Validity of their Marriage. — Examination of the Queen. — The Marriage pronounced invalid. — The Queen's Reception of the News. — Her last Interview with Louis.

THERE are few Princesses inscribed on the rolls of history, whose lives were so mournfully desolate and loveless as the life of Jeanne de Valois. She had father, mother, brother, sister, husband—but she had

not one earthly friend. Her father hated her—her mother neglected her — her brother passed her by — her sister governed and despised her: her husband did all these, and, in addition to them, got rid of her as soon as he could. She was born "in the purple," and the homage due to her royalty at least was paid her;

> "Yet, sooth to say, one fond embrace,
> One kiss, such as the peasant mother gives
> When on its evening bed her child she lays,
> Had dearer been to her than all their courtly phrase!"

Jeanne, the youngest daughter of Louis XI. of France, and his second wife Carlotta of Savoy, was born at Nogent-le-Roy, on the 15th of May, 1464.[1] She was baptized Jeanne in honour of St. John the Evangelist, a saint whom Louis held in especial reverence. From her infancy she manifested strong religious feeling, and, whenever she was missed might always be found engaged in prayer. Louis XI. never liked his youngest child. Her features promised to be very plain; her figure was small, and deformed from her birth. So harsh and severe was her father with her, that whenever the poor child heard his step, she invariably ran to conceal herself behind the skirts of

[1] Hilarion de Coste — "*Vies et Eloges des Princesses et Dames Illustres.*"

her governess, Madame de Linières, or those of her handsome sister Anne.[1] The King expressed his displeasure to Madame de Linières, concerning his daughter's strong devotional bias. He preferred, much as he disliked her, that she should appear at Court, and acquire all the accomplishments necessary to her rank. Madame de Linières repeated the King's remarks to Jeanne, who was then only five years of age.

"The King," she answered, gravely, "is too wise seriously to command me to abstain from prayer: and if he did so, could he thus command? Great King though he be, GOD is greater than he!"

Madame de Linières informed the King of the Princess's reply. Louis was very angry, and commanded Jeanne instantly to appear before him. The child entered the room, and stood meekly to receive the orders of her King and father. He sternly demanded of her that she should promise to lay aside her devotional practices. The little Princess gently, though firmly, refused to obey; and the King angrily ordered her out of his sight. He furthermore desired her governess to treat her as the

[1] Miss Costello's Memoir of Mary of Burgundy.

lowest person in his realm; "for," added he, "she is unworthy of the rank she bears."[1]

In the sixth year of her age, as Jeanne was praying before the altar of the Virgin, she heard (as she fancied) the voice of Mary telling her that, before her death, she should found a new order of nuns, consecrated to her honour.[2]

When Marguerite of Anjou took refuge at the Court of Louis XI., with her son, she was exceedingly pleased with the young Princess Jeanne, and asked her "how she would like to become her daughter?"

"I will not so much injure the Prince of Wales," answered Jeanne, "as to suppose that he would dispute his bride with the Son of God!"[3]

Queen Marguerite reported this speech to Louis, who was extremely angry, and blamed the Princess for it so severely, that she at length exclaimed,

"I am not fit for the world, nor the world for me!"

Louis contemptuously turned his back upon her.

"Kill her!" said this affectionate father; "she is not fit to live!"

Great rejoicings were made throughout France, when the news arrived of the short-lived triumphs of

[1] Miss Costello's Anne of Brittany.
[2] Vie Merveilleuse de Jeane de Valois.
[3] Miss Costello's Anne of Brittany.

Henry VI. Louis, missing his youngest daughter, inquired for her, and was told that she was engaged in prayer in a neighbouring church. The infuriated King rushed into the church with his sword drawn; the poor little Princess, on beholding this terrible sight, fled into the adjoining convent; Louis pursued her, crying,

"By this blow, miserable girl, thou shalt perish!"

Madame de Linières courageously flung herself between her little pupil and the enraged father; and the latter reluctantly consented to permit his child to live.[1]

At length, when he found all his severity useless, the King altered his tactics completely, and, for some time, treated his daughter with great gentleness and indulgence, hoping by this means to induce her to change her mode of life.

"God never changes," answered the young Princess to the representations that were made to her; "and why should I? He is mine, and I will endeavour to be His."[2]

The King even sent to inquire of the Princess whom she desired to have as confessor. Jeanne spent some time in penances and prayer, and then demanded Père Jean de la Fontaine, of the Convent

[1] Miss Costello's Anne of Brittany. [2] Ibid.

of Amboise, a priest of the Order of St Francis. The King sent for the priest, who came at once to Court, bringing with him Père Gabriel Maria, who on the death of La Fontaine succeeded him in his office of confessor to the Princess.[1]

Jeanne was in her tenth year only, when Louis XI. determined to use her as a political tool. It was of great importance to his interests, that the Duke of Orleans[2] should leave no issue. The little Dauphin[3] was weak and sickly; if he came to the throne, the probability was that all influence and real power would be entirely in the hands of the King's favourite child, the handsome and clever Princess Anne. But should the Dauphin die young or childless, Louis of Orleans was the next heir to the throne.[4] He was not likely, thought the wily King, to attempt the life of the Dauphin so long as they were both childless; for it seemed impossible but that the well-formed and healthy Orleans should

[1] Vie Merveilleuse de Jeane de Valois.

[2] Louis Duke of Orleans, only son of Charles Duke of Orleans and Marie of Cleve; born in March, 1458; succeeded to the throne as Louis XII. Vide infra.

[3] Only son of Louis XI., born June 30, 1470; succeeded his father as Charles VIII.

[4] Louis of Orleans derived his title from his grandfather, Louis Duke of Orleans, second son of Charles V.; all the male descendants of the elder son, Charles VI., becoming extinct on the death of Charles VIII.

long outlive the delicate little Dauphin; but if Orleans had a family to provide for, and there were any prospect of the Dauphin leaving issue, Louis of Orleans might be induced to remove him out of his way. The Duke must therefore be provided with a wife by the King, lest he should marry of his own accord; but she must be one who was not likely to have children. Louis XI. cast his eyes about in search of a Duchess of Orleans, and they rested on his own daughter — the little, deformed, delicate Jeanne.

The King at once set off to pay a visit to the Duchess Dowager of Orleans. Marie of Cleve[1], a lady renowned for more beauty than rectitude of conduct, was the second wife, and now the widow, of that poet-Duke of Orleans whose first wife had been the young widow of Richard II. of England.[2] The Duchess Marie had been clandestinely re-married to one of her gentlemen of the chamber[3], and, seldom appearing at Court, was now residing in a very secluded manner on one of her provincial estates.

[1] Marie was the youngest daughter of Adolph II. Count of Cleve, and Claude of Burgundy; born in 1426; married to the Duke in 1440; died 1487.

[2] Isabelle de Valois, eldest daughter of Charles VI. and Isabeau of Bavaria; born Nov. 9, 1387; married to Richard, Oct. 31, 1396, and to Charles in 1409; died Sept. 13, 1410.

[3] The Sieur de Rabodanges.

She was much flattered by the proposal of Louis; she was not deep enough to perceive his ulterior motive, and considering that to marry the King's daughter would be very advantageous to the interests of her son, she joyfully accepted his offer to bestow the hand of Jeanne on Orleans. The treaty of marriage was accordingly signed, at Jargeau, on the 28th of October, 1473[1], much to the satisfaction of the King, the Queen, the Duchess Dowager, and the whole of France. There were only two persons in the realm who were averse to it; but those two were Louis of Orleans and Jeanne of France.

The handsome, graceful, gay, and gallant Orleans was exceedingly disgusted at being linked in wedlock to the timid, plain, and unattractive Jeanne. His heart was already set upon the young heiress of Bretagne[2], baby though she was, a marriage with whom would have been extremely advantageous to his political interests. Jeanne, on the other hand, had no desire to marry at all. She wished earnestly to be a professed nun, devoted (as she thought) to the service of GOD. Neither Orleans nor Jeanne, how-

[1] Dreux de Radier.

[2] Anne, eldest daughter of François II., Duke of Bretagne, and Marguerite de Foix; born Jan. 26, 1476; married to Charles VIII., Dec. 6, 1491; to Louis XII., Jan. 8, 1499; died at Blois, Jan. 9, 1514.

ever, could change the will of the King; and the marriage accordingly took place, in 1476, three years after the betrothal, the bridegroom being in his nineteenth [1], and the bride in her thirteenth year. The ill-matched couple led an unhappy life, but perhaps the more thoroughly miserable was Jeanne, of whom Orleans exacted the most implicit submission to his will, while exhibiting his dislike of her in every possible way.

Shortly after the marriage, the King inquired of the Duke how he liked his wife?

"She is perfect!" replied Orleans, in a tone of bitter sarcasm: "she has the beauty of an angel, the carriage of a queen, the meekness of —— "

"You are forgetting to add, Monseigneur," replied the King, sternly, "that she is the daughter of a mother whose reputation was never called in question!"

Orleans must have felt the implied censure on his own mother; but — whether he deemed it too true to be contradicted, or through deference to the King — he made no reply.

We have two portraits of the Princess Jeanne de

[1] Two dates, 1458 and 1462, are given for the birth of Louis XII. The latter is generally preferred, but there are many points in which the former appears to be nearer the truth.

Valois, drawn by French and English hands. In Dreux de Radier's valuable *Mémoires des Reines et Regentes de France*, she is thus described. "She was rather short than tall, deformed in person, and slightly hump-backed. Louis XI., who neglected her, as that one of his children whom he least loved, took no care of her education, not even so much as the rank of the Princess might seem to render indispensable." She could, nevertheless, play upon the lute; of which more hereafter.

Sir Walter Scott has given a more detailed description of the Princess, which, although introduced into a romance, he doubtless derived from reliable authority. "She was pale, thin, and sickly in her complexion; her shape visibly bent to one side, and her gait was so unequal that she might be called lame. A fine set of teeth, and eyes which were expressive of melancholy, softness, and resignation, with a quantity of light brown locks, were the only redeeming points which flattery itself could have dared to number, to counteract the general homeliness of her face and figure."[1]

From other (French) authorities we learn that she was of "crooked shape and irregular features, but

[1] Quentin Durward, vol. i. p. 148.

was full of gentleness;" [1] and that "she had sundry personal defects, and her shape was not good." [2]

Her bridegroom, Louis Duke of Orleans, was considered handsome in his day, but his features were strongly-marked, and his expression somewhat gloomy.

Louis XI. died at Plessis-les-Tours, on the 30th of October, 1483.[3] The moment that this clever though unprincipled man was consigned to the grave, his son-in-law, Louis of Orleans, began to plot against his successor, the little King Charles VIII.[4], and the Regent Princess Anne.[5] He sent his cousin Dunois[6] to his neglected Duchess, proposing to her to combine with him against her elder sister. The upright and amiable Jeanne replied, that she could not approve of the plans of the Orleans party, and that she would not be a member of a conspiracy against the constitutional government. Before this Louis had neglected his wife: now he persecuted her.

[1] *Biographie Universelle.*

[2] Vie Merveilleuse de Jeane de Valois.

[3] Anderson's Royal Genealogies.

[4] Charles VIII., only son of Louis XI., succeeded his father on the throne, and died of apoplexy, April 7th, 1498.

[5] Anne of Beaujeu, eldest daughter of Louis XI., and wife of Pierre Lord of Beaujeu; married 1473, died 1522; appointed Regent for her brother Charles VIII.

[6] François, Count of Dunois and Longueville, son of Jean, Count of Dunois, natural son of Louis Duke of Orleans; born 1447, died 1491.

Annoyed, in the first place, that he, as heir presumptive, was not appointed to the Regency, and in the second, by the haughty tone which the Princess Anne assumed towards him, Louis of Orleans withdrew to Bretagne with his followers, and there collecting a powerful army, returned to France, and offered battle to the troops of the King at St. Aubin. The engagement was sanguinary and prolonged, but in the end, the troops of Orleans were defeated, and the Duke and his colleague the Prince of Orange [1] taken prisoner.

The character of his gentle and ill-treated Duchess shone out brightly on this occasion. She hastened at once to her sister the Regent, and, throwing herself on her knees before her, besought her with tears to permit her prisoners to be brought before the young King for sentence. Jeanne well knew that her importunities would touch the kind heart of her brother, who was much attached to her. But Anne had a deeper vengeance to accomplish than either Charles or Jeanne could be entrusted with. It has been said, that "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," and Louis of Orleans had dared to

[1] Jean II. Prince of Orange, son of William of Challon and Catherine of Estampes; died April 9, 1502. Louis XII., on his accession, conferred many favours on him.

repudiate the proffered affection of Anne of Beaujeu. She therefore stood calm and unflinching, gazing unmoved upon her pleading sister. The sentence which she at length pronounced upon the Princes, was imprisonment during her pleasure. The Prince of Orange was confined in the Castle of Angers: a more dreary fate awaited Orleans, who was consigned to an iron cage in the great tower of the Castle of Bourges. In vain Jeanne wept and prayed for a mitigation of the sentence; she could not obtain the slightest favour for him. She never appeared at the *fêtes* or ceremonials of the Court, and the Regent took care that she should never be allowed to see the King in private, whose brotherly feelings might have been moved by her entreaties.

At length, the Duke of Orleans fell ill in his terrible prison. Again the Duchess pleaded earnestly for his release: this Anne would not grant, but she coldly intimated that Jeanne was at liberty to visit her husband, if she pleased. The Duchess immediately set out for the royal captive's prison. When she came in sight of the tower wherein he lay sick, she broke forth into passionate weeping, and her tears were still flowing when she was led into the miserable dungeon where Louis lay on a wretched pallet, caged off, like a wild beast, from the remainder of the room, by strong iron bars.

"Ah Monsieur!" cried Jeanne as she entered, "in what a state I see you!"

Louis looked up suddenly at the sound of her voice; and on seeing who stood by his side, he turned away his head, and coldly answered,

"Madame, it is true, you have cause to hate me; nevertheless leave me in peace!"

No representations on the part of poor Jeanne could induce her husband to believe that she had not been sent by the Princess Regent to exult in his misery. She begged to be allowed to share his prison; but Louis sternly replied that he desired it not. Twice again she returned, to entreat that she might be permitted to attend upon him. Louis replied, in the same tone as before, that he begged she would excuse his declining her services. Jeanne, nevertheless, continued to reside at a convent in Bourges; where she sold her jewels to furnish her husband with those necessary comforts which the cruel policy of her sister had denied him.[1]

Notwithstanding her former aversion to marriage, and the neglect of her husband, the Duchess was devotedly attached to him, and bitterly mourned his coldness towards her. When the King and the Princess Regent, having completed the tempo-

[1] Miss Costello's Anne of Brittany. .

rary conquest of the Bretons, made their triumphal entry into Nantes, the capital of that duchy, the Duchess of Orleans quitted Bourges, and travelled hastily to Nantes, hoping to prevail upon her sister to grant an amnesty to the royal prisoner at Bourges, or to obtain access to the King. The magnificent procession had swept through the ancient streets of the Breton capital, when the first lady in the realm[1] rode into Nantes almost alone; and found, upon arriving there, that no apartment had been prepared for her, and that the city was so full that none could be obtained. The Regent did not condescend to notice the presence of her sister — the King was not aware of it — and the Princess was actually obliged to remain in the streets almost the whole of the night, her little knot of attendants having vainly attempted to procure her a lodging, however humble; until an officer of the royal guard, more kind-hearted than his comrades, yielded his own apartment to the sister of his Sovereign. There she remained for a few days, begging permission from the Regent for an interview with her brother. She might as well have requested the sun to alter his course,

[1] As wife of the heir presumptive to the crown, Jeanne took precedence even of her proud elder sister Anne.

as Anne de Beaujeu to refrain from executing the darling vengeance of her heart. The Regent was calm, cold, and utterly immoveable; and the poor Duchess of Orleans, in tears and in despair, took her solitary way back to Bourges.[1]

There was no right step which Jeanne was unwilling to take for the release of her much-loved but unloving lord; and at length she preferred an humble petition to the Count de Miolans, an officer of the royal household, and a favourite of the King, to procure her an audience of her own brother. The astonished Count, not being in the secrets of the royal sisters, at once laid the petition of the Duchess before the young King, who replied that he should be delighted to see his dear sister Jeanne, and could not comprehend why she had so long absented herself from him.

What thoughts must have burned and throbbed in the heart of the Princess, as the gates of the Palace were at last thrown open to her, and she was bidden to bear her long-proffered and oft-rejected petition at once to the throne! The Duchess of Orleans entered the presence-chamber with a slow step, and, flinging herself at the feet

[1] Miss Costello's Anne of Brittany.

of the King, sobbed out a few broken words of entreaty for her husband's release. Charles stooped and raised his sister in his arms; but he sighed as he did so, and gazed sorrowfully into her mournful and tear-dimmed eyes, as he replied to her in a sad tone,

"Alas, my foolish Jeanne! You request what is against your own interest. GOD grant that you may not repent having obtained your petition!"

The Duke of Orleans was liberated at once, by a peremptory order of the King, much to the surprise and rage of the Princess Regent. He took his place again at Court as heir presumptive to the crown; but he never sought or thanked his devoted wife. She retired from Court, and gave herself up to a life of seclusion and religious observances. Once she came forth from her retreat, on the occasion of the baptism of the Dauphin her nephew, Charles Orlando, in 1492, and walked in the procession, immediately following the Prince of Orange, who bore the royal infant.[1]

Charles VIII. died suddenly, from apoplexy, on the 7th of April, 1498[2], when Louis of Orleans

[1] Miss Costello's Anne of Brittany.

[2] Anderson's Royal Genealogies.

succeeded him on the throne, and Jeanne became Queen of France. No sooner was Louis his own master, than he at once sought to rid himself of her to whom he owed at least his liberty, and probably his life. The young widow of Charles VIII. was that heiress of Bretagne who had in early years been the beloved of Louis; and, both from inclination and interest, he was now determined to marry her. It mattered not to him that Jeanne must be victimised to bring it about.

The King at once addressed a manifesto to Pope Alexander VI. He therein represented, "that he had only espoused the Princess Jeanne by constraint: that Louis the King, father of the said Jeanne, had compelled him to do this: that the said Louis was godfather of the petitioner, which rendered the contract legally invalid[1]: that as soon as he was formally affianced to the said Princess, the petitioner had declared, in presence of a notary, and divers other witnesses of probity, that he had no intention of contracting any marriage with her: that, if he had not sooner made public the said declaration, it was

[1] The Romish Church does not permit marriage between those "spiritually related": a godfather cannot contract it even with a relative of any of his godchildren.

because he did not wish to quarrel with Louis XI. and Charles VIII., who would have opposed his design;" &c.[1]

Pope Alexander VI.—perhaps the worst man who ever filled the Papal chair—at once issued a commission "to inquire into the validity of the marriage between Louis XII., by the grace of GOD King of France, and Jeanne de Valois, by the self-same grace Queen of France aforesaid." The Commissioners appointed were Philippe, Cardinal de Luxemburg, and Bishop of Mans, Louis d'Amboise, Bishop of Alby, and Ferrand Bishop of Cepte. They at once repaired to Tours, where they held their court of inquiry; and the first person whom they summoned before their tribunal was Her Most Christian Majesty the Queen of France.

Jeanne appeared before the Commissioners, and answered their queries with a mixture of gentleness and dignity. She was first questioned as to the plea of spiritual relationship set up by Louis, in stating that her father had been his godfather; by which, according to ecclesiastical law, the marriage would have been invalid from the beginning.

The Queen replied, that "she was not aware of

[1] Vie Merveilleuse de Jeane de Valois.

the existence of such an impediment, and that the marriage, so far as she was concerned, had been contracted in good faith."

The Commissioners next inquired, "whether the King's plea was true, concerning his being forced to contract the marriage by her father?"

To this the Queen answered, that "she had never perceived any compulsion; and that she too much respected the memory of the King her father, to suppose that he would have endeavoured to accomplish his object by other than legitimate means."[1]

After one or two more questions the Queen was permitted to retire.

The King did not appear: he probably had no desire to be confronted with the wife who had served him so devotedly, and whom he was so ill repaying. The Queen's advocate, a simple attorney of Bourges, then spoke, and was replied to by the *Procureur du Roi* stationed at Tours.

The Commissioners, after due deliberation, issued their sentence. The farce might have been spared, as nobody could have the least doubt of the conclusion to which they would come. This was their verdict.

"We declare and pronounce the marriage con-

[1] Jeanne's estimate of the character of Louis XI. is by no means shared by posterity.

tracted between Louis of Orleans and Jeanne of France, to be and to have been always null and void: giving hereby leave and license, by Apostolic authority, to the said Louis of Orleans (plaintiff, against the said Jeanne of France, defendant), as there shall be necessity, to take a wife as it shall seem good to him in marriage." [1]

This sentence was issued at Amboise, the plague having compelled the Commissioners to quit Tours.

As soon as this decree was issued, the Cardinal de Luxemburg (or, according to some, the Bishop of Alby), accompanied by Père Gabriel Maria, her confessor, went to seek the Queen, and communicated to her the dissolution of her marriage.

"God be praised and blessed!" meekly answered the Queen; "I know that His eyes are ever upon us, forasmuch as I am assured that His special providence is for His elect. He will, I believe, open to me the way, and give me the means, to execute the desire wherewith He hath Himself inspired me — of founding an order in honour of His most blessed mother, and of acquitting myself of sundry vows which I have made to Him." [2]

[1] Vie Merveilleuse.

[2] Vie Merveilleuse. What a tissue of truth and error is contained in this short speech!

The repudiated Queen had one last request to make before she laid down her crown, and retired to her apanage of Berry. She desired permission to take personal leave of her husband. Louis shrank unutterably from the ordeal. He trembled at the thought of enduring the meek, reproachless gaze of his injured and devoted wife. So true is it that

> "Forgiveness to the injured doth belong;
> They never pardon who have done the wrong!"

The King most reluctantly consented to give an audience to Jeanne. No longer Queen, but Duchess de Berry in her own right, she presented herself before her sometime lord. She uttered no reproach; but the soft voice and the meek words of the much-wronged wife went more piercingly to the heart of Louis than any reproach could have done. Truly must she have heaped coals of fire on his head, when she said,

"I trust, Sire, that you will be happier with another than you have been with me: and I entreat your forgiveness for having been the cause of so much uneasiness to you!" [1]

Louis burst into tears. "I am not worthy to

[1] Miss Costello's Anne of Brittany.

live with so holy a woman!" he exclaimed. "Pray for France — and for me!"

He attended her respectfully to the door of her apartment — took leave of her in tears — and then he married Anne of Bretagne, and forgot her. Such is man!

JEANNE DE VALOIS,

QUEEN OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER II.

Jeanne takes up her Residence at Bourges. — Her Austerities. — Desires to found a new Order of Nuns. — Objection of her Confessor. — He gives way to her. — Reception of Novices. — Père Gabriel draws out the Rule of the new Order. — The Pope refuses Permission for its Foundation. — Loss of the Rule. — Père Gabriel draws up another. — His Journey to Rome. — Second Disappointment. — Vision of Cardinal Ferrier. — The Pope grants a Bull for the Foundation of the new Order. — Erection of the first Convent. — Profession of five Nuns. — Jeanne takes the Veil. — Profession of the remaining Novices. — Last Illness and Death of Jeanne. — Description of her Tomb. — Her Shrine visited by Louis. — Proposed Canonization of Jeanne. — Her Relics. — Burning of her Corpse by the Huguenots.

SLOWLY and sadly, as if unwilling to quit the place where her heart lingered behind with him whom, in spite of all his unkindness, she had loved well for one-and-twenty years, the crownless Duchess de Berry passed on her solitary journey to the capital of her duchy. As she approached it, the dim shape of the Great Tower of Bourges — the prison from which she had rescued her ungrateful husband — rose before her: and she cried, with bitter weeping,

"Alas! alas! he was *then* captive, and *now* I am free!"[1]

All signs of royalty — even those which remained to her as a daughter of France — were now laid aside by Jeanne.

"That crowd of officers and Lords who so often surrounded me," she was wont to say, "were they not the enemies of my salvation, and the obstacles to my perfection, since all the time that I bestowed on them was stolen from my GOD, and from my soul? Am I not now incomparably happier to be devoid of all these vanities, in order to consecrate myself wholly to my Creator, and to accomplish that which He desires of me?"

I cannot commend Jeanne for many actions, which were excellent in her eyes, and in those of her Romish panegyrists. She was undoubtedly quite at liberty to clothe herself in camlet; but I do not see any piety in preferring it with holes in. This was before her retreat to Bourges; for on arriving there, she laid aside even the camlet, and attired herself in woollen garments. She washed the feet of the poor, "kissed them with tenderness,"[2] and served them at table. She was frequently to be

[1] Miss Costello's Anne of Brittany.

[2] Vie Merveilleuse de Jeane de Valois.

found in the hospitals, attending to the sick. She assumed a new coat of arms, exchanging her paternal fleurs-de-lis for the five wounds of CHRIST.

One of her countrymen and panegyrists has furnished us with a copy of the prayer which Jeanne offered every day. It is awfully idolatrous, and yet through the whole there runs a vein of that meek submission and that touching simplicity which were two of Jeanne's most prominent characteristics.

"Mary, most worthy mother of JESUS, make me thy worthy servant and *ancelle:* grant me so much favour as to be ever in thy grace, and grant that every creature whom I love, I love because he loveth thee. Give me also this favour, that every person who loveth thee may love me also, and may love me because I love thee. So that, after this life, we may arrive where thou art, to love and praise eternally our good GOD, and thee *equally with Him.* Amen." [1]

[1] Hilarion de Coste. — The original is inserted as a specimen of the Queen's style of composition.

"Marie, très-digne mère de JESUS, faites-moy votre digne ancelle et servante: fauorisez-moy tant que d'estre tousiours en votre grace et que toute créature que j'ayme, je l'ayme parcequ'elle vous ayme. Faites-moy aussi cette faveur, que toute personne qui vous ayme m'ayme aussi, et qu'elle m'ayme à cause que ie vous ayme: afin qu'après cette vie nous puissions paruenir à vous, pour aymer et loüer eternellement nostre bon Dieu, et vous pareillement. Ainsi-soit-il."

Romanists frequently assert that they only pray to the Virgin to *intercede* for them. What intercession is there in this prayer?

The chosen companions of Jeanne in her retirement at Bourges, were four ladies like-minded with herself. These were, Charlotte de Bourbon, Countess de Nevers[1]; Charlotte D'Albret, Duchess de Valentinois[2]; Jeanne de Graville, Lady of Chaumont; and Marie Pot, descended from the ancient family of Rhodes. The last-named friend was with Jeanne when she died.

Like many other Romish saints, carrying a principle — good in itself — to excess, Jeanne was "seized with joy[3]" whenever any one insulted her or spoke disrespectfully to her. Nothing delighted her more than being one day informed that some one had said of her that "she was an ugly, ill-shapen creature, and one of the most disagreeable women in the world!"[4]

Jeanne's mortifications and penances were extreme even in her youth; and she increased them in her retreat at Bourges. "Her fasting was admirable; for in all the fasts which she observed, she never

[1] Charlotte de Bourbon was the second daughter of Jean de Bourbon, and wife of Engelbert of Cleve, Count de Nevers. She died in 1520.

[2] This amiable and accomplished Princess, the third daughter of Alain Lord of Albret and Françoise de Blois, was the ill-treated wife of the infamous Cæsar Borgia..

[3] Vie Merveilleuse de Jeane de Valois. [4] Ibid.

used butter, nor fish, and contented herself with a few ill-seasoned herbs. She treated her body with so much rigour, that it seemed as if it did not belong to her. She used herself so cruelly in discipline, that she seemed as if she were punishing some parricide. Every day, in her oratory, she beat her breast with flint stones; and she added to these holy cruelties a piece of wood in the shape of a cross, in which were fixed five sharp silver nails, which she applied to her stomach, to prick it continually. And after this ill-treatment of her body, — after having deprived it of nourishment by fasting, and given it nothing but herbs dressed with oil of nuts — after having robbed it of sleep by long and frequent watchings—after having reduced it to submission by sackcloth and discipline—as if all this were nothing, she invented, by way of girdle, a thick iron chain, which was so closely joined to her, that it seemed a part of herself. For this reason, her confessor thought himself obliged to make her retrench a great part of these austerities, which were growing to excess, and she obeyed with the most profound deference and submission, notwithstanding the inexpressible passion which she had for mortifications."[1]

There is a tradition that the cross above-mentioned

[1] Vie Merveilleuse de Jeane de Valois.

was constructed by Jeanne herself, and that the silver nails had once been the nails of a favourite lute, in which she had taken too great a delight.[1]

As soon as Jeanne was fairly settled at Bourges, she recurred to her long-cherished scheme of founding an order of nuns, in obedience to the revelation which she imagined herself to have received from the Virgin. She confided her design to her confessor, Père Gabriel Maria; but he was by no means so warm a supporter of the scheme as his royal mistress wished. He found—or fancied he found—numerous objections, which the sanguine Jeanne considered easily surmountable; but she, entertaining of course the monstrous notion held by all of her creed, that the confessor stands to his penitent in the place of GOD, at once submitted to his decision, and remained reluctantly silent on the subject for two years. At the end of that period, "feeling herself inwardly moved to accomplish at once that which GOD and the most blessed Virgin had ordained,"[2] she again named her wish to her confessor.

"Madame," replied he, rather crossly, "it seems to me that your nuns occupy your whole mind, and that, neglecting your own advancement, you are forgetting

[1] Miss Costello's Anne of Brittany.

[2] Vie Merveilleuse de Jeane de Valois.

those things which concern your own salvation; which is, nevertheless, the principal thing to which all your cares ought to refer. For how speaks our Saviour in His Gospel? 'What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?'[1] You ought, Madame, to render an account of your own actions, before entertaining me with those of others!"[2]

The advice was good, though the worthy Gabriel was evidently snappish; and Jeanne took it in good part.

Again some time afterwards, she opened the subject with her indomitable confessor.

"My Father," said Jeanne, "since I am now my own mistress, and free from those cares which rendered me a slave, I should be culpable of the most disgraceful of all cowardice, if I failed to respond to the grace of GOD, who has chosen me to establish in His Church an order of nuns, in honour of His most holy mother. Neither can I well defer the execution of this enterprise, since I have the necessary means to succeed therein, with the Divine assistance, wherein I trust!"

Père Gabriel appears to have been in a better temper on this occasion than the last. He replied,

[1] Mark viii. 36. [2] Vie Merveilleuse de Jeane de Valois.

"Madame, your desire is reasonable, and I think that it proceeds from the Spirit of GOD; but I foresee that this design will be crossed by insurmountable obstacles, because it has been determined at Rome no longer to admit or receive any new orders. Wherefore, in order to spare all that trouble, which probably would prove useless, it would be much more advisable to build a convent of the Order of St. Clara, like that of the Ave Maria at Paris, where the nuns would serve the holy Virgin."

"Father!" replied Jeanne, gravely, "if this be indeed the will of GOD, we must have no fear of difficulties! Beside, it is an unusual thing to stifle good designs in their birth; while, on the contrary, it is a strong proof that they are pleasing to GOD, when the devils, the enemies of His glory, attempt to destroy them."

Upon seeing the firm resolve of his royal mistress, Père Gabriel yielded to her, and even lent his assistance in furthering her cherished project. As soon as accommodation was provided for the reception of novices of the new order, Père Gabriel journeyed to Tours, to visit "a virtuous lady of the third Order of St. Francis," who brought up several girls in "high practices of

devotion."[1] The worthy priest made so moving an exhortation, that all the damsels at once decided to attach themselves to the new order. Their parents and relatives were not quite so easy to persuade, but their consent having been obtained "by the inspiration of Heaven,"[2] Père Gabriel returned to Bourges in triumph with the youthful votaries, arriving on the eve of the Ascension at the Faubourg de St. Sulpice, where they found the Duchess's coach[3] awaiting them. She herself received them in the grand hall of her Palace, "with every mark of tenderness and friendship."

Jeanne was now anxious to establish a rule for her new order. Père Gabriel had departed to look after his own flock in the wilderness of Aquitaine, when he received a message from the Duchess, requesting his attendance at Bourges. He obeyed at once; and on his arrival, she communicated her anxieties to him.

"Madame," replied he, "I have heard from

[1] Vie Merveilleuse de Jeane de Valois.—The third Order of St. Francis was instituted for those still (in monastic phraseology) "in the world," and necessitated no vow of seclusion. One of our Queens, Katherine of Aragon, was a member of it.

[2] Ibid.

[3] Jeanne's coach was probably one of the vehicles called *whirlicotes* in England, as coaches, properly so called, were not introduced until nearly a century after her death.

yourself the inspiration which you received from Heaven in your childhood, to establish a religious order in honour of the Virgin Mother of our adorable Saviour. Was it not also, at the same time, revealed to you, what constitutions were to be kept? I entreat you, in the name of GOD, and of the most holy Virgin, that you declare to me fully what has passed between GOD and you on this point!"

Jeanne was silent for an instant. Then she answered, rather timidly,

"I have informed you truly, Father, that at the age of five years I received this inspiration; but I never told you in what manner it was bestowed upon me. Well, then, I was assisting one day at the holy sacrifice[1], and I begged earnestly of the blessed Virgin, that she would give me the opportunity of rendering her some acceptable service, and that she would also deign to teach me the kind of life which I ought to choose for myself and my *religieuses*. At that instant, I was rapt in an ecstacy, and I heard these words from her lips: — 'Put into a rule all that you find written concerning me in the holy Gospel, and let it be approved by the Holy and Apostolic See. Know,

[1] The mass.

that this is the true means for you, and for all persons (who, after having made profession, retain it,) to please my Son and me, and to be tenderly beloved by both of us.' " [1]

Though the above seems to a Protestant little less than blasphemy, there can be no doubt that Jeanne seriously believed that this vision had been vouchsafed to her. Her extreme horror of anything like falsehood renders it unlikely that she should have imposed upon her confessor.

The answer of Père Gabriel brings us back to earth. The worthy priest appears to have had a great dread of trouble.

"Praise be to GOD Almighty and to His most holy mother!" replied he: "there is nothing more to be done than to carry out this command."

Père Gabriel's next act was to write to the King, requesting permission to build convents for nuns of Jeanne's new order all over the kingdom. Louis, who cared not a straw for either convents or confessors, sent him word that he might build as many as he pleased. The repudiated Queen undertook this portion of the affair, while Père Gabriel gravely sat down to what he probably considered a far more dreary and stupendous undertaking. The

[1] Vie Merveilleuse de Jeane de Valois.

worthy Gabriel perused the whole four Gospels, in order to find out everything therein written concerning the Virgin. Having achieved this unwonted labour, he set off to church with his little manuscript, and solemnly presented it to the aforesaid Virgin; and then, returning to the Palace, triumphantly detailed all his discoveries to the delighted Jeanne.

To get the rule approved by the Holy See was a more difficult matter. Père Guillaume Morin was chosen for this employment. The Pope received him kindly: but the Cardinals strongly opposed the foundation of any new order. The application, therefore, was refused; and Morin returned mournfully to France. To add to his misfortunes, he accidentally lost the rule on his way home; and did not dare to present himself before his royal mistress. The news of her disappointment, however, was brought to her: she bore it with her usual meekness.

"O Lord, Thy will be done!" said Jeanne; "righteous art Thou, and just are Thy judgments!"

Many condoled with the Duchess upon the overthrow of her hopes; but she only answered,

"My Saviour, and my good mistress the holy

Virgin, do not yet judge me worthy to give them this little mark of my zeal for their honour."

Père Gabriel came to her at once to comfort her.

"Madame," said he, "do not afflict yourself on account of the accident which has occurred, though it certainly is very annoying. He who has permitted this, in order to try your constancy, is so good as to restore to me the same lights, that I may make a second rule. And even though the Holy See has not been willing to receive it, God can, when it pleases Him, inspire the Sovereign Pontiff and the consistory of Cardinals with other thoughts. Ask Him earnestly for this, and be at peace!"[1]

What "lights" the good old priest could require in order to copy a few texts from the Gospels, is a mystery, unless he meant a pair of spectacles. However, "these words touched the heart of the Princess;"[2] and she begged him, with tears in her eyes, to do as he had suggested. She added, that she would be delighted if he would himself undertake the journey to Rome, in order to procure the

[1] Vie Merveilleuse de Jeane de Valois. [2] Ibid.

Pope's approbation of the rule, and also to obtain indulgences for those who should recite the ten *Ave Marias*, in memory of the ten principal virtues of the Virgin.[1] Thus entreated, Père Gabriel set to work again to read through the Gospels, which having done, and copied therefrom such passages as he saw fit, he set out for Rome.

Père Gabriel presented the petition of the Duchess de Berry again to Pope Alexander, begging him to confirm the order, and enlarging on the virtues of its royal foundress.

The Pope replied, that he was quite willing to grant the petition of so pious and excellent a Princess, but that he must be guided by the advice of the Cardinals, who on the former occasion would not give their consent to the foundation of a new order.

The petition was accordingly submitted again to the Sacred College, and again they rejected it. Alexander sent for Gabriel, and said that he was sorry they had arrived anew at this decision, but, as they said, so it must be, however he might personally regret his inability to gratify the pious and illustrious petitioner. The Pope further desired Gabriel to

[1] The ten virtues of the Virgin, so frequently mentioned in this memoir, were, — chastity, prudence, humility, faith, devotion, obedience, poverty, patience, charity, and grief (or compassion). The seventh and tenth are by no means uncommon *virtues*.

recommend to Jeanne, what the confessor himself had already suggested — that she should be content with building a convent under the superintendence of some order already in existence.

Père Gabriel sorrowfully retired from the presence of His Holiness, and returning to his lodging, spent the night in prayer. The fabric of Jeanne's hopes now seemed overthrown, when one of the Cardinals, more inclined to approve of the new order than his colleagues, opportunely got up a vision. On the following morning, as Père Gabriel was just concluding mass, a man presented himself, saying that he was the servant of Cardinal Jean Baptiste Ferrier, Bishop of Modena, who requested Père Gabriel to meet him immediately at St. Peter's. Gabriel at once departed, and on arriving at the church, he found the Cardinal, who said to him,

"Father, all this night I have been with St. Lawrence and St. Francis, who have appeared to me, and with you. These two saints have recommended to me the pious design which has brought you hither. I have therefore resolved to support it both by my own influence and that of my friends."

The Cardinal at once led Père Gabriel to the Pope, to whom he recounted his vision, and his representations, we are told, "made such an impres-

sion on the spirit of the Sovereign Pontiff"[1] and the Cardinals, that they all consented to approve the rule. Pope Alexander at once issued the Bull of confirmation, dated Feb. 14, 1501, which was subsequently approved by Leo X., on the 25th of July, 1517; each Pope according sundry indulgences and privileges to the members of the new order.

The Duchess Jeanne forthwith proceeded to erect her convent. She purchased a large plot of land at Bourges, and requested the Archbishop of Bourges, the Abbé of St. Sulpice, and Père Gabriel to assist her in laying the foundation. Many noblemen, gentlemen, and ladies of rank, were present at the laying of the foundation-stone; and during the process, hymns and psalms were sung in honour of the Virgin. Thus was erected the Convent of the Annunciation, to which Jeanne presented all her royal apparel, to make into vestments and coverings for the altar, and all her "jewels, vessels, and linen."[2] She insisted, however, that nothing in the edifice should have reference to herself, and would not even allow her arms to be sculptured in any part of it.

Towards the close of the following year, Jeanne and Gabriel resolved to admit sundry novices to "profession." Five were chosen: the conventual

[1] Vie Merveilleuse. [2] Ibid.

dresses were solemnly blessed by Père Gabriel, and the five novices, lying prostrate, requested that the garb of a nun might be bestowed on them. After having communicated, and heard an exhortation delivered by Père Gabriel, the novices again declared their desire to live and die in the order. Then the Princess Jeanne said to them,

"Beloved daughters, I freely grant you that which you have asked of me, and I entreat you to render yourselves worthy of so high a profession as this which you are about to take upon you. Always remember that you are the daughters of the most holy Virgin Mary, and that you should imitate her in all her actions, but most especially in the practice of the ten virtues which shone in her with so extraordinary a radiance, and which are, as it were, the foundations upon which this order is established."

"Having thus spoken," continues the *Vie Merveilleuse*, "she took them, one after another, and divested them of their secular dress, putting upon them the dress of the order, with a red scapulary[1], to represent to them the precious blood which the Son of God shed in His passion. Then she girded them with a cord, wherein were ten knots, in

[1] A scapulary is a square piece of cloth, worn either on the breast, or between the shoulders.

memory of the ten virtues of our Lady. She cut off their hair, and arranged it in a very simple manner, but very devout."[1]

It was not until Whit-Sunday, 1504, that Jeanne herself was solemnly professed as an *Ancelle* of her new order.[2] On the morning of that day, having heard mass and communicated, she quitted her Palace, accompanied by the Bishop of Alby, and a large assemblage of the nobility. After the introductory sermon, which was preached by Père Gabriel, Jeanne, kneeling before him in the choir of the church, took her conventual vow in these words.

"I promise and I vow to GOD Almighty, to the most glorious Virgin Mary, and to all the saints in Paradise[3], to keep throughout my life the three solemn religious vows, to wit, poverty, chastity, and obedience; and moreover, to observe the rule of the religion of the most holy Virgin Mary, the mother of GOD, and perpetual seclusion. In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost!"

[1] What may be signified by a devout manner of dressing hair, we are unfortunately not informed.

[2] The superior nuns of the order, in most other orders called *mothers*, Jeanne styled *ancelles*, or servants, on account of the Virgin, in her reply to the Angel, styling herself "the *handmaid* of the LORD."

[3] The original words here are, "à tous les saints et saintes en Paradis."

Père Gabriel then proclaimed in a loud voice, that "the Most Christian and most illustrious Queen, Jeanne de France, was the first professed nun[1] of the Order of the Virgin Mary, Mother of God!" He then proceeded to deliver an oration, inciting all the novices present to follow so illustrious an example.

It was six years since Jeanne had ceased to use the title of Queen of France; and she now laid aside that of Duchess de Berry, requesting herself to be styled simply "Sister Jeanne." From the day of her profession she returned no more to her Palace, nor ever quitted the walls of the convent, without the special permission of her confessor; which she never requested excepting on occasions of great importance, when her presence as Duchess was absolutely necessary; and even then, Jeanne never assumed her royal attire, but invariably appeared in her conventual habit.

On the day of the Purification, 1504, took place the profession of the remaining nuns. Jeanne, who had passed the whole of the preceding night in prayer, summoned her religious sisters to the chapel at a very early hour. At six o'clock Père Gabriel performed mass, and administered the communion;

[1] He must have meant first in rank, for, as we have seen, she was the sixth in chronological order.

after which the whole body of the nuns, preceded by the foundress and her confessor, marched in solemn procession to the choir of the church, singing the 114th Psalm. On arriving in the choir, Jeanne took her place before the altar, and the nuns knelt at her feet.

"My very dear and beloved daughters in JESUS CHRIST!" said the Princess, "in presence of this illustrious company, I offer to the most holy Trinity, and to the most sacred mother of my loving and adorable Saviour, and I consecrate to them, from the ground of my heart, all that is in me and of me, all my soul, all my body, and all my religious daughters, as well those who are at present, as those who shall be hereafter, of this order, with all the convents which shall be hereafter built; that GOD and His most blessed mother may be honoured, blessed, and loved, in them and by them!"

When Jeanne ceased speaking, the Archbishop of Bourges proceeded to celebrate the first high mass chanted in the Church of the Annunciation; accompanied by musical instruments and the voices of the choristers. The newly-professed nuns all communicated, and the ceremony closed with the archiepiscopal benediction.[1]

The eventful life of Jeanne de Valois was now

[1] Vie Merveilleuse.

fast drawing to its close. On Christmas Day she was as usual present in the chapel with the remainder of the nuns; and on the Feast of the Epiphany she paid a particular visit to them all, and gave to each of them ten pieces of gold, in memory of the ten virtues of the Virgin. On the 22nd of January, 1505, Jeanne paid her last visit to all her religious daughters. It lasted but a short time; for in the midst of it she was seized with violent pain, and retired, requesting them to pray for her. She quitted the church by a small door in the garden wall, reserved for her especial use; and as she passed through it, she said to those around her,

"Wall up this door,—for I shall never pass through it again!"

The next morning she found herself too ill to rise, and ordered information of her sickness to be given to her confessor and the nuns. Père Gabriel was instantly at her side; he confessed her and administered the sacrament to her. She begged him to take care of her nuns, and to exhort them ever to live in the entire and exact observance of their rule. Jeanne's illness increased from day to day, and on the first of February she was seized with incessant vomiting. She confessed again on

that day, but was too ill to communicate, which grieved her exceedingly. The nuns observed a "rigorous fast" on bread and water, accompanied with earnest prayer for her restoration to health. Her physicians confidently predicted her recovery; but she herself knew better.

When the 4th of February arrived, Jeanne begged Père Gabriel to quit her and take rest, as he had watched by her for a long time. The aged priest acceded to her request; and when he had left the room, she commanded the lights to be all extinguished, and her curtains drawn. A short time afterwards, one of her ladies gently approached the bed, and put her head between the curtains, when she saw (it is said) a brilliant light, hovering over the body of the dying Princess. As she gazed upon it, it went less and less, and at length was extinguished, at the moment that Jeanne drew her last breath. It is stated that a light appeared also on the summit of the convent, lasting a sufficient time to be observed by all the inhabitants of the city.[1]

So died Jeanne de Valois, Queen of France, Duchess of Orleans and Berry, at the Convent of

[1] Vie Merveilleuse.

the Annunciation at Bourges, in the night of the fourth of February, 1505, aged forty-one years.

She was buried in the chapel of her convent, opposite the high altar, in a vault closed in front by an iron lattice. Within the grating was a reclining statue of Jeanne, attired in the habit of her order, with a crucifix in her hand. There were originally pillars before the vault, supporting a wooden gallery; but the gallery was so much injured by the immense number of lighted candles which the inhabitants of Bourges burnt night and day before the grave of the Princess, that it was obliged to be taken down, when a stone gallery and pillars were substituted.

The following inscription in gold letters was placed upon Jeanne's tomb some time after her death.

"Underneath in this vault, was buried the body of the blessed Jeanne of France, daughter of King Louis XI., sister of King Charles VIII., and wife of King Louis XII., all Kings of France; Foundress of this Convent, and of the Order of Nuns of the Annunciation of the Virgin Mary (whose body, having long rested in this place, the heretics burned after having stabbed it, whence issued bright and red blood): very worthy of being invoked to obtain

favours from GOD, considering the miracles which are daily performed upon the sick who implore her with faith and devotion in this place." [1]

Poor Jeanne! It was ill-treating her memory, to cause her name to supersede the one Name of the one Mediator between GOD and man!

Some time after Jeanne's decease, her husband, Louis XII., travelled to Bourges. He requested to be shown the grave of his ill-requited Queen, at which he prayed long and fervently.[2]

The ill-usage of Jeanne's corpse, alluded to in the epitaph, took place in 1562, when (we are informed) "the impious heretics and sectaries of the perverse doctrine of Calvin, exercising their rage and cruelty against the sepulchres, ashes, and relics of the saints, throughout France, invaded the city of Bourges, and broke into the sepulchre of the blessed Jeanne de Valois. They dragged forth the sacred body from the vault where it lay, and the leaden coffin having been opened by the soldiers, they found the corpse as entire and as fresh as if it had been newly buried . . . The body was dressed in the religious habit of the Order of tho Annunciation, the hands joined, and a cushion

[1] Vie Merveilleuse.

[2] Miss Costello's Anne of Brittany.

underneath it . . . . The said soldiers desiring to remove the sacred body, a sigh came from the said body, heard not only by the aforesaid soldiers, but by many others, so that, being alarmed thereat, they took flight . . . . Other soldiers, of the company of Captain Blanchi, more barbarous and inhuman than the first, . . . drew the body from the coffin to burn it; and one of the aforesaid soldiers, in a rage, pierced it with a dagger, when at that moment there issued thence a quantity of blood . . . "[1] Whatever may be thought of the preceding extract, there can be no doubt that the corpse of Jeanne was burned by the Huguenots, along with those of St. Martin of Tours and St. François de Paul.

In 1664, an inquiry was issued concerning the canonization of Jeanne de Valois. Commissioners were appointed to examine into the claims of the deceased Princess to this honour. What were to be considered claims, however, form a singular list of instructions. The character of Jeanne was not once named therein: they were to inquire if her grave were held in estimation; if her image were accompanied by the usual attributes of a saint; if the people spoke of her as "Saint Jeanne," or "the

[1] Vie Merveilleuse.

blessed Jeanne;" if hymns had been sung in her honour; if her relics were worshipped; if her images, &c., had been ill-treated by heretics; if tapers, lamps, &c., were offered to her; if she had performed any miracles: — with many other queries of the like nature.

In the reply of the Commissioners, among many other particulars which it would only be wearisome to recapitulate, we find that the relics of Jeanne worshipped in 1664, were her hair vest, her cross with silver nails, her "discipline" — doubtless some instrument of torture — her girdle, and her *dizain*, or rosary divided into ten courses, probably in illustration of the ten virtues of the Virgin so frequently before named. The canonization, nevertheless, was not proceeded with.

Such is the last record concerning the meek and pious, though misled, Jeanne de Valois, Queen of France. For many years after her decease, an annual funeral sermon was preached for her. One of these discourses contained the following quaint words, and with them I close her memoir. "She was so plain, that she was repudiated by her husband; she was so beautiful, that she became the spouse of JESUS CHRIST!"

The Broken Heart.

JUANA,

QUEEN OF SPAIN.

She hath lived—she hath loved—her task is done!

MRS. HEMANS.

JUANA,

QUEEN OF SPAIN.

Her Birth. — Education. — Isabel of Castilla. — Juana's Hand demanded for Philip of Austria. — Juana not handsome. — Philip's Dislike of her. — She sails to Flanders. — Met by Princess Marguerite. — Meets Philip at Lière. — Marriage of Philip and Juana. — Death of Prince Juan. — Juana travels to Spain. — Returns to Flanders. — Birth of Princess Leonor. — Birth of Charles V. — Philip's Journey to Calais. — Birth of Princess Isabel. — Juana's Claim to the Throne of Aragon. — Philip and Juana travel to Blois. — Their Reception by Louis XII. — Juana visits the Queen. — Anne of Beaujeu. — The Queen's Presents to Juana. — Contract of Marriage between Charles V. and Claude of France. — Philip and Juana quit Blois. — Their Journey to Spain. — Illness of Philip. — They enter Toledo in State. — Cortes swear Allegiance to Juana. — She takes an Oath to preserve the Privileges of the Kingdom of Aragon. — First Traces of Insanity in Juana. — Philip leaves her in Spain. — Birth of her Son Ferdinand. — Juana attempts to return to Flanders. — Queen Isabel summoned to detain her. — Dangerous Illness of Juana. — She recovers her Reason. — Returns to Flanders. — Death of her Mother. — Juana proclaimed Queen of Castilla. — Appoints her Father Regent. — Anger of Philip. — Birth of Princess Maria. — Philip and Juana set out for Spain. — Thrown on the Coast of England. — Entertained at Wolveton. — Philip departs to Windsor. — Juana's Presents to Sir Thomas Trenchard. — She rejoins her Husband at Windsor. — Juana returns to the Coast. — Philip remains at Richmond. — Rejoins Juana. — Journey to Spain. — Illness of Philip. — His Death. — Return of Juana's Insanity. — She refuses to believe the Death of her Husband. — Watches his Corpse

Night and Day. — Juana repairs to Miraflora. — Opens the Coffin of her Husband. — Returns to Burgos. — Birth of Princess Catalina. — Increase of Juana's Malady. — Funeral of Philip. — The King of England and Count de Foix solicit the Hand of Juana. — Letters from Katherine of Aragon to her Father. — Death of Fernando King of Aragon. — Juana Queen of Spain. — Refuses to name a Regent. — Cortes vote the Throne vacant. — Charles V. succeeds. — Coronation of Charles and Juana. — The Queen confined at Tordesillas. — Neglected by her Children. — Her Occupations. — Visited by Padilla. — Return of her Reason. — Present at a Tournament. — Refuses to sign Articles presented by Padilla. — Final Return of Insanity. — Count of Garo recovers Possession of the Queen. — Juana's Jealousy of her royal Prerogative being invaded. — Her Death and Burial. — Leonor. — Isabel. — Maria. — Catalina. — Ferdinand inherits his Mother's Weakness of Intellect. — Charles V. — Juana's Insanity hereditary in her Descendants. — Her Device and Legend.

THE feeling commonly exhibited by historians towards this ill-fated Princess, appears to partake, in general, more of contempt than pity. Her fervent, ceaseless, all-enduring love, is no subject of admiration to them. The opinion held concerning her by him on whom she wasted the affections of her warm heart, is shared by posterity. Contempt was her sad lot during her life; contempt is her portion in her grave.

Juana *la Loca*[1], as her countrymen term her, was the third child, and second daughter, of Fernando King of Aragon, and Isabel Queen of Castilla. She

[1] The Foolish.

was born at Toledo, on the 6th of November, 1479.[1] She received a learned education, though her progress must have suffered from the constant interruptions to which her studies were subjected; for Queen Isabel never remained long in one place, and her children accompanied her wherever she went — now to Toledo, now to Madrigal, now to her early home at Valladolid. Even in the camp they were with her; and on one occasion, when the Queen's tent took fire before Granada, the little Infantas very nearly perished in the flames.

The character of Isabel the Catholic appears to me to be generally over-estimated. There can be no doubt that she was very clever, and possessed of much tact and ability; but it ought never to be forgotten that it is to her misdirected zeal that Spain owes that terrible scourge, the Inquisition. The feeling of the Queen's children towards her, was rather one of fear, than love. Where authority is required, we find Isabel exerting it; but when the Prince and the Infantas wish for sympathy, it is always Fernando to whom they appeal.[2] Fernando

[1] She appears to have been baptized Juana, after her grand mother (mother of Fernando) the celebrated Juana Henriquez, Queen of Aragon, surnamed *the Royal Lioness.*

[2] In one instance — that of Katherine of Aragon — the appeal, indeed, was disregarded: but Fernando was then an old man, and

was the more amiable of the royal pair, but he was also the weaker in character, and the more unstable in principle; and though his children may have loved him better than their mother, they could not respect him much. Under the eyes of these parents grew up the young Juana, with her eldest sister, the pretty, weak-minded, good-natured Isabel [1], and her brother, the able, amiable, generous Juan.[2] This was the age of severe loftiness on the part of the parent, and of submissive distance on the part of the child. Though Queen Isabel unquestionably loved her children, she never succeeded in gaining their affections. The distance at which they were kept, especially pained the warm-hearted Juana. She wanted something to love — not with the timid deference with which alone she was permitted to approach her parents, but with the whole warm affection of her heart. Her wish was fulfilled, and proved her misery.

The Infanta Juana was seventeen years of age, when the Emperor Maximilian I. demanded her

governed by advisers inimical to the interests of his youngest daughter.

[1] Isabel, born at Valladolid, on the 2nd of Oct., 1470, married 1497, Manoel King of Portugal, and died in the following year.

[2] Juan was born at Sevilla, on the 30th of June, 1478; died at Salamanca, Oct. 4, 1497.

hand for his son, Philip the Fair.[1] Philip was now eighteen years of age, remarkably handsome, with regular features, long flowing hair, and full Burgundian lips; "a man of stature convenient, of countenance amiable, of bodie somewhat grosse."[2] Whatever Philip's countenance might be, his character was by no means amiable. He was frivolous, thoughtless, intensely selfish, and not often in a good temper. The last-named virtue was particularly lacking when informed by his father of the wife whom he was destined to espouse. Philip had set his heart on wedding a Princess as beautiful as himself; and the report which reached him concerning the features of the Infanta was very displeasing to him. The report was true. Juana was not ugly, but she was very far from beautiful. She was, like her mother, fair-complexioned, with light auburn hair, and blue eyes; but her features were rather too large, her eyebrows bushy and overhanging, her lips slightly projected, the upper one being more prominent than the lower, imparting to the countenance a sullen and unpleasing expression.

[1] Philip the Fair was the eldest son of Maximilian and Marie Duchess of Burgundy; born at Bruges, June, 23, 1478; died at Burgos, Sept. 25, 1506.

[2] Holinshed.

Notwithstanding the extreme disapprobation evinced by his son, the Emperor concluded the marriage-treaty between Philip and the Infanta. The displeased Archduke declined putting himself to the inconvenience of journeying to meet his bride, who accordingly travelled to Flanders to meet him. The Infanta landed in Flanders on the 20th of September, 1496, having been escorted from Spain by 350 ships. When she had rested for a few days after her voyage—Philip still declining to stir—she continued her journey to Antwerp, and thence to Namur, where she was met by her new sister-in-law, the Princess Marguerite, who was engaged to her brother Juan. In Marguerite's company Juana proceeded to Lière, where her discontented *fiancé* was residing. When Philip and Juana were at length introduced to each other, after the first glance at his bride, the Archduke turned away with a scornful and dissatisfied air; her appearance did not please him. At the same moment there sprang up in the warm heart of the young Infanta a love that bore with all his coldness, forgave all his injuries, and ended only when she closed her eyes in death.

The Archduke and Infanta were married at Lière, by Henri de Bergues, Archbishop of Cambray, on

the 21st of October, 1496; and afterwards, with more pomp and splendour, the ceremony was repeated at Brussels.

Scarcely twelve months had elapsed after her marriage, when the death of her beloved brother Juan summoned Juana to Spain. She returned to Flanders some time in the following year; for her eldest child was born at Louvain, on the 14th of November, 1498. The infant Princess was named after her great-grandmother, the Empress Leonor of Portugal; she subsequently became Queen of Portugal and France. Juana's second child, the great Emperor Charles V., made his entrance into the world, somewhat unexpectedly, at Ghent, on the 24th of February, 1500. In the course of the last-named year, Philip visited Calais, where he was a guest of the King and Queen of England.[1] Juana evidently remained at home, as no mention of her is made in the preparations for Philip's reception. The third child of the Archduchess, named Isabel after Juana's mother, the Castilian Queen, was born at Brussels, on the 8th of July, 1501.

About November in that year, Juana's parents thought it advisable that she should repair to Spain, to be formally acknowledged heiress of Aragon and

[1] Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York.

Castilla. She was now their eldest surviving child, Juan having died without issue, and Isabel, Queen of Portugal, the elder sister, leaving behind her only an infant son, who did not survive her many months. The solemn acknowledgment of Juana, however, as heiress of Aragon, was rather a difficult matter. The Aragonese constitution recognised the Salique law, yet, as it was through two heiresses that the crown of that country had descended to Fernando himself, they scarcely could refuse to recognise his daughter. The Cortes and populace of Aragon were exceedingly annoyed at the discovery that the admission of the right of Fernando to their crown, conveyed 350 years before through Queen Petronila[1], and later through the Princess Leonor, Queen of Castilla[2], involved also the recognition of Juana as its heiress. There was, however, no alternative; they could not bear the thought of casting off their favourite and popular King, and therefore they were compelled to swear allegiance to the Infanta. Juana's claim to the crown of Castilla involved no such difficulty, as that country had always recognised

[1] Only child of Ramiro II. and Agnès of Aquitaine; born 1136; ascended the throne 1137; married Raymond Count of Barcelona; died 1173.

[2] Daughter of Pedro IV. King of Aragon, and Leonor of Sicily; wife of Juan I. King of Castilla.

the right of heiresses to the crown, which was at that moment vested in a Queen, and had descended to her from Constance of Castilla[1] and Katherine of Lancaster, the latter of whom obstinately asserted her independent right to the throne, by invariably signing herself, "Yo sin ventura Reyna."[2]

Juana left her children at Malînes, under the care of Margaret of York, Duchess of Burgundy[3], the widow of her husband's grandfather, Charles the Bold. The Archduke and Archduchess, setting out from Brussels, travelled, in rather a leisurely way, through Noyon, St. Quentin, Compiègne, Senlis, St. Denis, Paris, and Orleans, to Blois, where the King of France had requested the royal travellers to visit him on their journey. They arrived at this place in the evening of the 7th of December. The Archduchess was mounted on a beautiful palfrey, entirely covered with crimson velvet. She was followed by the ladies of her Court, who rode horses caparisoned with black velvet. Juana was accompanied by the Duchess de Vendôme[4], whom the King

[1] See the memoir of Constance of Castilla.

[2] *i. e.* "I, not by fortune Queen."

[3] Youngest daughter of Richard Duke of York, and Cicely Neville; sister of King Edward IV.

[4] The actual Duchess de Vendôme, in 1501, was Françoise, eldest daughter of René, Duke d'Alençon, and Marguerite of Lorraine, who

had sent to meet her on the frontier. Behind the royal train followed upwards of six hundred horses, drawing the baggage-waggons, or bearing litters for the use of the ladies. It was not until night that the long procession wound up the steep hill on the summit of which stood the royal Castle of Blois; and on each side of the street, the houses were rudely illuminated by wax torches fastened to the wall. The crowd of spectators was so great, that the attendants of the Archduchess and her consort became mixed with them, and even the royal pair themselves were separated by the mass of curious persons pressing in between them. Philip accordingly arrived first at the Castle, without troubling himself to look back to see what had become of his wife. A double row of archers of the royal guard environed him, attired in gilded armour, and he mounted the stairs between two rows of Swiss guards. At the head of the grand staircase were four hundred more archers, who received and conducted the Prince through the antechamber, into the presence of the "Most Christian King."

married Charles Duke de Vendôme. The Duchess Dowager, wife of Duke François, was Marie, daughter of Pierre Count of St. Pol, Lady of Enghien and Condé. It was probably the former of these ladies who received Juana on the frontier.

Louis XII. sat by the fire in a chair of state richly carved, on a dais covered with a velvet carpet. Behind the King stood the Count of Angoulême, heir presumptive to the crown (afterwards Francis I.) and the Cardinal d'Amboise. The Grand Master of the Ceremonies (the Count de Brienne), stepping forward, announced the arrival of the Archduke. Thereupon followed a scene of most rigid etiquette, which was absolutely necessary before the two royal personages could approach each other.

"Sire," said the Count, removing his cap, "here is the Archduke."

Louis, with a smile, replied, "There is a handsome Prince."

The King then rose, and advanced "by short steps" towards the Archduke, who, the moment His Majesty quitted his chair, made a very low bow. At Philip's second bow, Louis doffed his cap; at the third, he advanced and embraced his guest. His Majesty then resumed his cap, and began to converse with the Archduke in a low tone. Observing that Philip remained bare-headed, he requested him to be covered.

"No, Sire," replied Philip, "it is not becoming in me."

While Philip was making his reverences in the

saloon, Juana arrived at the door, where she was received by several ladies of rank appointed for the purpose. These ladies conducted the Archduchess to the King's apartment, enquiring by the way if it were her gracious pleasure to bestow a kiss upon His Majesty. Juana turned to the Bishop of Cordova, her confessor, and desired his permission to conform to the customs of France in this particular. This being granted, she entered the saloon; upon which the King instantly ceased his conversation with her husband, and advanced to meet her; so that she had only time to make two very low courtesys, before the King, doffing his cap, kissed her, and drawing her arm within his own, led her to the chair prepared for her at the upper end of the saloon, where the Archduke and the Count d'Angoulême were standing, the latter of whom Juana also kissed.

"I know very well, Madame," said the King, smiling, "that you ladies desire nothing better than to be alone together; wherefore I pray you to visit the Queen, and leave us cavaliers to ourselves."

Juana rose from her seat, and the ladies conducted her to the apartment where the Queen, like her lord, was seated by the fire; behind her chair stood

the Duchess of Orleans[1], the Countess d'Angoulême[2], the Countess Dunois[3], and Mademoiselle de Foix.[4] Queen Anne rose to receive the Archduchess, who was led in by the Duchess de Bourbon. Juana "did her honour, but only by bowing the knee, while Madame de Bourbon courtesyed to the ground."[5] The Duchess de Bourbon, who thus "courtesyed to the ground" before Anne of Bretagne, was no other than the ex-Regent of France, the favourite daughter of Louis XI., the haughty and arrogant Anne of Beaujeu, who had once held the reigning King a prisoner in the Great Tower of Bourges. So low had this proud daughter of France fallen!

The Queen advanced to meet Juana, "kissed her and welcomed her with great warmth, assuring her that her coming gave her extreme satisfaction."[6] The Archduchess then kissed the four ladies who

[1] I cannot imagine who could bear this title in 1501. The King's mother, Marie of Cleve, Duchess of Orleans, had been dead many years; the divorced Queen, Jeanne de Valois, was the only person who could rightfully claim it, and there is no record of her ever having been styled Duchess of Orleans after the accession of Louis, or ever having been present at Court after her repudiation.

[2] Louise de Savoie, widow of Charles Count of Angoulême.

[3] Agnèse of Savoy, married 1466 Louis Count Dunois; aunt of the Countess d'Angoulême.

[4] Germaine de Foix, daughter of King Louis's sister Marie, and subsequently wife of Juana's father, Fernando King of Aragon.

[5] Miss Costello's Anne of Brittany. [6] Ibid.

stood behind the royal chair, and was about to do the same to all the ladies of honour, who were standing round the room, had not the Duchess de Bourbon deterred her by remarking,

"You will never have done, Madame, there are so many!"

Juana then passed before the Queen, bowing as she did so, and was led to the apartment prepared for her. But she was not permitted to rest even there. The tired Princess had to receive a complete procession of presents, headed by one of the *maîtres-d'-hôtel*, who was followed by six little pages, "dressed in yellow damask bordered with crimson velvet, each holding a golden chandelier, containing a taper of virgin wax; then came Madame de Bourbon, carrying a large golden box, full of several other boxes of sweetmeats; then followed Madame D'Angoulême, carrying another box full of napkins; then Madame de Nevers, with a golden box full of knives and forks, which had golden handles; then the Duchess de Valentinois[1] and Mademoiselle de Foix, holding each a comfit-box in her hand, filled with divers comfits, one of which was marvellously fine, of silver gilt, and so long that it reached from

[1] Charlotte of Navarre, wife of Cæsar Borgia, Duke de Valentinois.

the hand to the ground. Afterwards came five or six gentlemen, holding each two golden pots quite full of sweetmeats; and then came the Queen's apothecary [a desirable personage after so many sweetmeats], who held a golden candlestick, with a wax taper." [1]

After this very sweet ceremony came another, all the necessaries of the toilet being brought by a second procession. First came sundry warming-pans; then the *tapissiers* of the Court, carrying a large coffer covered with velvet, which held four looking-glasses in silver-gilt frames, three basins, three candlesticks, three pairs of brushes, their handles covered with crimson velvet, three velvet cases full of combs, a footcloth of *toile de Hollande*, and a cover for the toilet-table.[2] After all these stiff ceremonies were over, which was not until rather late, the poor Archduchess was permitted to lay her wearied head on her pillow.

Philip and Juana remained for ten days at Blois, in the course of which a matrimonial engagement (never destined to be accomplished) was arranged between Juana's infant son Charles, not quite two years old, and Louis XII.'s only daughter [3],

[1] Miss Costello's Anne of Brittany. [2] Ibid.

[3] His second daughter, Renée, afterwards Duchess of Ferrara, was not born at this time.

the Princess Claude, who had attained the more mature age of two years and a half. The Archduchess presented a rich diamond to her little daughter-in-law elect. During the stay of the royal pair at Blois, Louis XII. entertained them with sundry tournaments and other exhibitions. About the 18th of December, Philip and Juana set out from Blois, accompanied by the King as far as Amboise, where he took leave of them. From Amboise they proceeded to Tours, Poitiers, and Cognac. The year 1502 had commenced when the royal travellers crossed the Garonne, and journeyed by Châtillon, Cadillac, and Libourne, to Acqs, where they were met by the King and Queen of Navarre. They continued their journey through Bayonne to St. Jean de Luz, where the Commander of St. James came to meet them, accompanied by his son. The Constable of Castilla now appeared, and at his own expense, conducted the heiress of the realm and her consort to Fontarabia, Riva, Victoria, Miranda, and Burgos. At Valladolid they were met by the Duke de Najara, with a long procession of clergy and laity, among whom appeared the Cortes with the President. The journey was continued, by Medina and Segovia, towards Toledo. On the 30th of April, at Ollies, a short distance

from Toledo, the sudden illness of Philip necessitated delay. His malady proved to be the small-pox, and not one of his attendants would wait upon him in that dreaded disease. Juana alone braved the danger, nursed him, and remained with him through it all. The Archduke was not long ill, for by the 7th of May he was able to proceed to Toledo with Juana. Half a league from the town they were met by Juana's father, the King of Aragon, accompanied by six thousand men. Juana entered the gate of the city under a canopy of cloth of gold, having Fernando on her right hand, and Philip on her left. They proceeded to the Cathedral, and thence to the Palace. "In the great hall of the Palace, Queen Isabel was seated on her throne, very richly [arrayed], in the midst of the Princesses and grandees of Spain. As soon as the Archduchess had stepped into the hall, the Queen rose from her chair, and went to receive her, with all sorts of caresses."[1] The King, Queen, Archduke, and Archduchess, dined together in the Palace hall.

On the 22nd of June, the Cortes assembled, and all the members swore fidelity to Juana and

[1] Eloges et Vies des Princesses et Dames Illustres, by Père Hilarion de Coste.

her husband; and on the 17th of October, Philip and Juana travelled by Medina Celi to Saragoça, where the latter took an oath to preserve all the privileges of the kingdom of Aragon. This ceremony over, they returned to Toledo.

A dark and heavy cloud was now hovering over the Archduchess Juana. We must go far back to trace its origin.

The ancient Royal House of Navarre was afflicted by that terrible scourge, insanity. The last heiress of that House—Blanca of Navarre, Countess of Champagne — carried it into the family of Champagne; thence it passed — through the second heiress, Jeanne Queen of Navarre and France — to France; from France the Princess Isabelle, by marrying Edward II., conveyed it to England; thence it came, through Phillippa of Lancaster, to Portugal; and a Princess of Portugal — Isabel of Avis — who married Juan II. King of Castilla, brought into that Royal Family the fearful hereditary disease. Isabel of Avis died raving mad. In her daughter, Isabel the Catholic, there was not a trace of the malady in question. It passed over her, to reappear in her children. Her son Juan and her younger daughters, Maria Queen of Portugal and Catalina Queen of England, escaped it alto-

gether; but her eldest daughter, Isabel Queen of Portugal, was weak in intellect, though by no means sufficiently so to be called insane; and the hereditary taint was now destined to revive, with terrible force, in the person of the hapless heiress, Juana.

The first symptoms of insanity displayed by the unfortunate Princess were moody silence, and a kind of gentle obstinacy. She took no interest in anything but Philip; he was all in all to her; and had he only devoted himself to the task, who knows but that the terrible gloom which was slowly darkening her once brilliant intellect might have been at least averted for a time by his means? Alas! Philip only hated his gentle and devoted wife the more for the sorrow which had come upon her. On the 23rd of December, the Archduke suddenly declared his intention of going back to Flanders. In vain both the King and Queen entreated him not to add to Juana's affliction a bitterer pang than all, by leaving her at such a moment — for the state of her health precluded her from accompanying him. In vain Juana herself entreated him at least to delay his journey only for three days, that he might keep Christmas with her. The inexorable Philip doggedly declared that he was going home, and

she might take it as she liked. And he went. When this one ray of sunshine in her darkened life was removed from the ill-fated Princess, she seemed to care for nothing. Vainly were all appliances resorted to that might interest or amuse her. She sat all day long gazing on the floor, never raising her eyes, nor speaking a word. Even the mention of her children, left behind in Flanders, failed to draw any response from the chilled heart of the mother. At length this monotonous and moody life was broken by the birth of her son Ferdinand, on the 10th of March: — broken, however, only for a moment. The Archduchess refused to take the slightest notice of her infant boy.

One morning when she was left alone, she rose from her sick bed, folded a mantle round her, and with this slight protection, went out into the chill morning air, and presenting herself at the principal gate of the city, requested that it might be opened to her, that she might go home. The custodians of the gate were terrified, and could not determine whether to obey her command or not. At length they resolved to send a messenger privately to Segovia, where the Queen then was, with an entreaty for orders how to proceed in such puzzling circumstances. During the absence of the messenger, they

endeavoured gently to persuade the Archduchess to return to the Palace. Nothing could turn Juana from her purpose. To every entreaty that was made to her to depart, she only replied by the piteous request that they would open the gate, and let her go home to Philip!

At length the messenger returned with efficient aid, for he was accompanied by no less a person than the Catholic Queen herself. Isabel's firmness melted away, as she caught sight of the figure of the invalid Archduchess, wrapped up in her mantle, standing before the gate in that cutting March wind, and addressing to her the sad petition which she had preferred to so many before. The Queen spoke with more gentleness than was her wont, as she requested her unfortunate daughter to return home; and a strange, softened expression came over her cold blue eyes. Juana was inflexible. She had no ear, no eyes, no thought for anything but Philip. Isabel appealed to her sense of propriety — to her rank — to her health — to her maternal love; but she appealed to all in vain. Still Juana moved not; and whenever the Queen ceased speaking, the poor Princess repeated her touching entreaty. Then Isabel spoke more sternly. She had condescended to beseech her daughter to return

— an unusual thing with her, — and having besought in vain, she now resorted to her customary mode of speech — command. Juana shrank from the fixed look of her mother's keen eyes. The love of Philip yielded, though slowly, to the fear of Isabel; and the Archduchess silently permitted the Queen to lead her away from the gate to her own apartments. A severe illness was the result of Juana's exposure to the raw morning air; but from that illness she recovered, not only physically, but mentally. The early brilliance of her intellect was gone; but her speech and behaviour, after her convalescence, recovered their natural propriety, and became perfectly rational.

As soon as Juana was able to travel, her long-cherished wish was accomplished, and she journeyed to Flanders to rejoin Philip, who received her with the most provoking indifference. The next event of Juana's life was a mournful one. Isabel the Catholic departed this life at Medina del Campo, on Tuesday, Nov. 26, 1504, in the 54th year of her age; and was interred in the Cathedral of Granada, being the first Christian Sovereign who received that honour. Little reason as she had ever given her children to love her, the warm-hearted Juana mourned deeply for her. On the 16th of January, 1505, we

find the Archduchess celebrating her mother's obsequies in the Cathedral of St. Gudule, Brussels. At the close of the service, a herald exclaimed with a loud voice,

"Long live Philip and Juana, King and Queen of Castilla, Leon, and Granada!"

Juana did not take formal possession of this, her maternal inheritance, until the following year. Instead of taking the government upon herself, she sent a duly executed legal instrument to her father, empowering him to administer the affairs of her kingdom in her name. Philip was excessively angry when he heard that the Queen had appointed her father Regent. He locked her up in her bedroom, and strictly forbade that any of her Spanish servants should be allowed access to her presence. The Spaniards were very anxious that Juana should have come to Castilla at once, as she was greatly beloved by them; but their desire for the presence of Philip was extremely slight.[1]

On the 17th of September, 1505, Juana gave birth to her fifth child at Brussels. The royal infant received the name of Marie, after Philip's mother, Marie Duchess of Burgundy.

[1] Lord Bacon's Henry VII.

On the 4th of January, 1506, Philip, who had recovered his good-humour, such as it was, condescended to accompany his royal consort on her journey to Spain. Their sea-voyage was very stormy, and the winds and waves, instead of landing them in Navarre, threw them on the coast of England. They landed at Weymouth, and took refuge with Sir Thomas Trenchard at his mansion of Wolveton. Juana had suffered so much from sea-sickness, that she was incapable of proceeding further; but Philip, whom concern for his wife's health or happiness was far too slight a consideration to detain at Wolveton, left her to the care of her new friends, and departed to Windsor, where the English Court then was. Two hours after the arrival of Philip at Windsor, the Princess of Wales[1] and her suit reached the Castle. On Sunday, the 1st of February, King Henry sent to Philip's apartments, to inquire if he had any curiosity to "see the ladies dance for a pastime" — not a very sabbatical pastime. This invitation having been accepted by Philip, "when the King [of England] heard that the King of Castile was coming, he went to the door of the great chamber and there received him, and desired him to take him by the arm, or else the King of Castile

[1] Catalina, Juana's youngest sister.

would not have taken so much upon him, but by the King's desire; and so both together went through that chamber, the King's dining-chamber, and from thence to an inner chamber, where was my Lady Princess [of Wales], and my Lady Mary the King's daughter [1], and divers other ladies. And after the King of Castile had kissed them and communed with them, and communed awhile with the King and the ladies all, they came into the King's dining-chamber, where danced my Lady Princess, and a Spanish lady with her in Spanish array; and after she had danced two or three dances she left, and then danced my Lady Mary and an English lady with her; and ever anon the Lady Princess desired the King of Castile to dance, which, after that he had excused him once or twice, answered that he was a mariner, 'and yet,' said he, 'you would cause me to dance!'—and so he danced not, but communed still with the King. And after that my Lady Mary had danced two or three dances, she went and sat by my Lady Princess on the end of the carpet, which was under the cloth of estate, and near where the King and the King of Castile stood." [2] The Archbishop of Canterbury interrupted the dancing by summoning the royal

[1] Afterwards Queen of France, and Duchess of Suffolk.

[2] Cotton. MS. Vesp. c. xii. fol. 236, et seq.

party to evensong, and Henry and Philip departed arm-in-arm. While waiting for his wife, Philip beguiled his leisure by receiving the Order of the Garter, with all due ceremonies. Queen Juana soon recovered sufficiently to be able to follow her husband to Court. On her departure from Wolveton, she presented to her kind host portraits of herself and Philip, and "a white china bowl, on a foot bound with silver,"[1] as memorials of her visit. "On Tuesday, the 10th of the said month [February], the Queen of Castile came to the said Castle of Windsor, accompanied, besides her own servants, with the Earl of Arundel, the Lord St. Amand, the Lord Mountjoy, and divers other gentlemen, which by the King's commandment had attended afore upon her by the space of . . . [blank in MS.] . . and they entered by the little park, and secretly came to the back side of the Castle, unto the King's new tower; where at the stair foot the King met with her, and kissed and embraced her, howbeit that the King of Castile that then was there present with the King, had divers times before desired the King's Highness for to have remained in his own lodging, and not to have taken the pains to have gone so far. And after that the King had welcomed her, my Lady

[1] Chronicle of Calais, p. 5. note.

Princess her sister, my Lady Mary the King's daughter, having many ladies and gentlemen attending upon them, welcomed her; and so all together went up into the King of Castile's lodgings. And in the outer chamber the King departed from her; and the King of Castile conveyed the King to his lodging, and so at that time departed."[1] The following day was occupied by Henry and Philip in an examination of their genealogies, to see how "near of kin" they were to each other. The relationship was very remote, Henry's great-grandfather, John Duke of Somerset, having been the illegitimate brother of Philip's great-great-grandmother, Philippa of Lancaster, Queen of Portugal. There was another, though more remote, connection, through Jeanne of Burgundy, Queen of France. The same day, the Princess of Wales and the Princess Mary left Windsor for Richmond. On the following day, Thursday, the 12th of February, King Henry also departed, leaving Philip and Juana alone in the grand old Castle. Their Castilian Majesties quitted Windsor on the 14th, Juana travelling in the handsome litter of the deceased Queen of England, the good and gentle Elizabeth of York. She journeyed slowly towards the coast, sleeping the first night

[1] Cotton. MS. Vesp. c. xii. fol. 236, et seq.

at Reading; while Philip followed the English Court to Richmond, which he admired so greatly, that he remained there until the 23rd of February, amusing himself to his heart's content, and keeping Her Majesty of Castilla waiting, very patiently, on the coast, until he should choose to appear. For more than a month after Philip did appear at Plymouth, the royal travellers were kept, wind-bound, in the harbour. They arrived at Burgos in the end of August.

No sooner had Philip reached Castilla, than, with refined cruelty, desiring to govern that country himself, and taking advantage of her attack of insanity in 1503, he deliberately appealed to the Cortes, declaring the Queen insane, and asserting that it was absolutely necessary to keep her under restraint. The Cortes, instead of acceding to Philip's application, immediately repaired to visit Juana, and judge for themselves concerning her sanity. They found her perfectly composed and rational, as she had been since her first attack. "Their report raised the indignation of the Castilians to its utmost height, and a rebellion seemed upon the point of breaking out,"[1] when an unexpected event occurred to stop it.

[1] History of Spain and Portugal.

Philip, after throwing himself into profuse perspiration by playing at tennis on a hot day, drank large draughts of cold water to cool himself. The natural result of this indiscretion was a violent fever; so violent, that Philip felt certain that his last hour was at hand. He received the sacrament, and made his will; and on the 25th of September, 1506, Philip the Fair expired at Burgos, in the 29th year of his age.

Juana was seated by the side of her husband when he died, having nursed him through the whole course of his fatal sickness, and, with a strange obstinacy which reminded those present of her former attack of insanity, permitting no one but herself to enter the apartment. Her attendants soon discovered that her terrible malady had indeed revived in all its former strength. No statement could induce her to credit the reality of the dread presence of death. To all assurances that Philip was no more, she replied, in a hushed tone, that he was only sleeping, and that he would wake when the morning came; and a brilliant light gleamed in her soft blue eyes as she added, that when he should awake, he would love her as she loved him!

Attendant ladies, physicians, nurses—all vied with each other in endeavouring to awaken a sense

of her loss in the darkened mind of the Queen. The more they tried to persuade her of the fact of Philip's death, the more firmly she refused to admit it.

"Fairest and stateliest of the earth! Who spake of death for *thee?*" [1]

Juana permitted the corpse to be placed in a coffin; but nothing could induce her to allow the coffin to be buried, nor draw her away from her post at the side of her dead husband. Some time before, a monk had related to the Queen a legendary tale of a King who awoke after a burial of fourteen years; and so vividly had the legend been impressed on her diseased imagination, that she firmly believed that such would be the case with Philip. All day long she sat by the bed whereon the corpse lay, removed from the coffin, and decked out in regal splendour,—all day long she sat there, watching for the slightest motion or pulsation that should announce that approach of life in which she so fondly believed. Her children were brought to her, but she took no notice of them. Every now and then she would rise, and step softly to the bed, and remove the silken pall which covered the face of the dead,

[1] Mrs. Hemans.

and after listening and gazing intently for some minutes, replace the covering with a sigh, saying, "Not yet!"

Towards the close of October, the Queen intimated her intention of passing the Feast of All Saints at Miraflora. She travelled in a splendid procession, the coffin of her husband being borne immediately before her litter, under her own eye. On her arrival at the Carthusian Convent, she ordered the coffin to be opened, and gazed for a long time on his still cold face, without a tear. The tears of Juana *la Loca* were dried up for ever. She spent the 2nd and 3rd of November at Miraflora, and then returned to Burgos, as she had come.

The youngest child of Juana was born at Burgos, on the 7th of November, 1506, six weeks after Philip's death. The Queen's insanity exhibited itself in a peculiar form on this occasion. She obstinately refused any assistance whatever from physician, nurse, or any person not of her own household. Her *accouchement* took place, assisted only by her attendant ladies, in the room which still contained the coffin of her beloved Philip. Under these sombre circumstances a little Princess made her appearance in the world. She was named Catalina, after her aunt, the Princess of Wales.

After the birth of her daughter, Queen Juana fell into a state of more hopeless insanity than before. She made no further objection to the burial of her husband. His body was interred at Granada, by the side of Queen Isabel; but his heart was buried at Bruges, in the grave of his mother.

The ill-fated Queen neither knew nor cared about the efforts that were being made to dispose of her hand. The King of England and the Count de Foix were her most prominent suitors,—the first an extremely pertinacious one. The letters which passed between the King of Aragon and his daughter the Princess of Wales, show that Henry endeavoured to make Katherine[1] his agent to induce her father to consent to his suit, and that Katherine by no means desired his success. She wrote to Fernando, from Greenwich, on the 17th of July, 1507, a letter, intended to be shown to Henry, in which occurs the following passage.

"I wish to advise your Highness, that by way of France, and also from Spain, I have learned how the King of France labours that if the Lady Queen of Castilla my sister be married, it should be to the

[1] Her name, as will be seen, was Catalina; but the English, not being able to reconcile themselves to this liquid name, invariably translated it into the harsher sound of Katherine.

Count de Foix; and that does not appear convenient to me, either for the estate of your Highness, or for that of the Lady Queen of Castilla; because it would be sending discord to the knife into that kingdom[1]; and your Highness could never be secure, since those inconveniences which I here speak of as resulting from such a marriage in effect, might follow. Let not your Highness think that I say this by way of advising you, since I do not say of myself anything in the world that can warn your Highness, which you will not have well before prepared for; but I say it because I in this feel myself personally interested; and in the negociation which I have spoken of, I supplicate your Highness, to give diligence that it may be held as was agreed upon; since as regards the King of England my Lord, they make great haste with the marriages, as for that of the Duchess of Savoy[2] and others."[3]

On the following day, Katherine wrote her own sentiments, this letter not being likely to fall in the way of her Argus-like father-in-law.

"That which he [the English King] commanded

[1] *i. e.*, Castilla.

[2] Marguerite of Austria, sister-in-law to Juana and Catalina by her marriage with their mother Juan. She married, after his death, Philibert Duke of Savoy. See her memoir.

[3] Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies, i. 146.

me to write," she says, "was to advise your Highness how, by way of France and also of Spain, they have written that the King of France was exerting himself so that, if the Queen should marry, it should be with the Count of Foix. He told me that I should tell your [Highness] as well on my own part, that this would be great inconvenience for the estate of your Highness, and of the Queen, and of her sons; and that Frenchmen entering into that kingdom, your Highness could not be in security:—and many other things about this, which I do not say, *since they are more to his purpose than to that of your Highness.* . . . That minute that I sent with the King's packet, was what I showed to the King as the meaning of that which I wrote in this affair; *and because, in truth, he might have had it shown to him, I sent it to your Highness.* He commanded me that I should add, that if the marriage which I have spoken of, with the Count de Foix, should take place, that in length of time Spain would come to be joined to the crown of France; and as for himself, that he considers himself as a true son of your Highness. When your Highness writes to him, I entreat you to show him that in this affair I have the same good-will which I show to him!"[1]

[1] Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies, i. 149. et seq.

In vain Fernando wrote to Henry, that poor Juana was hopelessly insane, and could not be married; Henry replied, that being acquainted with the Queen, he was certain that her malady would be of short duration. The death of Henry VII. in 1509, relieved Juana from her troublesome suitor. The Count de Foix would appear to have withdrawn his pretensions —probably on hearing from the King of Aragon of the incurable insanity of his hapless daughter.

Fernando King of Aragon died in 1516. Juana succeeded him in Aragon, and by thus uniting the crowns of Leon, Castilla, Aragon, Murcia, Cordova, and Granada, became the first Queen of Spain. She was requested to name her Regent.

"I will have no Regent!" replied the Queen, gloomily. "I will reign mine own self!"

But when she was asked for her commands on any subject, the diseased brain refused to comprehend the matter. It was now manifest that Juana herself was incapable of governing, and with one voice, the Cortes of her various kingdoms voted her son, the Prince of the Asturias—not, as was fitting, to the Regency — but into the throne, which they most unjustly chose to pronounce vacant. To give his usurpation a shadow of justice, Juana was anointed and crowned with Charles, in the Church of St. Paul,

Valladolid, on the 7th of February, 1518. This was the last occasion on which the Queen was permitted to appear in public. Charles V. proved himself as cold and stern a son as Philip of Austria had been a husband. He ordered his mother to be confined in the Castle of Tordesillas, with a few attendant ladies. His sisters, the young Infantas, Leonor, Marie, and Catalina[1], who until now had been residing with their aunt Marguerite in Flanders, were given into the care of the Dowager Queen of Aragon, the young step-mother of Juana. Not one of the daughters, as they gradually approached womanhood, ever sought to mitigate the sorrow, or even to gaze upon the face of their unhappy mother in her prison at Tordesillas.[2] Every one of them reached a crown; every one became celebrated in her way; every one showed to Charles V. the most abject deference, and professed to him the warmest attachment. But for the mother who bore them there was no love to be found; and while they were shining like so many glittering stars in their jewelled

[1] Marie was already betrothed to Louis, King of Hungary. Isabel, the second daughter of Juana, had been married three years before to Christiern King of Denmark.

[2] This censure must not be held to apply to the gentle, loving Isabel, who was married at fourteen, and died at twenty-five years of age, and who never visited Spain during her short, sad life.

robes at the fêtes of the Court of Spain, she was forsaken, and left to pass through the wilderness of her life, alone. It was well for the slighted and warm-hearted Juana that her malady was so great that she retained no recollection of her heartless children.

Charles being under age, Cardinal Ximenes was appointed Regent for him. On the death of this able but unscrupulous man, Charles visited Spain himself, and there found himself beset with endless complaints from his subjects. Annoyed and disgusted at this reception, and summoned by the Archduchess Marguerite to return and take possession of the empire, which had devolved on him by the death of his grandfather, the Emperor Maximilian, he hurried back to Flanders with a large subsidy, and without redressing a single grievance, appointing his old preceptor, Cardinal Adrian Floriszoon, Regent of Castilla, and two noblemen of Aragon and Valencia Regents over those kingdoms. The departure of Charles was the signal for a general rising throughout Castilla. Segovia took the lead, by publicly executing its deputy for suffering himself to be thus deceived by the King. The citizens of Toledo flew to arms, deposed the authorities, and raised troops, the command of

whom was given to Don Juan de Padilla, the heir of a Castilian nobleman. Several of the nobility and clergy joined the *Comuneros*, as the insurgents chose to style themselves. Cardinal Adrian now rose to action. He despatched troops to besiege Segovia, who were met by a body of *Comuneros* under the command of Padilla, and defeated with great loss. Throughout Valencia, Murcia, Leon, Galicia, and Estremadura, the flame of insurrection spread.

Meanwhile, the time hung heavily on the ladies in attendance upon Queen Juana. Her intellect was not strong enough to enable her to take an interest in anything beyond a few simple games and amusements. But one morning came a change. A large body of troops appeared at the gates of Tordesillas, and Don Juan de Padilla sounded his horn for entrance, and demanded admission to the presence of the royal captive within. With some reluctance, he was introduced to her. He addressed her as if she had been in possession of all her faculties, and commenced detailing the state of her kingdoms and the disorders which threatened them. To the astonishment of her ladies, as Padilla continued speaking, Juana slowly raised her head to listen, and a gleam of reviving intellect beamed from

her vacant eyes. She awoke as from a long and painful dream, and listened with much surprise to the statements with which he addressed her.

"Truly," she answered, when he concluded, "I knew not that my father was dead, or I had attended mine own self to the affairs of my kingdoms. Thou shalt be my Captain-General, and I will transmit mine orders by thee unto my people."

The Queen was now perfectly rational, and once more the gentle and gracious Princess of her early days. She was present at a tournament arranged by Padilla, where she appeared to enjoy herself greatly. But when Padilla presented for her signature the articles which he had drawn up, the Queen read them over, and declared, that as she could not approve of them, neither would she sign them.

A few hours after, her malady came back, worse than ever. The lucid interval above related, was but the flickering of the lamp ere it went out. She never had another gleam of intellect. The mental darkness into which the poor Queen was plunged again, was only to yield to the deeper darkness of death.

The wheel of fortune now turned against the *Comuneros*. The Count of Garo, at the head of

the royal forces, recovered possession of the Castle of Tordesillas and of the person of the Queen. Padilla was executed; and the insurrection languished and died out shortly after his death.

No further shadow of power was vouchsafed to the captive Queen. Her last real act of royalty was her refusal to attach her lofty "Yo la Reyna"[1] to the articles presented to her by Padilla. Through all her lunacy she never forgot that she was a Queen; and a most indignant remonstrance was made by her to one of her ladies, who, in her presence, spoke of her son Charles V. as "The King."

For thirty-five long weary years after the insurrection of the *Comuneros*, the history of Juana *la Loca* is "a blank." Her son Charles married, and his wife died; her daughter Leonor gave her hand to two Kings in succession; her daughter Marie was widowed, and returned to Spain; her daughter Isabel died "a stranger in a strange land;" her daughter Catalina married a neighbouring Monarch; and she, the mother of them all, knew nothing of it. Her sister-in-law, Marguerite of Austria, and her sister Catalina, the ill-treated Katherine of Aragon, passed to their account within twelve months of

[1] "I the Queen."

each other; but the news never reached the prisoner of Tordesillas. In her prison, in her utter darkness, she died, on the 13th of April, 1555, aged 76. She was buried with her father, her mother, and her idolised husband, in the Cathedral of Granada.

The eldest child of Juana, Leonor Queen of Portugal and France, died three years after her mother, in February, 1558. She was a quiet lady-like woman, of somewhat apathetic character — a woman whose disposition may be discerned from the episode of her early life, in which her brother compelled her to marry her uncle Manoel King of Portugal, and to resign the hand of Johann Friedrich *the Persevering*, Elector of Saxony, whom she unquestionably loved; and yet, when Manoel was dead, and the Elector knelt before the widowed Queen to assure her of his unchanged attachment, Leonor repulsed him with the proud remark,

"A Queen can only descend from her throne to ascend another!"

Johann Friedrich *the Persevering*, did not lose much by not wedding Leonor, for he married a better helpmeet than Leonor, the gentle and devoted Sybille of Cleve, who assisted him in the support of the infant Reformation, encouraged his toils, shared his prison in persecution, and when her frail body

was worn out by hardship, left him almost broken-hearted for her loss. Leonor's fate was by no means so pleasant as his. She married her second husband by command of her brother, and he married her because he could not help it; no love was lost between the ill-matched pair, and on his death, Leonor returned to Spain, where she spent her time in reading and prayers as a duty, and hunting and fishing as amusement. The expression of her features was calm and placid, her eyes were light blue, her hair long and beautiful, of a soft, pale, golden colour. "Her figure and deportment were majestic, but not graceful." [1]

Enough has been said already concerning the character of Charles V. In person he was tall and elegant, with a large Roman nose, the full Burgundian lip, and blue eyes. He survived his ill-treated mother just three years; and when the hour of his death drew near, he remarked, with more feeling than he usually showed, that "he kept hearing his mother's voice calling him to follow her!"

Isabel, the second daughter of Juana, was by far the best and most amiable of her children.

"The bird that sang the sweetest, the pine that crowned the rock,
The glory of the garden, the flower of the flock." [2]

[1] Miss Freer's Life of Marguerite d'Angoulême, Queen of Navarre.
[2] Caroline Bowles.

She was the wife of Christiern II. King of Denmark, surnamed "the Nero of the North," who proved as much a Nero to his wife as to his subjects. The gentle Isabel bore all patiently, and on his deposition, she followed him into exile; but hardship and anxiety soon wore her out, and she died at Ghent, of a broken heart, on the 19th of January, 1526, aged only twenty-four years. She too was a zealous promoter of the Reformation.

Ferdinand, the younger son of Juana, was the only one of her children who showed any trace of his mother's malady; and he was never positively insane, though weak-minded and eccentric. Of Marie, the early-widowed Queen of Hungary, little more can be said than that she was alike strong-featured and strong-minded. Catalina, the youngest child of the Queen, was a zealous Romanist all her life, and a warm friend of the Jesuits. She married Joam III. King of Portugal, who only espoused her on account of her being the sister of his lady-love, the fair-haired and cold-hearted Leonor, whom he could not marry.

In the grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, of Juana *la Loca*, the hereditary taint exhibited itself unmistakeably. To prove the truth of this assertion, it is only necessary to name the Emperors

Rudolph and Ferdinand II., the Archduke Leopold, the unfortunate Don Carlos, the real reason for whose terrible fate seems divided between insanity and Protestantism; and his aunt, Juana of Spain, Princess of Portugal.

The device assumed by Queen Juana was a peacock standing on a globe. The motto which accompanied it was one of the fittest that could have been selected, to illustrate the life of this most unfortunate Princess.

"VANITAS!"

La Gente Damoyselle.

MARGUERITE

OF AUSTRIA AND BURGUNDY, QUEEN OF FRANCE, PRINCESS OF THE ASTURIAS, AND DUCHESS OF SAVOY.

Fortvne infortvne fort vne.

MOTTO OF MARGUERITE OF AUSTRIA.

MARGUERITE OF AUSTRIA.

CHAPTER I.

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It is a strange thing that this remarkable Princess, the most celebrated woman of her day, should never yet have been made the subject of a regular bio-

graphy. The only information concerning her, which is in the English language, is afforded by short notices of the more prominent events of her life; and the most detailed account with which I have met (and this is not in English) completely ignores one of the most important and interesting passages of her career.[1] Marguerite of Austria is to the Netherlands, what Margaret of Richmond is to England — "*the* Lady Margaret." Each of them receives this pre-eminent title, as if to show that, in comparison with her, no other Margaret might be named.

The subject of this memoir was the second child, and eldest daughter[2], of the Emperor[3] Maximilian I. — a Prince more blamed by modern historians than he deserves[4] — and of the gentle and amiable Marie of Burgundy, whose untimely end excited such general regret among all classes of her subjects. The little Princess was born at Brussels, on the 10th of

[1] The *Notice sur Marguerite*, which is appended to the "Correspondance de l'Empereur Maximilien I. avec sa fille l'Archiduchesse Marguerite." The romantic love-story of Marguerite and the Duke of Suffolk, though authenticated by letters (of unquestionable authenticity) from Marguerite herself, is here treated as a fiction of English historians.

[2] Her younger sister Anne died an infant.

[3] He was only Archduke at the date of his daughter's birth.

[4] They seem determined to prove him a devotee of Bacchus — a vice which he held in particular horror.

January, 1480.[1] She was baptized at the Cathedral of St. Gudule, her godfathers being Philip of Cleve, Lord of Ravestein, and Jean de Challon, Prince of Orange; her godmother was "Madame la Grande," Margaret of York, the widow of her grandfather Charles the Bold. Her maître-d'hotel, who afterwards became one of her envoys and correspondents, bore the odd name of Le Veau de Bousanton. His wife was her nurse. Marguerite was rather more than two years old, when the Duchess her mother encountered that terrible fall from her horse which caused her death a few days afterwards. Among the last words spoken by Marie of Burgundy, were her farewells to her two surviving children, and the guardians to whose care she confided them.

"Adieu, Philippe, my young son, who will ere long be an orphan! Adieu, Marguerite, my daughter! You lose your mother before the time; but I must submit to my fate, and follow those who have preceded us to the tomb. Adieu, Lady of Ravestein, guardian and protectress of my children! watch them well, according to my desires. My time is come, mine hour approacheth." [2]

[1] The dates 1479, 1480, and 1481, are all given by various authorities. The *Notice sur Marguerite*, and Hilarion de Coste, agree in naming 1480.

[2] *Notice sur Marguerite.*

Some time before the marriage of Maximilian and Marie, Louis XI. of France had vainly endeavoured to secure the latter in marriage for his son the Dauphin, afterwards Charles VIII. The alliance which had been declined by the mother, was now to be forced upon the child. While he yet hoped to secure the heiress of Burgundy, the following instructions had been given by Louis to his envoys, and similar orders were now issued with respect to "Mademoiselle Marguerite." They doubtless emanated from the pen of the crafty Monarch himself, for Louis generally wrote his own instructions, and these are too characteristic to have come from any other hand.

"And, in order to come to the root of the matter, they [the envoys] shall say to him [De Lannoy, the Chancellor of Maximilian] that the desire of the King [Louis XI.] has always been, and is, that the alliance may be accomplished between Monsieur the Dauphin and Mademoiselle de Bourgogne, and by this means to keep her, and all her lands and lordships, like his own kingdom; for he has always loved, and loves, the aforesaid House [of Burgundy], as that which he has visited and known more than any other[1]; and for this, the greatest service that

[1] When Louis, as Dauphin, was exiled by his father, Charles VII.,

can be done to him, will be to accomplish this end, that the above marriage may take place.

"And, if they cannot conduct the said marriage in this fashion, *and it happened that the Flemings could get my said Demoiselle of Bourgogne into their hands*, if those who are of the kingdom [of France], and more beholden to the King than those who are not, would undertake to conduct the said marriage, which would be very easy with the assistance of the King, — in this case, the King would show his gratitude towards them, as much in treating them well, as in preserving to them all their privileges, and granting new and very ample ones, for the good and the service of their country, so advantageous that they ought to be contented therewith."[1]

The Flemings were not able, as Louis so cunningly suggested, to get Marie into their hands; but they found means, five years later, to steal her little daughter, "Mademoiselle Marguerite." The men of Ghent, proverbially unstable and rebellious, having possessed themselves of the person of the little Princess, sent a haughty message to Maximilian, not requesting, but demanding, his consent to the mar-

Philippe le Bon, Duke of Burgundy (great-grandfather of Marguerite) gave him an asylum in his dominions.

[1] See the whole paper of instructions in Philippe de Commines.

riage of his daughter with the Dauphin. Now, however determined the angry Prince might be not to yield it, he was also extremely poor; deriving all his revenue from the finances of his deceased wife, whose property was vested in her children, and principally in Marguerite. Maximilian well knew, that if his consent were refused, the Flemings would decline to grant him supplies, and thus starve him into submission. He therefore had no resource but to yield a most reluctant assent. His permission to the deputies of Flanders to treat with France concerning the marriage, was signed on the 6th of November, 1482. The treaty was concluded at Arras, on the 23rd of December; and one of its clauses was, that, immediately after the proclamation of peace, "my said Lady shall be with all diligence (admitting no delay) conducted into this town of Franchise, alais Arras, and placed and left in the hands of Monsieur de Beaujeu[1], or some other Prince of the Blood, commissioned by the King; and the King shall keep, nourish, and entertain her, as his eldest daughter, the spouse of my said Lord the Dauphin."[2] The dower which Louis demanded with

[1] Pierre de Beaujeu succeeded his brother Jean in the dukedom of Bourbon. He married the Princess Anne, afterwards Regent, eldest daughter of Louis XI.

[2] *Notice sur Marguerite.*

Marguerite consisted of the duchies of Burgundy and Artois, and the lordships of Maçon, Auxerre, Salin, Bar-sur-Seine, and Noyers.[1] Maximilian acceded to this modest request, but stipulated that, in case the marriage should not be accomplished, these provinces and cities should be returned to him. The deputies of France came to Ghent to receive Maximilian's oath to observe the peace of Arras; and under their escort the young Princess set out on her journey to Paris. She was accompanied by Philip of Cleve, Lord of Ravestein, Madame de Ravestein, her governess, Jean de Lannoy, Chancellor of the Golden Fleece and Abbot of St. Bertin, the Abbot of St. Peter's, Ghent, Jean de Bergues, Lord of Walhain, and Beaudouin de Lannoy, Lord of Molembais: these four were the ambassadors of Maximilian. The principal inhabitants of Flanders also sent deputies in her train. At Hesdin, on the French frontier, Marguerite was met by the Princess Anne of Beaujeu, attended by a brilliant train. Monsieur and Madame de Ravestein formally delivered the little Princess into the hands of Madame de Beaujeu; and, on so doing, prudently suggested that it would be desirable that the Dauphiness should at once take possession of her duchy of Artois. The Princess

[2] *Notice sur Marguerite.*

Anne assented to this, and issued orders that Marguerite should proceed, in the first instance, to Béthune, the capital of that province. On making her public entry into that city, she performed her first regal act, by commanding the liberation of two prisoners.[1] Marguerite arrived, on the 2nd of June at Paris, where she was received with acclamations; the Parliament, in official robes, met her at the Porte St. Denis, and conducted her, with royal honours, first to Notre Dame, and then to the Palace of the Tournelles.[2] From Paris Marguerite continued her route to Amboise, where the Court of France awaited her. At this place, in the following month, with great pomp and ceremony, was celebrated the marriage of the Dauphin with the Princess Marguerite of Austria and Burgundy. The Abbot of St. Bertin favoured the Court with a long sermon, in which he compared the royal pair to Ahasuerus and Esther; and, speaking of the name of the young Dauphiness, he stated that the Netherlands were adorned with five precious gems called Marguerites. The first was Marguerite of France, daughter of Philippe V., and wife of Louis I. Count of Flanders. The second was Marguerite of Brabant, wife of Count Louis de Maele, to whom she

[1] Miss Costello's Anne of Brittany. [2] Ibid.

brought the duchies of Brabant, Limburg, and Lower Lorraine. The third was Marguerite of Flanders, only daughter and heiress of Louis de Maele, who married Philippe of France, Duke of Burgundy. The fourth was Marguerite of Bavaria, wife of Jean *Sans Peur*, Duke of Burgundy; she was heiress of Hainault, Hollande, Zealand, and Friesland. "As to the fifth," added the Abbot, "it is Marguerite of Austria here present, pledge of a felicity not less great!"[1]

Marguerite was now obliged to part with nearly all her old friends and servants. Of all her principal Burgundian attendants, she was only permitted to retain three—her nurse, her maître-d'hôtel, and the brother of the former, with a few servants of an inferior grade. Madame de Secret was appointed first lady, and governess, to the little Dauphiness, and she fulfilled her charge well and faithfully.[2] Marguerite resided at Amboise, with the Queen, Carlotta of Savoy, the Dauphin, the young Duke of Orleans, and the Princess Jeanne. Her life at this time consisted chiefly of the usual routine of education, and presents little that merits recording. Her abilities were very good; she was fond of state and

[1] *Notice sur Marguerite.*

[2] Ibid.

ceremony, and occasionally showed that she had a strong will of her own.

Charles VIII., the first husband of our Marguerite, was ten years her senior, having been born on the 30th of June, 1470. He was weak in intellect, but good-natured. His personal appearance has been variously described by different authorities. He possessed a very large Bourbon nose, large prominent eyes, a small dimpled chin, and large flat lips; he was much under the middle height, and his legs were too long in proportion to his body. A French authority informs us that "his face was beautiful, sweet, and agreeable;"[1] some of his contemporaries speak of his "graceful manners," "the liveliness of his aspect," and "the inexpressible sweetness and gentleness of his voice;"[2] while a curious old volume, entitled "L'Histoire des Roys de France," describes him as "small, ill-formed in body, weak and sickly, his face by no means handsome, his speech slow, his eyes lively."

Marguerite was still quite a child, when, one night, she had a very singular dream. She fancied herself walking in one of the avenues of a beautiful garden, and that in the midst of this garden grew a remarkably fine daisy (*marguerite*); she admired the

[1] Miss Costello's Anne of Brittany. [2] Ibid.

flower, and, becoming greatly interested in it, endeavoured, by all means in her power, to keep it from harm. But while she was carefully watching it, an ass (*âne*) came into the garden, walked straight up to the flower, and, despite all Marguerite's efforts to prevent it, ate up her favourite daisy. Some years after this, when Anne of Bretagne had supplanted Marguerite on the throne of France, there were not wanting many to observe, that her childish dream had been prophetic, for the *An(n)e* had indeed destroyed the *Marguerite*.

The death of Louis XI., which happened in October, 1483, gave to Marguerite the proud title of Queen of France, which she bore for eight years in peace. And then, when Marguerite was approaching the twelfth year of her age, came a complete change in her prospects. It had occurred some time before to the Princess Regent, Anne of Beaujeu, that the marriage of the King with the heiress of Bretagne would unite that province to France; and Bretagne, in her eyes, offered more advantages than Burgundy. She determined to secure the young Duchess of Bretagne as Queen of France, and accomplished her purpose by seizing her person as she travelled past the Castle of Langeais, conveying her to the Castle, and then and there compelling her,

much against her conscience[1] and inclination, to plight her troth to King Charles. Charles was thus placed, by the policy of his ambitious sister, in the unpleasant and perplexing position of a man with two wives. So long as Marguerite retained the title of Queen of France, it was of course impossible that the name should be assumed by Anne, whose marriage could not be legal during the life of Marguerite. Yet, strange to say, the regal title was retained by *both* the rival Princesses, being conferred by decree and the popular voice upon Anne, while Marguerite, whose unquestionable right it was, haughtily refused to part with it. This anomaly lasted no less than seventeen months; Marguerite holding her Court at Amboise whilst Anne reigned in Paris. At the end of that period, Maximilian, whose rage at the marriage of Charles and Anne had amounted almost to frenzy, seemed to awake to the uncomfortable position occupied by Marguerite. The anger which he had devoted, at first, only to the wrong which had been done to himself by depriving him of his solemnly-betrothed bride, he now turned to the affront which he had received in the person of his daughter. Maximilian demanded of France that

[1] Anne of Bretagne was at that moment the affianced bride of Maximilian, Marguerite's father.

Marguerite should be returned to him, with her provinces of Burgundy and Artois. This was on the 23rd of May, 1493. The message of the Archduke was carried to Queen Marguerite at Amboise, who thereupon prepared to obey the pleasure of her father, by yielding up her long-cherished dignity to her rival, the Duchess of Bretagne. Marguerite quitted Amboise, and on the 12th of June arrived at Vendhuille; she was escorted thither by the Count d'Angoulême [1], the Duke de Rohan, the Bishop of Lectoure, the Count de Brienne [2], the Bastard of Burgundy [3], Louis de Brézé, Grand Seneschal of Normandy, and Christophe de Plailly, Bailli of Sens. In a mill at Vendhuille, these French attendants of the Princess, who was no longer to be addressed as Queen of France, delivered her to the ambassadors of the King of the Romans. These were, Wilhelm Bishop of Eystadt, Christoph Margrave of Baden [4], Engelbrecht Count of Nassau [5], Jean de Bergues, Lord of Walhain, and Antoine Rolin, Lord of Aymeries. When the Princess took leave of her Gallic friends,

[1] Charles de Valois, son of Jean Count of Vertus, and grandson of Louis Duke of Orleans, second son of Charles V.

[2] Master of the Ceremonies.

[3] Son of Marguerite's great-grandfather, Philippe le Bon.

[4] Son of Maximilian's aunt, Catharina of Austria.

[5] Engelbrecht II., Count of Nassau Hademar. He married Cimburga, sister of Christoph Margrave of Baden.

many of them showed deep grief at parting with her: Marguerite herself exhibited no emotion. She set out from Vendhuille with the Burgundian ambassadors, attended by her French ladies of honour, knights, squires, and servants. As Marguerite approached Cambray, a deputation of the citizens came to meet her. As soon as they caught sight of her, they began to cry "Noël!" Marguerite said to them, in a loud voice,

"Don't cry 'Noël!' Cry 'Vive Bourgogne!'"

The Princess slept that night in the Bishop's Palace at Cambray. She arrived at Valenciennes at nine o'clock in the evening of the following day. Her reception by the good citizens of her town of Valenciennes was the most splendid of her route. The principal inhabitants met her at the gates, dressed in white, and mounted upon richly-caparisoned horses, and conducted her into the city. The tradesmen's companies represented various devices along the route, among which were the "coronation of the King of the Romans," "the history of St. Margaret," "Pegasus," the apocyryphal story of "Daniel and Habacuc," the parable of "the wise and foolish virgins," and, lastly, a young girl who issued out of an enormous daisy. When Marguerite arrived at the *Salle le Comte*, where she was to remain for the

night, she found that her good subjects had prepared for her entertainment a dramatic representation, not in the best taste, as it served to remind the divorced Princess of the throne which she had quitted with so much reluctance. It was a species of comedy, in which Charles VIII. was seen, wearing a garland of *marguerites*, while Marguerite herself was represented with a crown formed of the gold coins named *Carolus*.

At Valenciennes the whole of Marguerite's French attendants quitted her. "She distributed to them magnificent presents, according to their rank; there was one for every one, from the ladies and knights down to the washerwomen and bear-wardens."[1] Marguerite's ladies took leave of her with many tears, and the Princess herself did not retain her composure on this occasion. On leaving Valenciennes, she journeyed to Namur, where she was met by Maximilian, her brother Philip, and Margaret of York; at Namur she took up her abode for four years.

Marguerite quitted France with feelings of the most intense hatred, in return for the insult thus offered her. The fury of Maximilian himself, though that was violent enough, was not productive of such

[1] *Notice sur Marguerite.*

mischief to France, as the calmer—but deeper—hatred of his daughter. Only when she was drawing near death did this sentiment become softened in her. Soon after her divorce, while she resided at Namur, her maître-d'hôtel one day remarked at table concerning the entire failure of that year's vintage, on account of the excessive wet; when the little damsel seated under the royal canopy observed,

"No wonder that grapes are bad, when oaths have proved of no value!" [1]

Marguerite was in the seventeenth year of her age, when Don Juan Manuel arrived in Flanders, to make proposals on the part of the Prince of the Asturias, for the hand of the young Archduchess. Maximilian was quite willing to accede to the proposition, but he demanded, in return, concessions which Don Juan was not disposed to promise. The latter rather impertinently remarked in answer, that the same could not be demanded for a divorced Princess, which would have been conceded to an unmarried one. Maximilian swallowed the impertinence, and accepted the proposal. The betrothal of Marguerite to her suitor took place at once.

Juan, Prince of the Asturias, was the only son of the celebrated Fernando King of Aragon, and Isabel

[1] Miss Costello's Anne of Britanny.

Queen of Castilla. He was a most amiable, generous, accomplished young Prince; and his death caused as much general regret in Spain as did that of Edward VI. in England.

Before embarking on her voyage to Spain, Marguerite repaired to Antwerp, where she met her new sister-in-law, the Infanta Juana, sister of her husband elect, and bride of her brother Philip. Marguerite and Juana travelled in company to Lière, where the marriage of the latter with Philip took place. Almost immediately after his marriage, Philip, who had refused to stir a step to meet the Infanta, suddenly recovered his powers of exertion, and, leaving her to amuse herself alone as best she might, condescended to escort his sister as far as Mildburg. Marguerite embarked at Flushing, in February, 1497. Soon after she quitted the coast, she encountered a most terrific storm, so violent that all hope of the fleet being able to weather it was completely abandoned. On being told of the impending danger, the philosophic Princess showed no emotion whatever. She calmly attired herself in her richest robes, adorning herself with such of her jewels as would serve to identify her corpse, if the sea should wash it on shore; and underneath one of her splendid bracelets, she fastened a piece of

oiled silk, containing a slip of paper, on which she had written the following lines, by way of epitaph on herself.

"Cy gist Margot, la gente damoyselle,
Qui eust deux maris, et si morut pucelle." [1]

Marguerite's cool precautions were not needed. The storm gradually abated, and, after being for many hours in the most imminent danger, the vessel succeeded in reaching the coast of England. Marguerite landed, and travelled to Hampton Court [2], where Henry VII. received her very kindly, and she was "much caressed" [3] by the whole of the Royal Family. She remained three weeks in England; it was the only time that she ever visited this country. At the expiration of that period, Marguerite re-embarked, and being troubled by no more storms, reached Santander in safety, where she was met by the Constable of Castilla, and the principal nobility. From Santander she continued

[1] Sometimes given as follows: —

"Cy gist Margot, noble damoyselle,
Deux fois mariée, morte pucelle."

These lines have been thus translated: —

"Beneath this tomb the high-born Margaret's laid,
Who had two husbands, and yet died a maid."

[2] Père Hilarion de Coste says she "took land" at Hampton Court. This may perhaps mean that she sailed up the Thames.

[3] Ibid.

her journey to Burgos, where she arrived on the second of April. Outside the town she was met by King Fernando and Queen Isabel, and at the moment when their Majesties embraced their new daughter, the musicians in their train struck up music so loud that "thunder could not have been heard for it." On the following day, Don Juan and Marguerite were married, with great pomp, in the Cathedral of Burgos; after which the royal pair took up their residence at Salamanca.

The scene which was now opening before Marguerite, was destined to be as transient as it was bright. The generous and gentle Prince of the Asturias shared the fate which had befallen so many of his royal ancestors.

> "A rose's bright brief life of joy,
> Such unto him was given." [1]

Six months had scarcely elapsed from his marriage, when a severe fall from his horse, which was followed by fever, laid Don Juan on his dying bed. King Fernando hurried from Valencia to the couch of his son, the instant that he heard of his danger; but all the care and attention of wife, father, and physicians, were unable to save the life of the be-

[1] Mrs. Hemans.

loved Prince. He died at Salamanca, on the 4th of October, 1497, in the twentieth year of his age.

Marguerite must have been removed from her husband's sick-room, probably from fear of infection, for she was not with him when he expired. "The King and Queen," says Philippe de Commines, "made such mourning as is almost incredible, especially the Queen, who might be said to be more dead than alive; and certainly never did I hear of such grief and mourning as was made throughout the kingdom. All trades were put a stop to for forty days; every man was clothed in black, and the nobles and rich citizens covered their mules with black cloth, which touched the ground, showing the eyes only; and at every door in the town was hung out a black banner. And when the news of the death of the Prince was brought to Madame Marguerite, she was taken ill, and brought forth a dead Princess."

Marguerite had no further tie to Spain after the death of Don Juan; she therefore returned to her father. She was not, however, permitted to remain long in Flanders; for little more than three years after her widowhood, she was demanded in marriage by Philibert Duke of Savoy. He was at that time a widower, his first wife having been his cousin, Aloisa

Violante of Savoy. Philibert is celebrated as "the handsomest and most agreeable Prince in Europe;" he was highly accomplished, and his character is reported as very amiable. Marguerite's third matrimonial contract was signed at Brussels, on the 26th of September, 1501, by François de Busleyden, Archbishop of Besançon, Henri de Bergues, Bishop of Cambray, the Spanish Ambassador, and numerous other noblemen. Her brother Philip was extremely anxious to divest posterity of the idea that he had any hand in bringing about the third marriage of Marguerite. He probably thought the ducal crown of Savoy too insignificant an ornament for "Cæsar's daughter," who had already worn the royal diadem of France, and was only prevented by an unfortunate accident from wearing that of Spain also. He forced her to sign a paper, drawn up probably by his own hand, to the following effect: —

"We, Marguerite of Austria, Princess Dowager of Castilla, etc., declare by these presents that Monsieur my brother the Archduke, etc., for the desire which he has had always to ally us well and honestly, and even before his voyage to Spain, his good and paternal love and good-will, and even to do us pleasure, complacency, and advancement, in which

we acknowledge ourself bounden to him, hath been content that we should proceed to the accomplishment of marriage, heretofore spoken of, between us and my cousin[1] of Savoy; thus we promise him, on the word of a Princess, on our honour, that never shall we say nor can say, according to the truth, to whomsoever it might be, that my said Lord and brother hath to the said marriage induced or persuaded us in any manner. In witness whereof we have these presents signed with our hand, the xix day of June, the year V^c^ (*sic*) and one.

"MARGUERITE D'AUTRICHE."[2]

A deputation of two hundred and fifty knights came from Savoy to conduct Marguerite to her new home, and a train of Flemish nobles escorted her as far as Geneva. She travelled to that place at the expense of her brother Philip, who loved Marguerite as well as it was in his selfish nature to love anything. The Archduchess quitted Brussels on the 21st of October, and passed through Hainault, Picardy, the Isle of France, and Burgundy. From Dijon, the capital of her Burgundian dominions, she journeyed to Dôle, where René of Savoy, the

[1] Marguerite de Bourbon, the mother of Philibert, was the youngest sister of Isabelle de Bourbon, grandmother of Marguerite.

[2] *Notice sur Marguerite.*

natural brother of her bridegroom, attended to receive her, and to espouse her by proxy, in the name of the Duke. He presented the bride with a jewel, consisting of a diamond heart, surmounted by a rich daisy in brilliants, as well as a girdle glittering with twenty-six diamonds, ten large carbuncles, and numberless gems set in the form of daisies. The proxy marriage being over, René, armed from head to foot, was introduced into the bedchamber of Marguerite, of whom he demanded a kiss as a ratification of the nuptial contract. The kiss was accorded to him, and then René, either from sudden impulse, or for effect, flung himself on his knees by the bed-side, and swore to be Marguerite's subject and servant for ever.[1] Marguerite, with her usual coolness, took René's dramatism very quietly; she requested him to rise, wished him good night, and presented him with a costly jewel set in a gold ring.

On the following day the Princess quitted Dôle, and proceeded to the Abbey of Rome-Moustier, two leagues from Geneva. She had rested there scarcely an hour, when a herald appeared to announce the approach of Philibert. The Duke came with a brilliant train; he alighted at the Abbey, kissed his

[1] René broke his vow as readily as he made it: for all his life he was the devoted servant of Marguerite's enemy, the King of France.

bride, and then returned to his Palace to supper. He appears to have had two suppers, for no sooner was the repast concluded at the Palace, than he returned to the Abbey, where a sumptuous feast was held. Very early the next morning, after high mass, Philibert and Marguerite were united in the chapel of the Abbey, by the Bishop of Maurianna. The feasts and rejoicings at Rome-Moustier continued until the fourth of December. On that day the Duchess Marguerite made her state entry into Geneva, surrounded by three hundred knights; she was received at her Palace by the younger members of the Royal Family, Philibert's sister, the Princess Louise[1], and his half-brothers, Carlo[2], and Filippo.[3] A few days afterwards, in the Cathedral of Geneva, she was crowned Duchess of Savoy.

Once more before the dazzled eyes of the unfortunate Princess extended a brilliant future, with its joyous anticipations; the second vision was destroyed like the first, though it lasted rather longer. On the 10th of September, 1504, Philibert, who was staying with Marguerite in his Palace at Pont d'Ain, returned home from the chase overpowered with heat, and, to cool himself, very unwisely drank a quantity

[1] Countess of Angoulême, and mother of François I. of France.
[2] Who succeeded Philibert in the dukedom of Savoy.
[3] Founder of the French dukedom of Savoie-Nemours.

of cold water.[1] The sudden chill produced a pleurisy; and when night closed in, the young Duke of Savoy lay a corpse in the chamber where he was born. Philibert died in the 25th year of his age, leaving no issue, and his half-brother succeeded him as Carlo III. The Duke bequeathed to the Duchess a dower of 12,000 gold crowns per annum, as well as all his tapestries, vessels, rings, jewels, and other personal property. Marguerite found great difficulty in inducing Carlo to execute this clause of Philibert's will.

The widowed Duchess showed her attachment to the memory of her lost husband, by the magnificent tomb which she raised over his remains at Notre Dame de Brou. It was constructed on the model of that of her mother, Marie of Burgundy, at Bruges; and was as rich as gold, enamel, exquisite sculpture, and beautiful painting, could render it. Six sculptors, three architects, a painter, three workers in glass, and two carpenters, were employed on this sumptuous mausoleum, which took twenty-five years to complete, and cost the royal foundress 2,200,000 francs, equivalent in the present day to upwards of 500,000*l.* There are statues of Marguerite and "Philibert the

[1] It is a very singular coincidence, that the deaths of Marguerite's father, husband, and brother, were all owing to imprudence of this character. Our heroine herself perished from the effects of an accident, and so did also her mother, and her first and second husbands.

Fair" upon this gorgeous tomb: the latter presents a handsome face, with regular Grecian features. The figure of Marguerite is tall and elegant; her face is oval, with Grecian features; the countenance is pleasing and rather pretty.

It was probably about this time that Marguerite assumed the device of a tree, laden with fruit, struck by lightning; the motto was, "*Spoliat mors munera nostra.*"[1] But the motto which is more especially known as the *legende* of Marguerite d'Autriche, is the mysterious sentence which has been selected as the motto for this memoir, and which has baffled the ingenuity of every person who has yet tried to interpret it.

"*Fortvne infortvne fort vne.*"

The explanation which is generally given of this obscure sentence is, "Fortune is misfortune to one" — *i. e.*, Marguerite herself.

[1] Hilarion de Coste.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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